Nov. 3, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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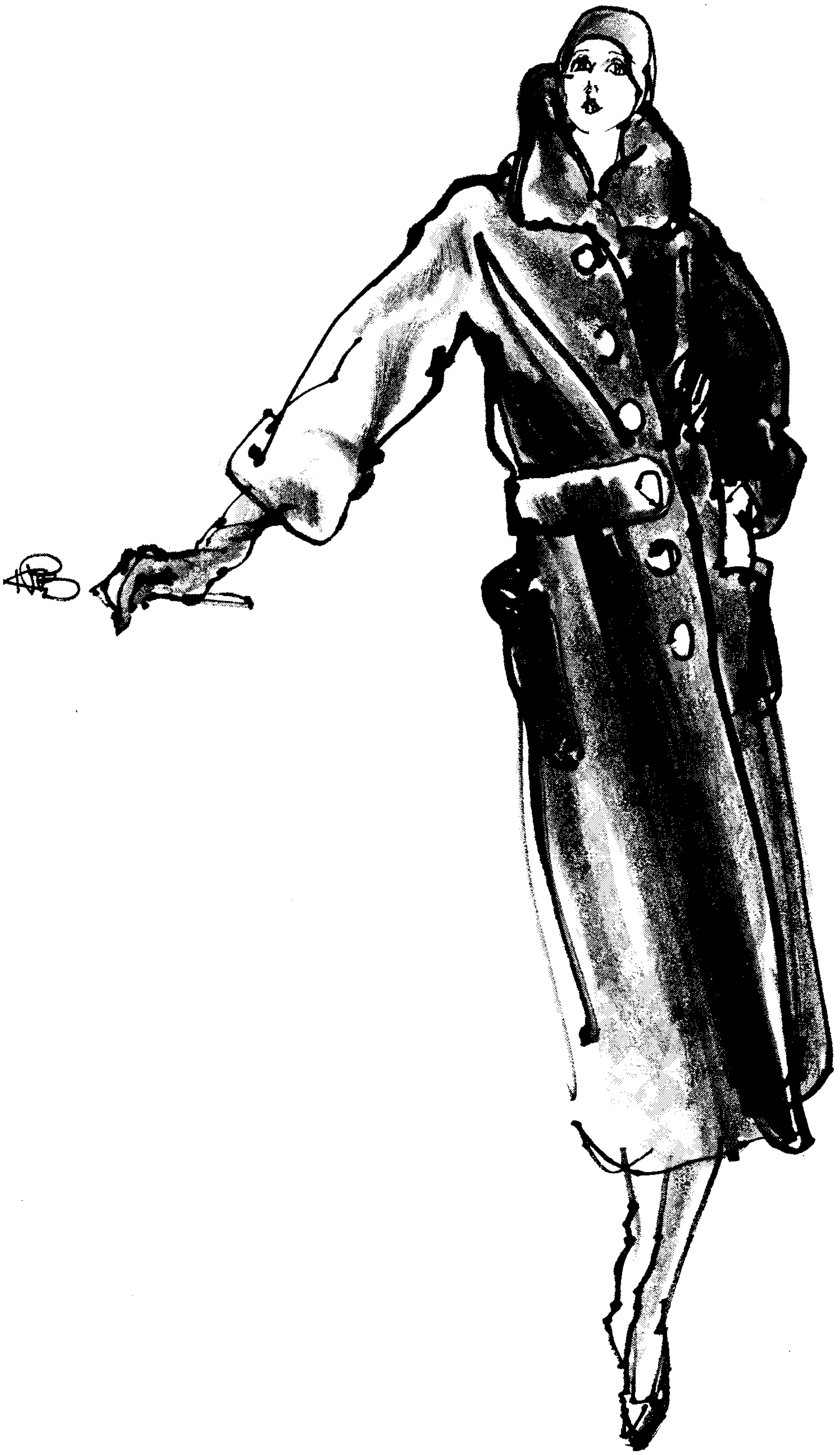

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—The final performances in a five-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group. Saroyan's comedy THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE will play through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Chekhov's THE THREE SISTERS opens Tuesday, Nov. 4 (preview Monday, Nov. 3), and will run through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ah, Wilderness!—Geraldine Fitzgerald, William Swetland, and other stalwarts of the Long Wharf Theatre in an endearing revival of the O'Neill comedy, well directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7.)

Christy—A musical based on Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with book and lyrics by Bernie Spiro and music by Lawrence J. Blank. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 221-9143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Conversations with an Irish Rascal—A musical (Irish traditional music) adapted from Brendan Behan's writings by Kathleen Kennedy and David O. Frazier, who also plays the title role. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:45, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fifth Season—Joseph Buloff and Stan Porter in a musical version (in Yiddish and English) of Sylvia Regan's comedy. Adapted by Luba Kadison, with music and lyrics by Dick Manning. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Gorky—A play with music by Steve Tesich. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 1.)

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Hello, Dolly!—Pearl Bailey and Billy Daniels in a six-week return engagement of the Michael Stewart-Jerry Herman musical. Staged by Lucia Victor. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 4-5. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 14. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy's Children—A play by Robert Patrick, imported from London. With Shirley Knight, Kaiulani Lee, Barbara Montgomery, Don Parke, Michael Sacks, and Douglas Travis. Directed by Clive Donner. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 30-31, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:30. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 3. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday
at 3.)

Lamppost Reunion—A realistic melodrama abo
a famous singer who returns to his home tow
in New Jersey and meets old friends, not a
of whom have a high opinion of him. Wit
Gabriel Dell and Danny Aiello. The autho
is Louis LaRusso II, and the director is To
Signorelli. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th S
730-0850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at
and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays a
2 and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—Linda Hopkins, with Leste
Wilson and Gerri Dean, in a musical tribut
to Bessie Smith. Written by Will Holt an
Miss Hopkins; directed by Robert Greenwal
(Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-185
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday
at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy as neatly pu
together as a Cartier watch and with scarcel
more heart. Joyce Van Patten and Conra
Janis are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W
47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SUMMER AND SMOKE—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

SUMMER BRAVE—After "Picnic" became a Broadway hit, its author, William Inge, had second thoughts, which he embodied in this reworked and renamed version of the play. The locale is Kansas, and the time is said to be the early fifties, but the play seems much older than that. Alexis Smith is admirable as a spinster schoolteacher bent upon marriage. Michael Montel directed. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRAVESTIES—A comedy by Tom Stoppard, imported from London. John Wood heads a cast that includes members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. Directed by Peter Wood. Preview Wednesday evening, Oct. 29. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

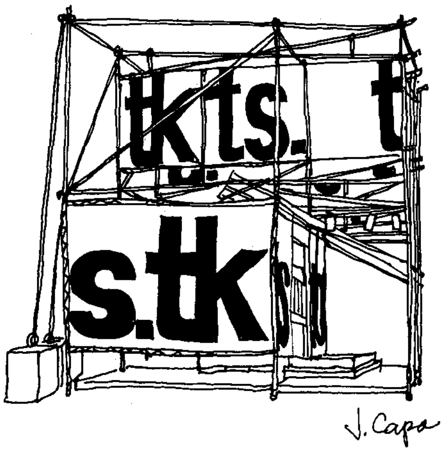
TREEMONISHA—Scott Joplin's dull and contrived turn-of-the-century "opera" deals with a black Joan of Arc in Arkansas in the eighteen-eighties. Since Joplin's original material was sketchy, the show has been gussied up with a mini-ballet, a big chorus, and lots of stage business (dancing alligators, mock combat). But there is one gentle and lovely number, "A Real Slow Drag," and the singing, by Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, is commendable. Gunther Schuller did the limber orchestrations. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 4, to the Palace, Broadway at 47th St., 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS'—A silly version of the old Pinero workhorse. London in the eighteen-sixties has become New York in the nineties, and many other unwise changes abound. Marybeth Hurt is charming as Trelawny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2:30.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—A racing-car driver, fed up with his career, returns to the wife and child he left eight years before, hoping to pick up the pieces. The theme is an old one, but John Bishop, the dramatist, and the actors, under Terry Schreiber's direction, make it seem fresh and absorbing. This little Off Off Broadway house seats only fifty people. (T. Schreiber Studio, 386 Third Ave., at 28th St. 874-7509. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

YENTL—You don't have to be Jewish to like "Yentl," but it will certainly help. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, the play tells how an old-country Jewish maiden assumes the guise of a man, marries a pretty girl, and finds misery. Tovah Feldshuh is enchanting in the title role. The play has been well directed by Robert Kalfin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DANCE WITH ME:** A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,457 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE RITZ:** A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Stubby Kaye, June Gable, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A music about the Civil War, but really about sho biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (A vin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, e cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** T great detective is played by Robert Stephen Frank Dunlop directed this amusing reviv of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurs 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **TH WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-r membered movie "The Wizard of Oz." Th stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, wh did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did th costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesday through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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DANCE

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Final performance of the season—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8 "Reflections," "The Relativity of Icarus,' and "Offenbach in the Underworld.".. ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Deuce Coup II," "Remembrances," and "N. Y. Export Op. Jazz."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Reflections," "Five Dances," "The Moor' Pavane," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, Nov 1, at 2: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Confetti," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Offenbach in the Underworld."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Reflections," and "N. Y. Export Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:30: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Opus I," "Five Dances," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—In the first of two engagements this season, **RAYMONDA** will be presented for two weeks starting Tuesday, Nov. 4, and running through Sunday, Nov. 16. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

ELIOT FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "Harbinger," "Sephardic Song," "Early Songs," and "Excursions."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Mazurka."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Excursions," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 2: "Harbinger," "The Real McCoy," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 2: "The Consort," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 4: "Excursions," "Sephardic Song," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "Excursions," "Mazurka," and "The Consort."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 6: "Harbinger," "Early Songs," and "The Consort."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Mazurka," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Excursions," "The Consort," and "Mazurka." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

MARGALIT DANCE THEATRE COMPANY—A modern-dance group from the West Coast, appearing here for the first time, in a program consisting of "Through the Gate of Aden," "Landscape," "Birth of a Drum," "Bessamim—The Beauty Without Shoes," and "In the Beginning." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.)

RUDY PEREZ DANCE THEATRE—"Colorado Ramble" (première), "Parallax," "Centerbreak," and "Fair Play." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 472-3800, Ext. 474.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Mainstream alto saxophonist

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PHIL WOODS winds up a stint with his quintet on Saturday, Nov. 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Electric-funk-and-soul pianist Les McCann and his combo work opposite Bob Shaw, a young comedian, through Sunday, Nov. 2. **COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN** find their way to this club for a one-nighter on Monday, Nov. 3. The Tubes, a San Francisco-based far-out, theatrical-rock combo, begins performing on Thursday, Nov. 6. The group is the object of Al Kooper's interest (he produced their album) as well as Dominic Frontiere's (he has written electronic, spooky TV music, and on a Tubes press release he is credited with "densing out the sound" on their record). Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JIMMY ROWLES,** the Pearl of the Pacific, has returned to this buzzing bar to collaborate with a bassist Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday-night slot is currently filled by Barry Harris. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine, whose current musical settings are arranged by a former Barry White Love Unlimited associate (Gene Page), leads a big band and shares the bill with singer **CARMEN MCRAE;** through Saturday, Nov. 1. **LIONEL HAMPTON,** as frisky as ever, darting from vibraphone to drums to piano, will arrive with an orchestra on Monday, Nov. 3. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a lovely pastel-hued time capsule: just step in and thoughts of William Simon, Albert Shanker, and December in New York give way to strains of "On the Sunny Side of the Street." **BOBBY SHORT** and his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The decades go by, but **MARY LOU WILLIAMS'** playing—with its startling, steely single-note lines; tight, almost harsh choral passages; and flashing, exploratory rhythmic sense—continues to surprise and delight and instruct. Her accompanist is bassist Brian Torff. On Sundays, Chuck Folds and Morris Edwards back up some cool, neat vocals by Maxine Sullivan, who continues her post-retirement career. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Nov. 4, Buddy Morrow will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting most nights at five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 2, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will drop in with a quintet. They begin at eight.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills, this club has presented some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world in the last few months. Drummer **ROY HAYNES'** Hip Ensemble, a quintet whose music is lively but about as forward-looking as its name, is here through Sunday, Nov. 2. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, things will get back into high gear as the **REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE**—violinist Leroy Jenkins, bassist Sirone, and percussionist Jerome Cooper—begins performing some challenging and moving music. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with pianist Hal Galper. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is not to be missed. Pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **SAM BROWN,** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** meet here from five-thirty to nine-thirty on Sundays, and they come up with some fine, loose, and exceedingly lyrical and blues-riddled renditions of bop and post-bop numbers.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Max Kaminsky is in charge (while Roy Eldridge is away) of the traditional sextet that inhabits these smoky and crowded quarters. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky takes charge of another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist and composer Joe Bushkin will be joined by guitarist Chuck Wayne, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 4. They'll be around Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**ART BLAKEY** and the latest edition of his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will take their places on the canopied bandstand Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2. Ten to three are the music hours. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Flying Burrito Brothers sail through a bucolic-rock repertoire through Thursday, Oct. 30. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, singer and composer **TOM PAXTON,** who is responsible for some of the better non-Tin Pan Alley, folk-derived songs of the sixties, will make a rare New York appearance. On Wednesday, Nov. 5, singer and guitarist Mirabai begins a five-night stay. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**JONAH JONES** has put together a sextet made up of a pianist, an organist, a bassist, an exceptional guitarist (Jerome Darr), and a masterly drummer (Cozy Cole). Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—An attractive, easygoing haunt for belatedly decadent college freshmen, middle-aged couples from Roslyn, remnants of the neighborhood glitter element, and an occasional record-company representative. On the other side of the lights, the place lures performers from the local cult-engendering café circuit (Holly Woodlawn, Judith Cohen, Ellen Greene), movie stars hoping to break into the chanteuse business (Sally Kellerman, Joan Hackett, Diane Keaton), long-shot rock acts (Dana Gillespie, Genevieve Waite), and thirtyish former Top Forty teen-queen luminaries bent on a comeback (Janis Ian, Leslie Gore). Jackie De Shannon, who is here through Sunday, Nov. 2, falls into the comeback category. She made a couple of million-selling records in the sixties, and she wrote a whole slew of pop classics—"Needles and Pins," "Faded Love," and "Dum, Dum." Miss De Shannon will probably insist on singing new material (much to the relief of her current record company), but if the audiences are anything like those that came to hear Miss Ian and Miss Gore, it'll be the oldies that fire up the house. Movies, a folk-type trio, opens the show. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, Louis St. Louis and his quartet will start alternating with soul singer Gerri Griffin. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—**MABEL MERCER** is back, and everything is just right—the voice (despite its ups and downs), the phrasing, the wonderful songs, and her regal good looks. Jimmy Lyon's accompaniment is calm and fatherly. At ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—**CHET BAKER** and his quartet call this popular little bar home on Mondays and Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, the **LEE KONITZ** nonet sets up shop. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Larry Willis, who usually plays piano with Blood, Sweat, and Tears, plays it with a trio of his own. Sundays, as always, are reserved for **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar duets. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Nearly half the tables have been placed on a newly constructed two-foot-high carpeted platform that offers a fine view of the musicians—usually pianists and bassists—who occupy the knotty-pine-walled corner. The musicians are bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **MIKE LONGO** through Sunday, Nov. 2. Starting Wednesday, Nov. 5, a trio—pianist Mike Abene, bassist Michael Moore, and guitarist Mike Gary—will take over. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays, assisted by bassist John Williams.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—None of the music here is slick, but most of it is first-rate: CAKEWALK, a fledgling R. & B. quintet, plays some stomping numbers Wednesday, Oct. 29, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 4-5. Thursday, Oct. 30, and Sunday, Nov. 2, are given over to vocalist Sheila Jordan and her backing quartet. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, HOWARD JOHNSON, who probably plays the most lilting baritone saxophone in the history of the instrument, works with a quintet that features Rickie Boren, a promising young singer. The following Friday and Saturday (Nov. 7-8) bebop singer EDDIE JEFFERSON sings with alto saxophonist Richy Cole's quartet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, who was a long-term member of Horace Silver's quintet (from the late fifties to the early sixties), is here with a quintet of his own through Sunday, Nov. 2. On Tuesday, Nov. 4, JOE HENDERSON, a highly regarded tenor player who is also a Silver alumnus—Henderson worked with Silver in the mid-sixties, and is on the classic Silver record "Song for My Father"—will come in with a quartet. The Monday-night slot is currently being filled by booming, brisk big-band jazz-rock played by trombonist BILL WATROUS and his youthful aggregation. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, there is a quasi-Broadway show, "Mirrors," which has a number of production and price flaws but also has PEGGY LEE. Over the years, she has beat fad and fashion and kept her image and voice, and, except for a few labored moments, she is a superb performer. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dancing on the head of a pin. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor. Pianist Nat Jones and a bassist are here Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays Chuck Fowler works with bass accompaniment. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, the Warren Court—an outfit that includes former Basieite Earle Warren, Taft Jordan (his gigs were with Chuck Webb and Ellington), Dill Jones, and Oliver Jackson—is in session. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 5:45: CRYER & FORD. . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 5:45: LILLIAN ROTH.

Labelle—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8.

Nana Mouskouri—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 30-31, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 31, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Doobie Brothers, Poco, and the Outlaws—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Michael Murphey and Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

Chuck Mangione—With his quartet and a concert orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Toots & the Maytals—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 1, at midnight.

Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, and Chico Hamilton—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:30.

Tower of Power and the Brecker Brothers—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

Highlights in Jazz—"Birdland Revisited," with Buddy DeFranco, Billy Taylor, Howard McGhee, Cecil Payne, Eddie Jefferson, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Kingfish and Keith and Donna Godchaux Band—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Herbie Hancock and Hugh Masekela—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8.

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and the Vassar Clements Band—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8.

Country in New York—Charley Pride, Gary Stewart, and Dave & Sugar. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7 and 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Arnold Belkin—Paintings by a Canada-born artist who studied in Mexico and has taken up the torch (and a good deal of the style) of the revolutionary muralists down there; in several updated versions of Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson" he substitutes the body of Che Guevara for the corpse being dissected. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Joan Brams—Textural paintings, some of which have the eerie appeal of fossils. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Frederick J. Brown—People of the night (a jazz musician, a demimondaine, a chorus line) animate these rather lurid abstracts; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Alexander Calder—Fifteen new hanging mobiles in his characteristically bright colors (except for one surprise, in solid white), plus a series of gouaches on circus themes. Through Nov. 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jay Hall Connaway (1893-1970)—Maritime paintings, plus some landscapes. Through Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Xavier Corberó—Abstract marble sculptures, many of them table pieces. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Alan Davie—A carnival atmosphere pervades these large abstracts done in the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Appealing assemblages of raw fibres, some painted, others natural colored, set in Plexiglas boxes. Through Nov. 15. (Artweave, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Willem de Kooning—A group of oil paintings completed in the last year, and five bronze sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Alexandra Exter (1882-1949)—Marionettes made for a Punch-and-Judy movie, plus stage and costume designs. Through Jan. 17. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Richard Fleischner—Small sculptures cast in lead, as well as drawings and photographs of both existing and projected environmental works. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Vincent Glinsky (1895-1975)—More than sixty sculptures (predominantly human forms) in stone, bronze, terra-cotta, and other mate als. Through Nov. 12. (Sculpture Center, 1 E. 69th St.)

John Grillo—Boldly simplified forms and h yellows and oranges characterize the sm new works of this landscapist. Through Nc 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79 St.)

Diana Guest—Carved-stone sculptures of bir animals, and insects; first solo show in Ne York. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bodle 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Hartell—Soft-colored geometric lan scapes in which deep, Moorish-looking arc ways are often prominent. Through Saturda Nov. 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., 80th St.)

Hans Hartung—Paintings, including a gro executed in the last two years, by an arti now seventy, in a show that coincides wi one at the Metropolitan Museum. Throu Dec. 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lewis Iselin—Bronze figure sculptures. Throu Saturday, Nov. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Quiet, gentle, bea tifully drawn works by the retiring sister the rambunctious Augustus. Through Satu day, Nov. 1. (Davis & Long, in a new loc tion, at 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner (1880-1938)—Painting drawings, and graphics by a founding mem ber of the German Expressionist schoo Through Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madiso Ave., at 77th St.)

Pat Mainardi—Representational paintings of au tomobile junkyards and a series of interior Through Nov. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Knox Martin—Brisk drawings, some abstrac some realist, some black-and-white, and som in color. Through Nov. 15. (Jankovsky, 3 E. 74th St.)

Grégoire Müller—Paintings by a former criti and arts-magazine editor—large, sombre, fig urative works that crowd the canvas; firs one-man show in New York. Through Friday Nov. 7. (Deitcher, in a new location, at 3 E. 67th St.)

Howard Newman—Sleek abstract bronze sculp tures that incorporate elements of both ma and machine, and schematic drawings fo them; first one-man show in New York Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Cordier & Ek strom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

William Pettet—Abstract paintings by an artis who is chiefly a colorist. Through Nov. 22 (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

George Price—Drawings covering forty years of the slaphappy misfits created by this comic artist. Through Nov. 22. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Albert Stadler—Abstract color drawings with a calligraphic quality. Through Nov. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Portraits of art-world friends and associates (Harold Rosenberg and Saul Steinberg, for instance) done over the years in this artist's highly personal style. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.). . . ¶ Drawings of flowers. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Paintings and gouaches by an artist marking her seventy-fifth year. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics covering all his periods. Through Nov. 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert White—Sculptures, mainly terra-cotta pieces, some of them modelled after his family and friends. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibit (entrance fee $1) of ancient Ecuadorian pottery on loan from public and private collections. Through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . GRUENEBAUM, 25 E. 77th St.: "Rhéteur au Mur," a 1945 painting by Dubuffet on loan from the Baltimore Museum of Art, plus works by nine other artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Marisol, Mark Tobey, and Christo are contributors to a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings the gallery has

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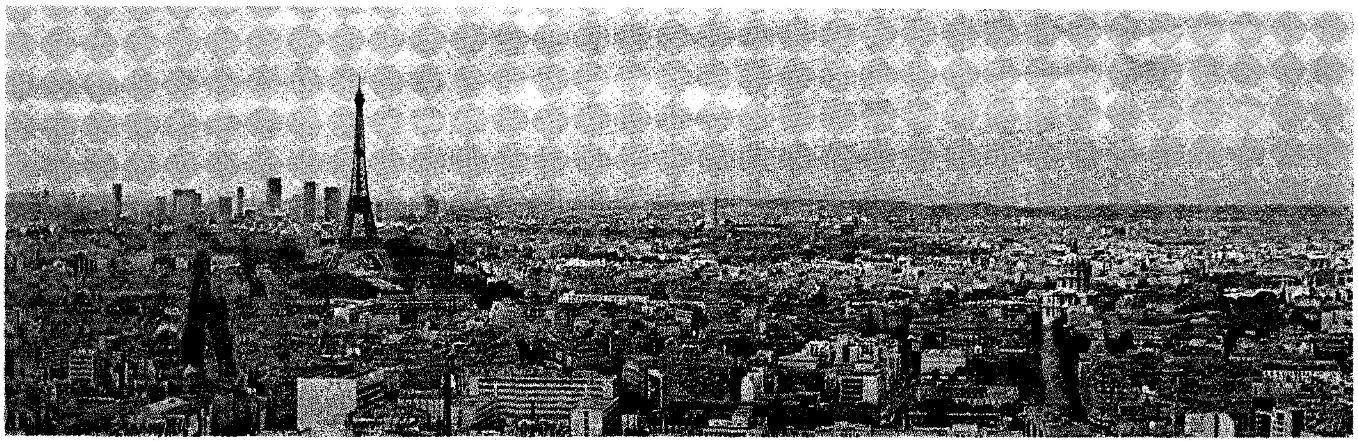

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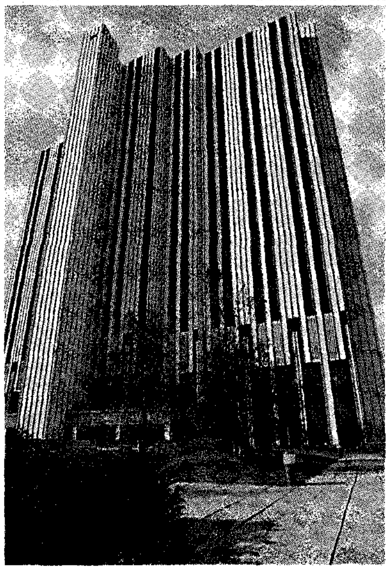

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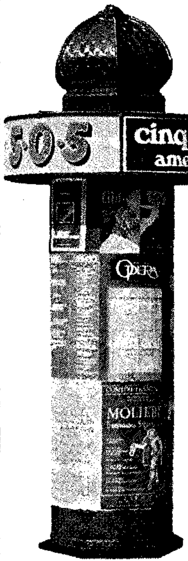

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acquired during the last five years. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: A painting each by Francis Bacon, Philip Guston, and Franz Kline, plus sculptures by David Smith and Naum Gabo. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show devoted to paintings by French landscapists, including Poussin, Boucher, Monet, and Bonnard. Through Dec. 6. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Sculptures in which it seems that the artist discovered her subjects—animals, nudes, and free-form abstractions—already embedded in marble and chiselled them free with a few taps. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANK BOWLING—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Watercolors and drawings spanning the entire career of this modern master, who could evoke the squeak of snow and the squelch of winter better than almost anybody else. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Nine large watercolors. Through Friday, Nov. 7. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings the artist calls sunscapes. Through Nov. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GÜNTER HAESE / AVIGDOR ARIKHA—Delicate, table-size abstract sculptures, made of a fine metal mesh and occasionally incorporating watchworks (the artist is Swiss), altogether conveying some of the visual quality of old-fashioned steel engravings. / Realist paintings in which the artist's eye transmutes everyday articles—an old shoe, a solitary leek—into a treasure. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

SIMON HANTAÏ—Recent works—large paintings, in acrylic on canvas or watercolor on linen, in which relatively small, bright-colored abstract shapes seem to take off like flights of startled birds. Through Friday, Nov. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HUGH KEPETS—Vivid realist paintings of New York building façades—most of them focussed on fire escapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

FRANTIŠEK KUPKA (1871-1957)—Drawings and gouaches, mostly, in an exhibit running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Nov. 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED LESLIE—A double exhibit: Figurative paintings covering the period from 1968 to the present at the Frumkin (50 W. 57th St.), and recent drawings at the gallery's branch location (41 E. 57th St.). Through Nov. 21. Both establishments are open Mondays and (at noon) on Saturdays.

MARY MISS—A single eighteen-foot-long wooden sculpture, plus a ten-minute film showing the artist constructing an outdoor piece. Through Nov. 15. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Jaunty small-scale figure sculptures of the thirties and forties in a show that coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELINOR ROBERTS—Landscape drawings, some of them incorporating geometric forms; first solo show in New York. Through Nov. 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—A hodgepodge of, for instance, drawings on black paper using metallic pencils, and life-sized metal cutouts of silhouettes painted a bright green and mounted in a red room. Through Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL STEINER—Geometric abstract steel sculptures. Through Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century European artists, including Mondrian, Kandinsky, Arp, and Brancusi. Through Nov. 22. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—The thirty-eighth annual of the Sculptors Guild, this year honoring a founding member, Vincent Glinsky, and including three stone pieces by him, and a single work each by other members, in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays at 1.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE—A hundred and thirty-one copper plates, each fifty centimetres square, laid flat on the floor in eight T-shaped formations that the artist calls Triodes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

RALPH CARPENTIER / BUDD HOPKINS—Realist landscapes of the Hamptons, with old-fashioned clouds billowing above them and, occasionally, distant strings of cross-country runners panting across them. / Small, recent collages done in bright colors and as precisely balanced as clockworks. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

JASON CRUMB—Oil paintings. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Hansen, 70 Wooster St. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ANTHONY DEBLASI—Five large color-field paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JACKIE FERRARA—Floor pieces made of raw wooden slats laid crisscross and forming pyramidal structures. Through Nov. 25. (Protetch, a new gallery, at 157 Spring St.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Kayak-like constructions, watercolor drawings on navigational charts, and one room given over to an environment dimly lit by neon lights. Through Thursday, Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ERIC HOFFMANN / NORMAN B. COLP—Small watercolors and pencil drawings of building façades, in which the brickwork is done in incredibly minuscule detail. / Two dozen doorstops, filched from art galleries from here to Los Angeles and displayed in frames behind glass; most of them are crude wooden wedges, but there are two classy ones, of rubber, stolen from the Frumkin and Finch College galleries. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

JERRY OTT—Big Photo-Realist nudes, presented with a sort of billboard straightforwardness. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Sculptures in cast iron, bronze, and plaster. Also, large charcoal drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

PAUL TSCHINKEL / STANLEY MISTAL—Linear metal floor and wall pieces (visitors can walk through the ones on the floor). / L-shaped boxes containing broken bits of colored plaster splashed with paint and sealed under a layer of clear plastic. Through Nov. 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

LYNTON WELLS—Photo-Realist images of plants, floodlights, and other objects painted on huge black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: The box is the theme of a collection of works by such artists as Larry Rivers, Andy Warhol, Louise Nevelson, and, of course, Joseph Cornell. Through Dec. 24. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: About thirty drawings and one immense scroll by the irrepressible John Fawcett, whose whole life is in the public domain, thanks to his non-stop comic-strip diary; small paintings by Leonard Dufresne; textural works by Dan Davidson; and shaped canvases by Patrick Kelly. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Self-portraits by Sylvia Sleigh, Alex Katz, Alice Neel, and others. Through Nov. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

QUICK LIST—Other SoHo artists currently showing their work include: **ROSS BLECKNER** at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); **PATRICIA TOBACCO FORRESTER** and **D. E. SLACK** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **JAMES NORMAN** and **WANG HUI-MING** at Aames, 93 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30); **JACK SOLOMON** and **CAROL SCHILLE** at Yu, 393 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **ALAN SONFIST** at Ariadne, 410 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Nearly forty prints, with examples from his entire career. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

THREE BUILDINGS—Photographs and drawings (with explanatory text) that trace the historical and architectural influence of Grand Central Terminal, the New York Public Library, and the Times Tower on 42nd Street. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

GROUP SHOW—A travelling exhibition of traditional African art, on loan from the government of Zaïre. Through Jan. 31. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—More than a hundred photographs of Paris, its environs, and its people by a master documentarian. Through Nov. 29. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MARK COHEN / DUANE MICHALS—Sharply defined prints in black-and-white and color that depict the human figure in bizarre fragments. / Recent small pictures accompanied by the photographer's brief handwritten explanations (sometimes in the form of limericks). Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FREDERICK H. EVANS (1853-1943)—Platinum prints, mostly of architectural subjects, as well as several portraits and landscapes. Through Nov. 22. (Helios, a new gallery, at 26 E. 78th St.)

SEYMOUR JACOBS / SY RUBIN—Photographs of people taken at Brighton Beach. / Pictures of people in the city—alone and in crowds. Through Nov. 9. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MARCIA KEEGAN / STELLA SNEAD—Photographs of people who were once vaudeville performers. / Black-and-white prints of beach subjects, mostly. Through Nov. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

JOSEF KOUDELKA—Photographs of Gypsies and country people, some of which appeared in his show at the Museum of Modern Art last spring. Also, new work. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Black-and-white photographs of old hand-crafted American tools. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

JAMES VAN DERZEE—Pictures of people in Harlem in the early nineteen-hundreds, displayed aboard a houseboat. Through Nov. 23. (W. 79th St. Boat Basin. Saturdays and Sundays, 12:30 to 5.)

TOM YAHASHI—Rural scenes; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 11. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective of the photographs of Gordon Parks. . . . ¶ A survey of Polaroid color photography including examples by Ansel Adams, Walker Evans, and Lucas Samaras. Both exhibitions through Nov. 11. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Photographs of New York, Paris, and London taken in the thirties by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, and Bill Brandt. Through Nov. 29. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of the work of four Surrealist photographers—Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Daily, except Wednesday, Nov. 5, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Twenty-seven recent paintings by Hans Hartung. Through Jan. 4. A complementary

BONWIT TELLER

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exhibit is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Eighty-six newly acquired drawings by European artists, in a selection that has examples dating from the Italian Renaissance to the late nineteenth century. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About two hundred nineteenth-century architectural drawings, from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Also on view: photographs of French and American buildings that incorporate Beaux-Arts ideas. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Seventeen drawings, by Matisse, Willem de Kooning, Giacometti, and others, which were recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Four Surrealist photographers. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ "*Printsequence*" is an exhibition of prints by Rauschenberg, Nolde, Lichtenstein, and others demonstrating variations within a series. Each print in an Andy Warhol series, for example, reproduces the image of Mao Tse-tung in a different color. Through Jan. 18. (Daily, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. Starting Nov. 5, the museum, feeling the pinch, will be closed all day on Wednesdays; the pay-as-you-can day will be moved to Tuesdays.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist showing here for the first time. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of František Kupka, a pioneer Czech experimentalist, made up of about a hundred and eighty paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 7. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An Elie Nadelman retrospective of figurative sculptures in wood, stone, metal, and terra-cotta, plus drawings. Through Nov. 30. A complementary show is at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle, a young experimental artist. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Constructivist paintings by Dennis Ashbaugh. Through Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show recording American and European men's and boys' fashions from the seventeenth century to the present day. The clothing on view includes a lace collar, court-presentation suits, a tuxedo, and a Bill Blass suit. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty women artists are each represented by a single work on paper in a show that offers a wide range of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Election Day, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Nepal: Where the Gods Are Young" is an exhibit of the religious art (eighth century to the nineteenth) of Nepal, where Buddhist and Hindu deities are invariably depicted as youthful. Through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Experience in the Art of the Twentieth Century," an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Chagall, Shahn, Soutine, Weber, Nevelson, and others. Through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Early illustrated children's books. . . . ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentenary includes personal artifacts as well as first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of bags: embroidered bags from Asia, a sporran from Scotland, shopping bags designed by Lichtenstein and Warhol, Oldenburg's kinetic "Ice Bag," and so on. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—William Auerbach-Levy's caricatures of John Barrymore, Lynn Fontanne, Ethel Waters, and other stars of the theatre. Through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred paintings, sculptures, and graphics by deceased members of the academy in an exhibit arranged to mark the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the institution's founding. Through Nov. 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Matteo Manuguerra, and Malcolm Smith; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Matteo Manuguerra; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 3: "The Siege of Corinth," with Beverly Sills, Shirley Verrett, Harry Theyard, Justino Díaz, and Richard T. Gill; Thomas Schippers. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 4: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Matteo Manguerra; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "Boris Godunov," with Galina Vishnevskaya, Jerome Hines, Misha Raitzin, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, John Macurdy, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 6: "Norma," with Rita Hunter, Frederica von Stade, Franco Corelli, and John Macurdy; Gianfranco Masini. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," with Teresa Kubiak, Roberta Peters, Maureen Forrester, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Costanza Cuccaro, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Kostas Paskalis, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Elizabeth Harwood, Anne Howells, Colette Boky, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, and Renato Capecchi; Kazimierz Kord. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Emily Derr, John Lankston, and Jerold Siena; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Roberta Palmer, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Eleanor Bergquist, Sandra Walker, John Alexander, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Howard Hensel, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Elizabeth Haley, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Kathleen Hegierski, José Carreras, and Adib Fazah; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and Elliot Palay; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Roberta Palmer, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Sandra Walker, John Alexander, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Arlene Randazzo, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Gary Glaze, and Elliot Palay; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Emily Derr, John Lankston, and Ellen Faull; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Jeanne Piland, Kenneth Collins, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—An all-Mozart program on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 (all with John Cerminaro, French horn); and a varied program on Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 7, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30 (all with John Browning, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—James Levine conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 5:30, both with Sergiu Luca, violin.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerald Trabesinger directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Janos Starker and Menahem Pressler—Cello and piano, in a Beethoven-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca and Emanuel Ax—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin, cello, and piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Paul Sperry, tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:15.)

Pierre Cochereau—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30.)

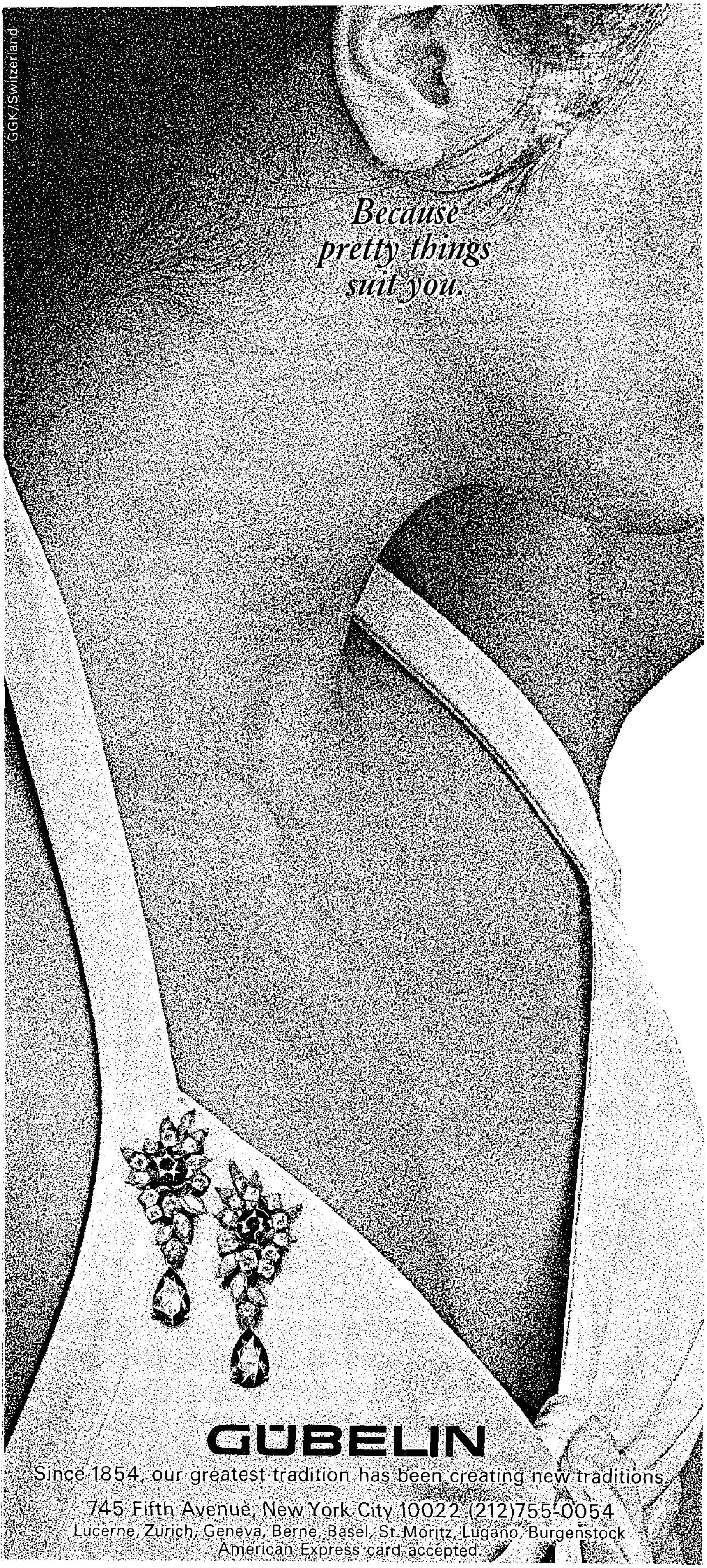
Maurice André—Trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Gary Karr—Double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, with Robert Levin, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by, among others, Hugh Aitken and Milton Babbitt, performed by Robert Miller, piano; Patricia Spencer, flute; and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

JEFFREY SWANN—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

ROBERT DE GAETANO—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

RAYMOND LEWENTHAL—Piano, with Herta Glaz, narrator; Guy Lumia, violin; John Wion, flute; and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

NEW AND NEWER MUSIC—A program played by Tashi, with Buell Neidlinger, double bass. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 7:30. For tickets, call 362-1911.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU AND JÖRG DEMUS—Baritone and piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

ROBERT SMITH—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Peter Pears, tenor; Osian Ellis, harp; Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 5.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—"Music of Medieval Europe in the Age of the Crusades." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC FROM JAPAN—A program performed by Ko Iwasaki, cello; the Ysaye Quartet; members of the Paul Price Percussion Ensemble; and the Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Dan Shulman. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Kansas City, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2:30.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 1 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse.... ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, NOV. 8 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst.... ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point.... ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field.... ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca.... ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown.... ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At Shea Stadium—Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1.... ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:35.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. California Golden Seals, Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:05.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 4, through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 12:30, and Sunday at 1:05; through Tuesday, Nov. 4. The Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 29; the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1; and the Firenze Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday and Tuesday between 9:45 and 12:15; Saturday between 9:45 and 12:30; and Sunday between 10 and 1.)... AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Thursday, Nov. 6, through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30, except Monday, Nov. 3, and Friday, Nov. 7, when there will be no racing; through Saturday, Nov. 8.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 1, and the Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 8.

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TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 4; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

LECTURE—The first in a series of four lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Julia Child. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:30 A.M.)

POETRY READINGS—Jon Anderson and Philip Levine reading from their own works. (Art Gallery, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 2: Nineteenth-century animal bronze sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye; from the collection of the late Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2: Glass and lamps designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany, from the collection of Marion S. Riseman.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 2: Bronzes by such American sculptors as James Earle Fraser and A. P. Proctor, together with a group of American paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Rembrandt Peale, and others. From the estate of Geraldine Rockefeller Dodge.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, clocks, decorations, and carpets; from the estate of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Sr.... ¶ Six sales of property from the American Heritage Society. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: American pottery and pewter.... Thursday, Nov. 6, at 2: American decoys and decorated carvings.... Friday, Nov. 7, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains and American silver.... Friday, Nov. 7, at 2: American paintings, glass, furniture, and miniature furniture.... Saturday, Nov. 8, at 10:15: American folk art, including quilts and stoneware.... Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: Personal items once belonging to George and Martha Washington, American and other clocks, decorations, silhouettes, furniture, and hearth equipment. Exhibitions start Saturday, Nov. 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 13 (Houston). Nov. 15 (Atlanta). Nov. 18 (Portland). Nov. 22 (Cleveland). Nov. 25 (Seattle). Nov. 29 (Detroit). Dec. 2 (Boston). Dec. 6 (Buffalo). Dec. 9 (Milwaukee).... ¶ The Nets at the NASSAU COLISEUM: Nov. 21 (Denver). Nov. 23 (Utah). Nov. 28 (Virginia). Nov. 30 (Kentucky). Dec. 7 (Denver).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 15: Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover; and Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton.... SATURDAY, NOV. 22: Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, NOV. 29: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, NOV. 9: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Shea Stadium, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.... SUNDAY, NOV. 16: Giants vs. Philadelphi Eagles, at Shea Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.... SUNDAY, NOV. 23 Jets vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium and Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, at Green Bay.... SUNDAY, NOV. 30: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.... SUNDAY, DEC. 7 Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

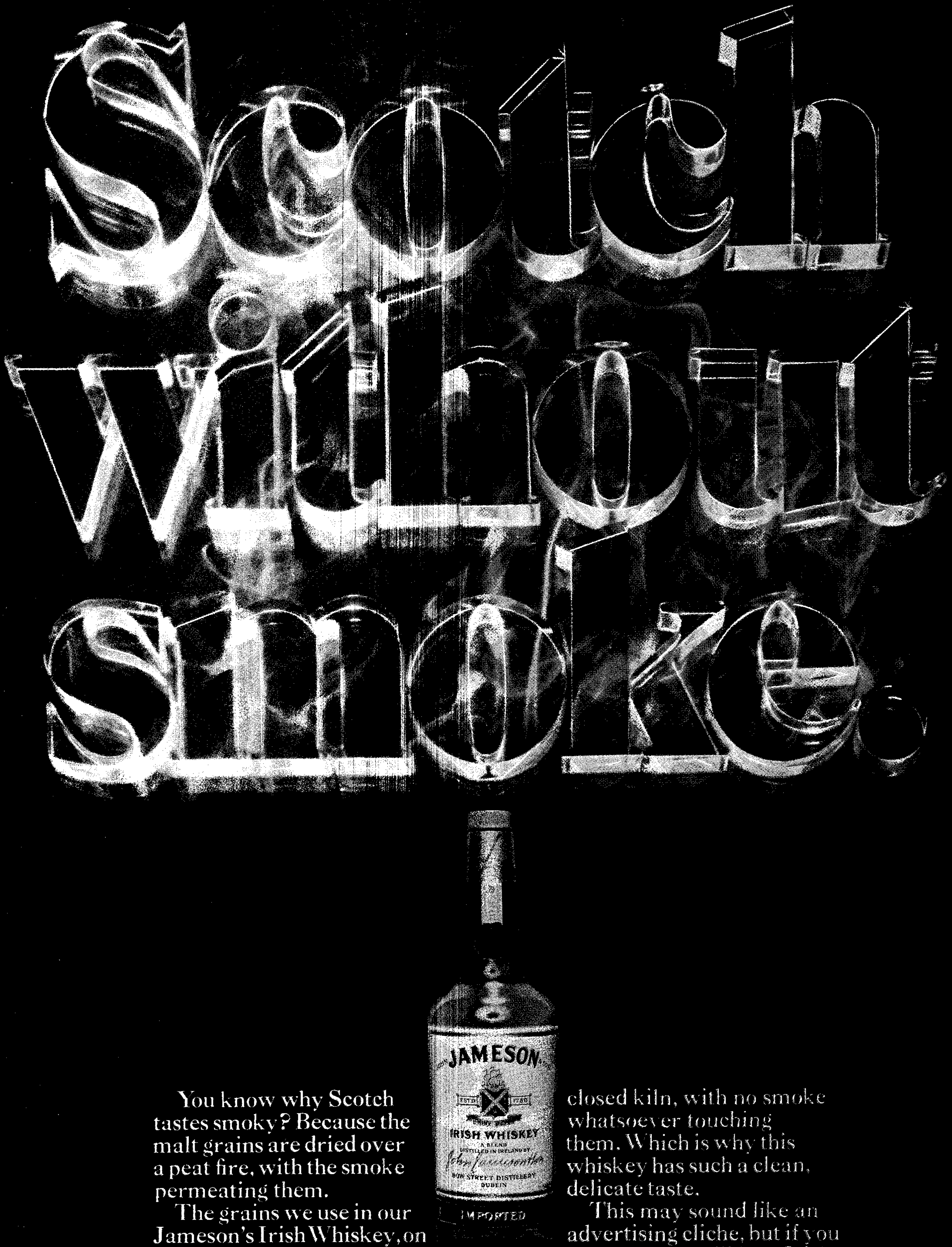
HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Nov. 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Dec. 7 and 10.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Nov. 18, 22, 27, and 29, and Dec 4, 6, and 9.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15.... ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Nov. 9.... ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Nov. 23.... ¶ José Iturbi, piano, Nov. 24.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 5.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 9 and Dec. 7.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 12-13.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and the Menuhin Festival Orchestra, Nov. 14.... ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Nov. 16.... ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, and Leon Fleisher, piano, Nov. 16.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 17 and Dec. 8.... ¶ Garde Républicaine Band of Paris, Nov. 18.... ¶ Moscow State Symphony, Nov. 19-20.... ¶ Scottish National Orchestra, Nov. 21.... ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, Nov. 24, 26, and 29.... ¶ Symphony of the New World, Nov. 30.... ¶ Toshiya Eto, violin, and William Masselos, piano, Dec. 1.... ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, Dec. 2.... ¶ Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra, Dec. 3-4.... ¶ Igor Oistrakh, violin, Dec. 5.... ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Geula Gill, Israeli singer, Dec. 6.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 7.... ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Dec. 9.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Béla Szilágyi, piano, Nov. 9.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 16 and 18 and Dec. 5 and 7.... ¶ Janice Harsanyi, soprano, Nov. 16.... ¶ Our Bach Concerts, Nov. 19 and 29.... ¶ Fredell Lack, violin, Nov. 22.... ¶ Ingrid Dingfelder, flute, Nov. 23.... ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Nov. 25.... ¶ Louis Bagger, harpsichord, Nov. 26.... ¶ Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, Nov. 29.... ¶ Judith Blegen, soprano, Nov. 30.... ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Nov. 30.... ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, Dec. 1.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 10.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Sergio and Eduardo Abreu, classical guitarists, Nov. 12.... ¶ Ilana Vered, piano, Nov. 22.... ¶ Raymond Lewenthal, piano, Dec. 3.... ¶ Giorgio Tozzi, bass, Dec. 4.... ¶ Sergiu Luca, violin, Dec. 7.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Peter Pears, tenor, and Osian Ellis, harp, Nov. 14.... ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, Nov. 21.... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Aulos Wind Quintet, Dec. 6.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Jorge Bolet, piano, Nov. 16.

DANCE—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 11-Feb. 15.... ¶ Fonteyn, Nureyev, and members of the Murray Louis Dance Company, at the Uris Theatre, Nov. 18-29.... ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 25-Dec. 14.... ¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, Dec. 8-Jan. 3.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Boccaccio," a musical somehow based on the "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Kenneth Cavander wrote the book and lyrics, and Richard Peaslee composed the music.... ¶ Alan Bennett's comedy "Habeas Corpus," imported from London and with Donald Sinden, Jean Marsh, Celeste Holm, Rachel Roberts, and June Havoc.... ¶ Alan Ayckbourn's London comedy "The Norman Conquests," in which Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, Estelle Parsons, Barry Nelson, Carole Shelley, and Ken Howard will appear.... ¶ A musical, "An Evening with Romberg," with songs from Romberg's musicals and operettas, and starring Allan Jones.

OTHER DATES—National Postage Stamp Show, at the Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Nov. 21-23.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 27.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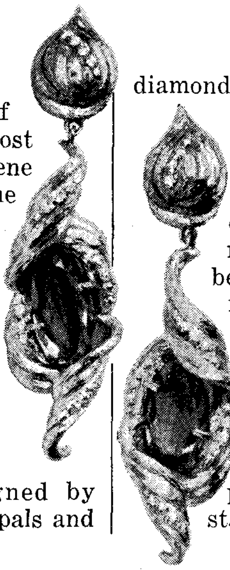

While Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler, is off searching for the world's most lavish and exciting gems, Diene Cooper is home minding the store. And masterminding the creation of the anything but me-too jewelry that has become the Cooper hallmark.

Case in point: the stunningly asymmetrical bracelet (being admired by Mr. Cooper) with bold 18 kt. gold slabs alternating with opals and green chrysoprase, $8,500.

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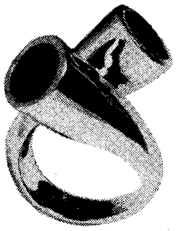

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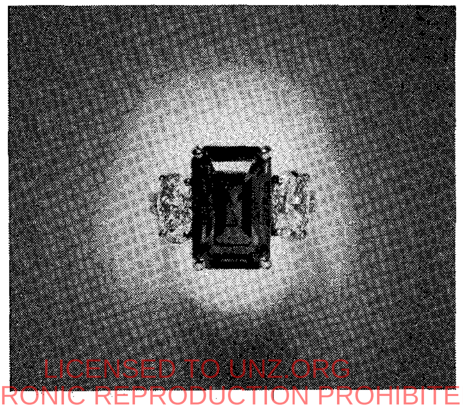
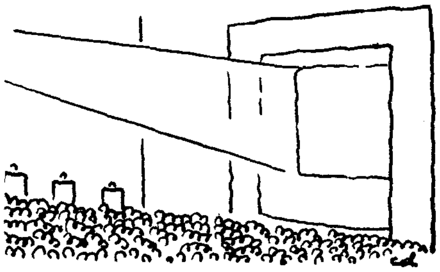


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Nashville."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 29: "How to Steal a Million" and "Charade."
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "The Big Heat" and "Scarlet Street."
Nov. 2-3: "The Great Caruso" and "The Toast of New Orleans."
Nov. 4-5: "Today We Live" and "Our Blushing Brides."
From Nov. 6: "Babes on Broadway" and "Summer Stock."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 4: "Rollerball" and "Slither."
From Nov. 5: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 4: "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," "Let It Be," and "Yellow Submarine."
From Nov. 5: "The Magic Christian" and "End of the Road."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 4: "The Wind and the Lion."
From Nov. 5: "The Passenger."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 30: "Rooster Cogburn."
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mahogany."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Abduction."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hearts of the West."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Exhibition" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hester Street."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Conduct Unbecoming."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Royal Flash."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Naughty Victorians" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Oct. 30: "Undercovers Hero."
From Oct. 31: "A Pain in the A. ."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Oct. 29: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
Oct. 30: "Alfie" and "Sleuth."
Oct. 31: "Women in Love" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Nov. 1: "The Last Detail" and "Five Easy Pieces."
Nov. 2: "The Last American Hero" and "The Last Picture Show."
Nov. 3: "The Great Waldo Pepper" and "Barefoot in the Park."
Nov. 4: "Love Story" and "Paper Moon."
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Swept Away."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Hard Times."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Smile."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Distant Thunder."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Devil Is a Woman."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Three Days of the Condor."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 3: "Bite the Bullet."
From Nov. 4: "Love and Death."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): "Benji."
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Undercovers Hero."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Mahogany."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Rooster Cogburn."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Let's Do It Again."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Take a Hard Ride."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Hard Times."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 29: "L'Eden et Après" and "Le Jeu avec le Feu."
Oct. 30: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Fellini Satyricon."
Oct. 31: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "La Ronde."
Nov. 1: "M*A*S*H" and "Catch-22."
Nov. 2: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." and "Two English Girls."
Nov. 3: "Lucia" and "Black Girl."
Nov. 4: "Muriel" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Nov. 5: "Palm Beach Story" and "Sullivan's Travels."
Nov. 6: "The Clowns" and "Fellini's Roma."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (also titled "The Mystery of Kasper Hauser").

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 30: "Undercovers Hero."
From Oct. 31: "Rancho Deluxe."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 4 at one or another of the theatres: "The Day of the Locust" and "The Conversation"/"Milestones"/"Le Chat" and "Stavisky"/"Oriental Blue" and "Teenage Cowgirls" (both X-rated).
From Nov. 5: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 30: "Just Before Nightfall."
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "Freaks" and "200 Motels."
Nov. 4: "Les Violons du Bal" and "Le Trio Infernal."
Nov. 5: "The Killing of Sister George" and "The Last of Sheila."
Nov. 6: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Payday."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lisztomania."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Let's Do It Again."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 4: "Rollerball" and "Slither."
From Nov. 5: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Oct. 30: "Down the Ancient Stairs."
From Oct. 31: "Black Moon."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 29: "An American Tragedy" and "Shanghai Express."
Oct. 30: "Shoe-Shine" and "The Bicycle Thief."
Oct. 31: "Nosferatu" and "Vampyr."
Nov. 1: "Lolita" and "Baby Doll."
Nov. 2: "Summertime" and "Brief Encounter."
Nov. 3: "Out of the Past" and "The Woman on the Beach."
Nov. 4: "America" and "Abraham Lincoln."
Nov. 5: "Blonde Venus" and "The Scarlet Empress."
Nov. 6: "The Third Man" and "Journey Into Fear."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Smile."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 4: "Benji."
From Nov. 5: "Just Before Nightfall."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 1: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Stage Door."
From Nov. 2: "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Intermezzo."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 4: "Stavisky" and "The Paper Chase."
From Nov. 5: "A Brief Vacation" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Farewell, My Lovely."
Theatre 2: "Girls in Trouble" and "House of a 1000 Pleasures."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 30: "Nashville." From Oct. 31: "The Boob Tube" (X-rated).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 4: "The African Queen" and "A Night in Casablanca."
From Nov. 5: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 4: "The Towering Inferno" and "Claudine."
From Nov. 5: "The Lion in Winter" and "A Touch of Class."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 30: "Undercovers Hero."
From Oct. 31: "Rancho Deluxe."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 4: "Animal Crackers" and "Janis."
From Nov. 5: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 29 at 2: "A Woman of the World" (1925), directed by Malcolm St. Clair, with Pola Negri and Charles Emmett Mack. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 5:30: "Three Comrades and One Invention" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexei Popov; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Schoolteacher Hofer" (1974), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2: "Three Comrades and One Invention." . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 5:30: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at noon: "White Zombie" (1932), directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 3 and 5:30: "The Devil's Wheel" (1926) and "S.V.D." (1927), both Russian silent films, directed by Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at noon: "White Zombie." . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 3: "The Cloak" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; English inter-titles for the last hour only. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5:30: "Diary of a Country Priest." . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2: "Death Bay" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Abram Room; no English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5:30: "Bed and Sofa" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Abram Room; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "End of St. Petersburg" (1927), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin, English inter-titles; and "S.V.D."... ¶ Nov. 6 at 2: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich and Arthur Kennedy.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 5:30: "Love's Berries" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko, no English inter-titles; and "The Devil's Wheel." ... ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: "The Middle of the Road Is a Very Dead End" (1975), in German, directed by Alexander Kluge and Edgar Reitz; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Places and Fantasies," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by contemporary French independent filmmakers, plus Levine, Brakhage, Anger, Bresson, Breer, Baillie, Belson, and Connors. Showings Oct. 29-31 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 1 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 2 at 8; and Nov. 4-6 at 6, 8, and 10.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Three films by Joyce Chopra. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abduction—With Gregory Rozakis and David Pendleton, directed by Joseph Zito. (Eastside Cinema.)

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards, Sr., as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 4.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (New Yorker; through Nov. 4.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 30.)

America (1924)—It would seem that D. W. Griffith didn't have the emotional involvement in the American Revolution that he had in the Civil War. This ambitious, elaborate epic is tame and stolid compared to "The Birth of a Nation." There are wonderful sequences, but it's a rather academic work—the sort of thing that always gets praised for its "authenticity." The cast includes Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster (at less than par, even for her), and Lionel Barrymore as the villain. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 4.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Olympia; through Nov. 4.)

Babes on Broadway (1941)—Busby Berkeley directed Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in this engaging M-G-M backstage-musical fable. The nonsense story has considerable charm, and Garland and Rooney hoofing together are a happy sight. Vincente Minnelli, new to films, directed Garland's solos. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 6.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—One of those one-set, four-actor jobs—this one is by Neil Simon—that still feel like Broadway comedies when they're on the screen. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. Directed by Gene Saks. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 3.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild. ... ¶ Cinema Studio; through Nov. 4.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 4, tentative.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

The Big Heat (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) blows up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle; with David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Regency; starting Nov. 2.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 3.)

Black Girl (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to work for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Black Moon—With Cathryn Harrison, directed by Louis Malle. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 31.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as a detective, and Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. *(Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/75.)* (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 5.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Regency; through Nov. 1.)

Catch-22 (1970)—Mike Nichols' third picture was this hugely ambitious failure, from which his reputation as a film director has never fully recovered; he gave Joseph Heller's novel grandiloquent staging, with Terry Southernish caricatures out of Kubrick and Célinesque episodes set in Rome, and the picture got so heavy and messagy that the ironies were buried. There's a beautiful flight-tower sequence early on, and there are startling effects and good revue touches here and there, but the picture keeps going on and on, as if it were determined to impress us. It keeps going so long that it cancels itself out, even out of people's mem-

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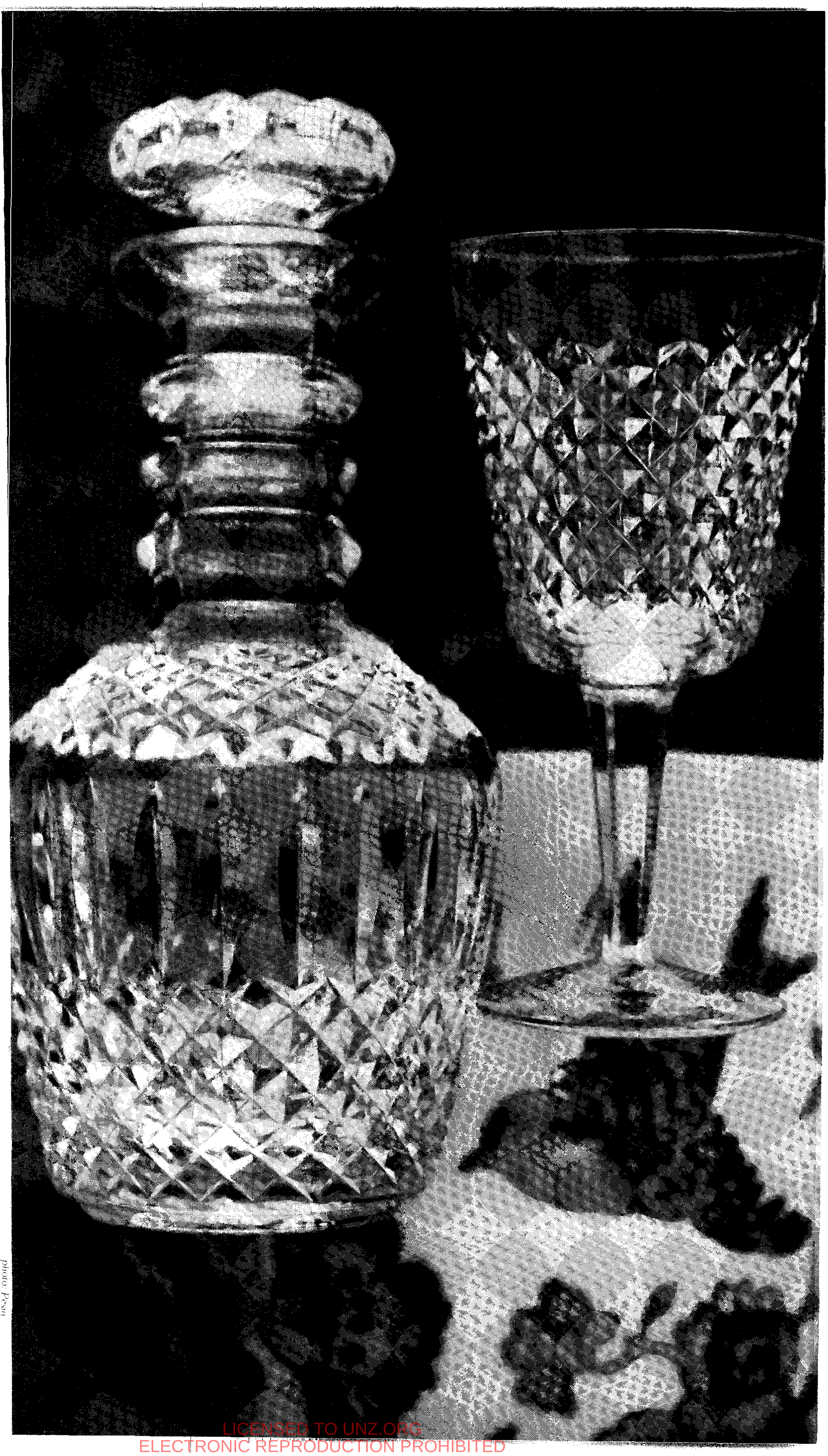

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ories—it doesn't get talked about. With Alan Arkin as Yossarian, Jon Voight, Richard Benjamin, Art Garfunkel, Buck Henry, Martin Balsam, Orson Welles, Robert Balaban, Paula Prentiss, Martin Sheen, Jack Gilford, Peter Bonerz, Charles Grodin, Tony Perkins, Bob Newhart, and, in a particularly offensive scene, Marcel Dalio. The acting of some of the high-ranking officers is so gross that at times one thinks the moral must be that as soon as your rank reaches major, you're a monster. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Le Chat—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (6/30/75) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 4.)

Claudine (1974)—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll), with six children, is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Symphony; through Nov. 4.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 5.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Conduct Unbecoming—With Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer, and Susannah York; directed by Michael Anderson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 4.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Quad Cinema; through Nov 4.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 5.)

The Devil Is a Woman—With Glenda Jackson, directed by Damiano Damiani. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Distant Thunder—With Soumitra Chatterji, directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Beekman.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Cinema I.)

Down the Ancient Stairs—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 30.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 2.)

L'Eden et Après (1971)—With Catherine Jourdan and Pierre Zimmer, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 29.)

End of the Road (1970)—The John Barth 1958 novel is about a triangle in an academic setting, and the best scenes in the movie are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the book. But most of the time the director, Aram Avakian, and his co-screenwriters, Dennis McGuire and Terry Southern, feverishly pound us with shock effects and apocalyptic messages. Gordon Willis's camerawork is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine, but the absurdist point of view has too self-congratulatory a tone. Guns and American flags are the running shticks of the movie, and the performers (Stacy Keach as the catatonic hero, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin, and James Earl Jones) are intercut with mushroom clouds, atrocities, and the moon shot. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 5.)

Every Man for Himself and God Against All—The story of Kasper Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his new-found pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Exhibition—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (Fine Arts.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 6.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 5.)

The Great Caruso (1951)—With Mario Lanza, who yells splendidly if you're ten, and Ann Blyth, crazy about Caruso's genius. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 3.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

Hard Times—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished, but you don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Columbia I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

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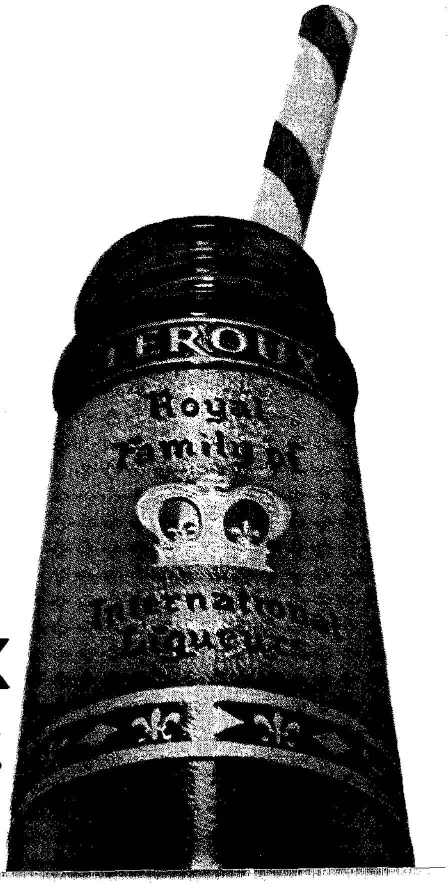
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right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. The people and the atmosphere are so good that one wants more of them; the rinky-dink chase plot isn't needed at all, and there are also unnecessary complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a Western-pulp publisher. But it's a film that plays on in the mind. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Sutton.)

Hester Street—With Steven Keats and Carol Kane, directed by Joan Micklin Silver. (Plaza.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4.)

How to Steal a Million (1966)—An expensive cast in an anemic suspense comedy-romance. Audrey Hepburn is the devoted daughter of a vain, roguish art forger (Hugh Griffith); in order to save him from jail, she persuades a detective (Peter O'Toole) to help her steal a bogus Cellini "Venus" that her father has exhibited in a Paris museum. William Wyler directed, from a rather tired screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. The picture isn't offensive, and it's handsome enough, but it's just blah. With Charles Boyer, Eli Wallach, Marcel Dalio, and Fernand Gravey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Intermezzo (1939)—David O. Selznick, who arranged this début for Ingrid Bergman in English-speaking films, wasn't going to take any chances; it's a remake of a picture she'd already had a hit with in Sweden, in 1936. Selznick even retained the same slurpy "haunting" theme music. Leslie Howard is the wan and renowned violin virtuoso, afflicted with the boredom of fame and domestic bliss with his beloved, understanding wife (Edna Best). He falls in love with Bergman, his daughter's piano teacher. Handsome and eager, she's a brilliant young pianist who becomes his accompanist. On a tour of the concert halls of Europe, the two combine business with passion, though at last the finer overtones of conscience separate them. The crisis occurs in a picturesque Mediterranean village—Selznick saw to it that the romantic upheavals of such artistic people got the smartest settings—and there are snacks of Brahms, Liszt, and Grieg to buoy up the cultural tone. The film's only real claim on anyone's attention was Bergman, whose natural look (full eyebrows, and even a shine on her nose) seemed revolutionary. Gregory Ratoff directed; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. With John Halliday. (This drippy thing was remade again just a few years ago.) (Regency; starting Nov. 2.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Olympia; through Nov. 4.)

Le Jeu avec le Feu (1974)—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Alain Robbe-Grillet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Just Before Nightfall—Ostensibly about a sadomasochistic killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Claude Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (8/4/75) (Elgin; through Oct. 30. . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 5.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; Nov. 5.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 2.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 1.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Elgin; Nov. 5.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 2.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for very likely the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

Let's Do It Again—A sequel to "Uptown Saturday Night," with Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby repeating their original roles. Mr. Poitier is again the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East, and Festival.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Paris.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (New Yorker, and Symphony; starting Nov. 5.)

Lisztomania—With Roger Daltrey, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 4.)

Love Story (1970)—The weeper. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 4.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred of the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironically anti-women's-lib argument about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (4/8/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 3.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 5.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. As a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar and goes on to be a whirling international celebrity as well as a terrific haute-couture designer, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home, she has an overachiever debauch. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed this setback to Ross's talent; he seems to have worked from a do-it-yourself kit. (10/27/75) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 1.)

Milestones—An acted-out, cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas (who also wrote and edited the film), cut back and forth among people living in communes and burned-out apartments and on the road, who talk about their feelings, and the need to be open about those feelings, in banal, strangely indirect and abstract terms. It's all so maundering and haphazard that it looks like an after-apocalypse movie; this is certainly part of the point, but we never get to understand what the directors' principles of selection were. With Douglas playing a blind potter, Grace Paley playing a filmmaker, and David C. Stone as Joe, of Joe's Bar. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 4.)

Muriel (1963)—Alain Resnais's experiment in fragmented flashback and flash-forward editing. The fragmentation, probably intended as a comment on modern life, is more irritating than illuminating. Delphine Seyrig is

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the forty-year-old antique dealer in whose symbolic shop (where she also lives) time and memory are scrambled and chopped up. Script by Jean Cayrol; music by Hans Werner Henze, sung by Rita Streich. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4.)

The Mystery of Kasper Hauser—See "Every Man for Himself and God Against All." The film has two titles. They only do it to annoy. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Art... ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 30.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (New Yorker; through Nov. 4.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Our Blushing Brides (1930)—The title is deceptive: it's a lavish, lively popular film of the period, about whether working girls ought to Take the Easiest Way or Wait for Mr. Right. Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian are the roommates who work in the same department store (the vivacious Crawford as a model, the other two as clerks). Their dreams of luxury get them in trouble with, respectively, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett, and John Miljan. It's high-mindedly moral but not seriously so, with an arrest for theft, a suicide, a fashion show on a Long Island estate, and an Albertina Rasch ballet all tossed in together entertainingly. Harry Beaumont directed; the writers were Bess Meredyth and a pre-Marxist John Howard Lawson. With Hedda Hopper, Martha Sleeper, Albert Conti, Edward Brophy, and, among the mannequins, Claire Dodd. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-5.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. A French film, dubbed in English. (9/1/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 31.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 4.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (D. W. Griffith; Nov. 4.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Gramercy; starting Nov. 5.)

Payday (1973)—A fine film, too long neglected. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, it is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Elgin; Nov. 6.)

Rancho Deluxe—With Jeff Bridges and Sam Waterston, directed by Frank Perry. (Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Oct. 31.)

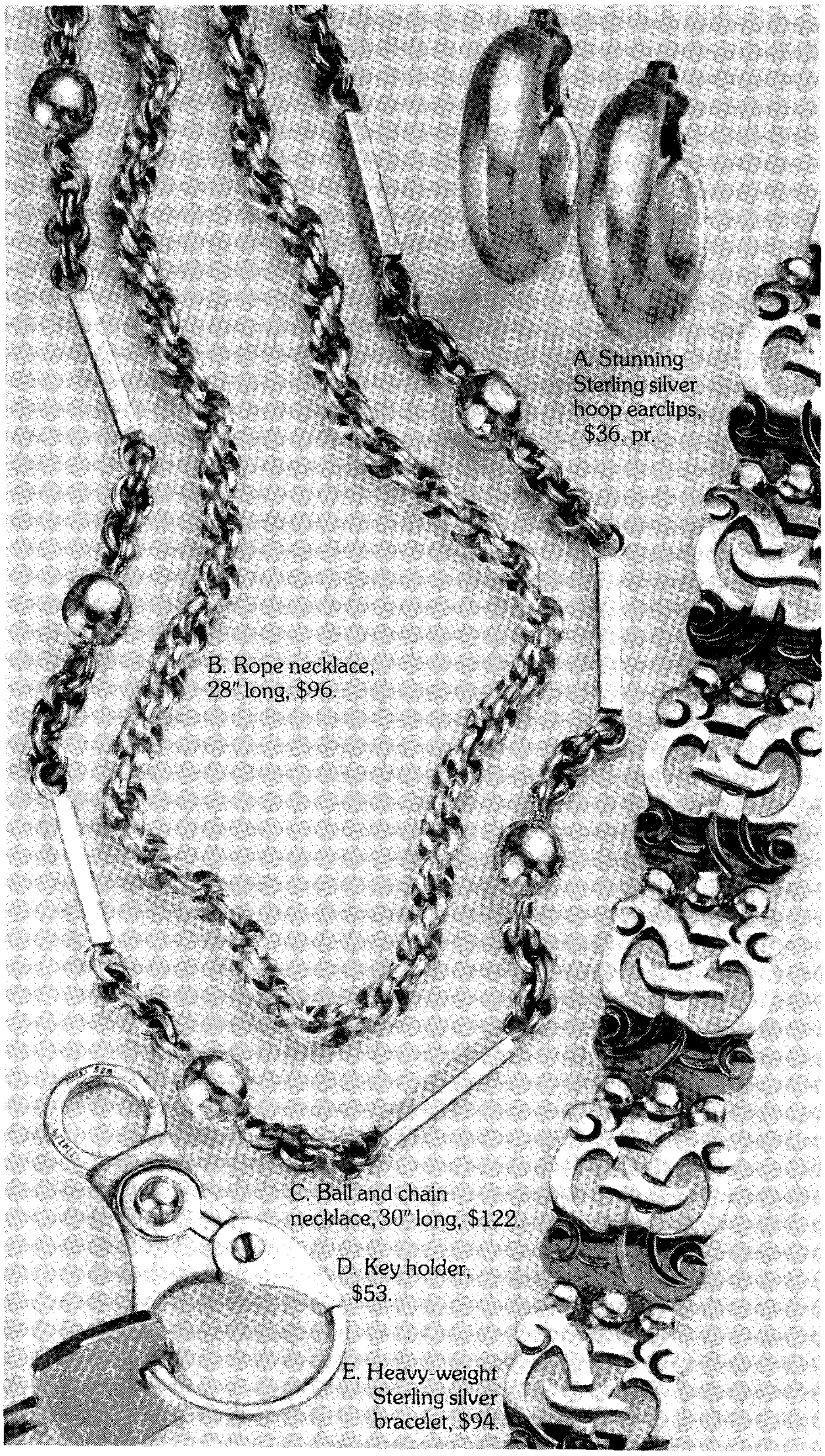
Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Nov. 4.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Rooster Cogburn—With John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn, directed by Stuart Millar. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 30.)

Royal Flash—Richard Lester directs George MacDonald Fraser's adaptation of one of his novels celebrating the inglorious career of Captain Harry Flashman, of the 11th Hussars (Malcolm McDowell), a rotten, snivelling Victorian coward. It's a parody of movie heroics, especially of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but Lester is on his own antic wavelength, and he doesn't try to tune us in. The characters don't care about each other, and we don't care about any of them. Lester has done all this carousing and pratfalling before; his inventiveness is beginning to seem desperate, compulsive—as if he kept piling on the jokes because he was bored. With Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Britt Ekland, Florinda Bolkan, Alastair Sim, and Lionel Jeffries. (10/13/75) (Coronet.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head,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plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds the ironies and the murder-plot devices home. (Robinson kills the girl and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Josef von Sternberg directed. With Anna May Wong and Gustav von Seyffertitz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 30.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature directed by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Nov. 4.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Columbia II, and Paramount.)

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Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wise-cracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Regency; through Nov. 1.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 4.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You." Charles Walters directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 6.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining-spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 2.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 29.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 31.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yatch who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema II.)

Take a Hard Ride—With Jim Brown and Lee Van Cleef, directed by Anthony M. Dawson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Loews Tower East.)

The Toast of New Orleans (1950)—Sheer excruciation. Mario Lanza singing the execrable "Be My Love," and such minor horrors as "The Bayou Lullaby" and "Boom Biddy Boom Boom." Whoever it was who thought of teaming him with Kathryn Grayson had a streak of malignant humor: when those voices collide and his big chest meets her big bosom, pop culture is at climax. With David Niven, James Mitchell, and Rita Moreno; directed by Norman Taurog. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

Today We Live (1933)—William Faulkner wrote a story called "Turn About," which had to do with the First World War rivalry between the aviators and the men in the torpedo boats; it had no heroine. Adapted to the screen, it became a vehicle for Joan Crawford, and the subject became how she can be freed from her old love so that she can give herself (in marriage) to Gary Cooper. There are some (uninspired) flying scenes, and some scenes on the high seas; the personal relationships are rather baffling—maybe because although Crawford is the star, she really doesn't seem to have a place in the picture. The director, Howard Hawks, must have been confused, too; he gets minimal results from the cast, which includes Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns, and Louise Closser Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4-5.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (New Yorker, and Symphony; starting Nov. 5.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Symphony; through Nov. 4.)

Le Trio Infernal (1974)—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 4.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and

Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 2.)

200 Motels (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

Undercovers Hero—With Peter Sellers, directed by Roy Boulting. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, and Thalia; through Oct. 30.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Elgin; Nov. 4.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Gramercy; through Nov. 4.)

The Woman on the Beach (1947)—This Jean Renoir film was cut, reëdited, and partly reshot after a disastrous sneak preview in Santa Barbara. Renoir has said that he was trying to do "a love story in which there was no love," in which the attractions "were purely physical," but that after he remade it, it was "neither flesh nor fish," having "lost its raison d'être." What's left suggests that Renoir was attempting an American film with the sensual atmosphere of his French work, such as "La Bête Humaine;" it's a 71-minute melodrama, but it's slow-rhythmed and full of dreamlike ambiguities, tensions, suspicions. Joan Bennett is the petulant femme fatale, married to a great painter (Charles Bickford) who has gone blind. Robert Ryan is the Coast Guard lieutenant who finds her so irresistible that she has him trying to do in her husband. The film, hampered further by a fiercely obtrusive Hanns Eisler score, was a box-office calamity, and finished Renoir in Hollywood; he didn't make another movie until the fifties, when he went to India for "The River." Some critics (most notably Jacques Rivette) consider this mutilated film a masterpiece, but it's difficult to see it as more than a self-conscious, overaestheticized, interesting failure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (D. W. Griffith; Oct. 31.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 4.)

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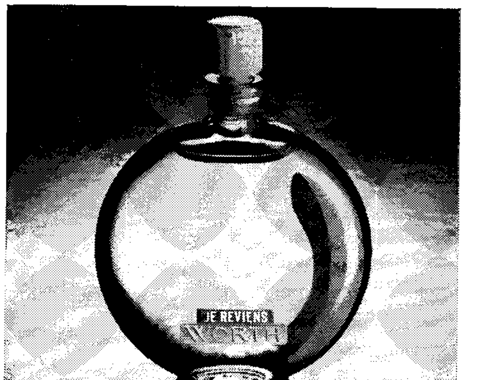

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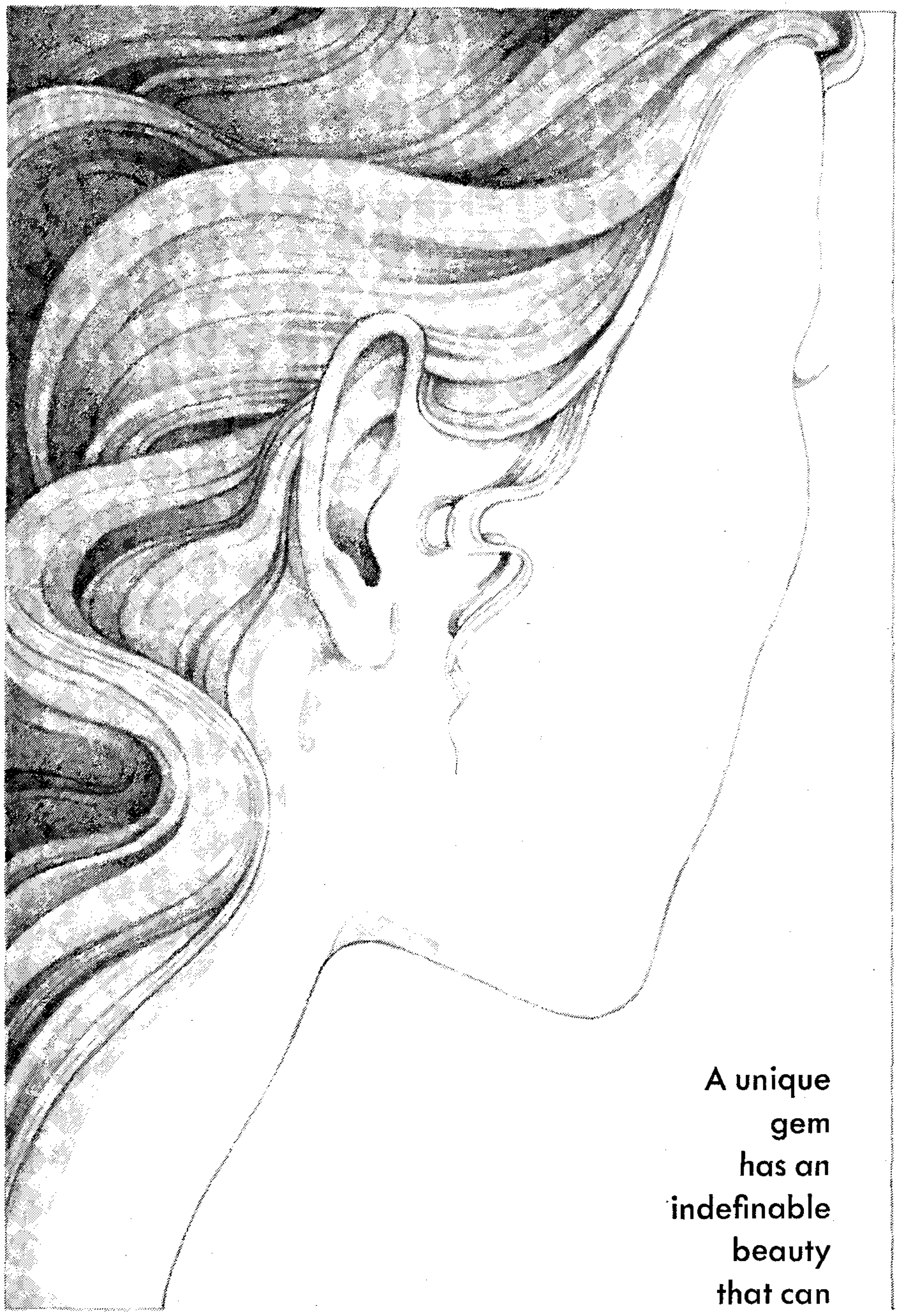

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THE NEW YORKER

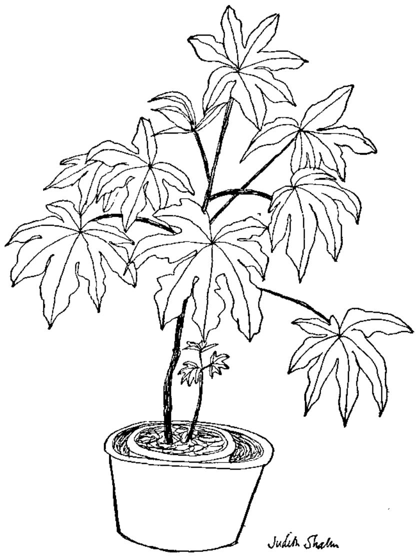
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

The Federal Government must come to the financial rescue of New York City and New York State without further delay unless the nation is to be plunged into the most catastrophic economic debacle in history. I have been personally involved in every American panic since 1893, when . . .—*From a recent letter to the Times by Cyrus S. Eaton.*

"I'M perhaps the only living man who was personally and profoundly affected by the Depression of 1893, not to mention those of 1907 and 1929, and I don't want to spend my last years being affected by another big one, brought on by the default of New York City," Mr. Eaton, who will observe his ninety-second birthday next month, told us when we called on him the other morning on his farm outside Cleveland, where the man who practically invented détente has on modest display, along with other mementos of an extraordinary life, a Lenin Peace Prize. "In 1893, I was living at Pugwash, Nova Scotia, my birthplace, and my father, who was doing quite well in farming and lumbering and general merchandise, was about to move down to the States and join his brother Cyrus, for whom I was named, in the tin-plate business. Then the panic hit. Suddenly the American dollar was worth only fifty cents in Nova Scotia. My prudent father decided not to take a chance on a country in that kind of shape. We had a special interest in that depression up there because, as you doubtless recall, one of Grover Cleveland's ancestors had some Nova Scotia in his background. Poor Cleveland! That depression lasted all through his second Administration, and it was one of those economic catastrophes that are due less to any basic weakness in the nation than to the stupidity of statesmen. I was only ten years old at the time, but I had been interested in my father's business for quite a while. I had begun taking on responsibilities when I was four, and used to get on a horse in wintertime and drive the cattle down from the barn to the brook. At five, I milked my first cow, though I must confess she was so good-natured my father said any idiot could manage her. At six, I got a job fetching water from a spring for some men who were laying railroad tracks nearby. I was paid fifty cents for a ten-hour day. My father was also the local postmaster, so next I began sorting the mail. Even before that, I had been looking at the Boston and Providence papers that came in to our Pugwash subscribers. As soon as I learned how to read, I began reading American newspapers—a very bad habit, which I still have. I have recently found myself more attracted, however, to Leibnitz, and Plutarch's 'Life of Lycurgus.' "

Mr. Eaton turned back to the plight of New York. "You're suffering because of the whole national economy," he said. "Here's the greatest city we have, on the verge of collapse, and yet we've been spending countless billions trying to impose our system of life on remote countries like Cambodia. Mrs. Eaton and I have been to Cambodia. It used to be one of the most beautiful countries on earth. If New York goes, people all over the world will panic. I've been working quietly on your problem with some senators and congressmen, and I've exchanged some ideas with Nelson Rockefeller, whom I've known since he was two. An able young man, Nelson, with no temptation to do anything dishonest financially. His paternal grandfather took care of that. I knew both his grandfathers well. When I first came to the United States, at the turn of the century, it was the summer I'd finished prep school. I was visiting my father's younger brother, who was pastor of Mr. John Rockefeller's church in Cleveland. That's John D., *Senior*, of course. When I checked in at my hotel, I saw a big sign saying that a night clerk was wanted, and I applied and was hired. Then my uncle took me over to the Rockefellers' for dinner, and when Mrs. Rockefeller asked what I was doing and I said I had just landed a fine summer job as a night clerk, she said, 'Oh, that's no job for someone like you! John, can't you do something for this young man?' He more or less had to offer me a job. I didn't know if the hotel could survive without me, so I demurred until I could ask the manager, and when I did, he said, 'You take it. If it were offered to me, I'd take it.' "



Mr. Eaton, a trim nonagenarian with snow-white hair and a ruddy complexion, was rather formally dressed in a dark-blue double-breasted suit, white shirt, gray tie, and highly polished black shoes. He said he had to fly to Baltimore that afternoon for a railroad meeting (he is chairman emeritus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway), but expected to be back home for dinner. "I'm a competitor of the Penn Central, but I'm bound to say its bankruptcy was the greatest economic disaster in recent years," he told us. "The Penn Central was a marvellous property, and it could have survived if the cost of borrowing money hadn't been driven up so high because the government was spending it all over the world, on armaments, like a drunken sailor. If New York suffers the same fate as the Penn Central, you may never recover from it. Until lately, I went to my office, downtown, every day from eight to five, but now I generally come home at two, so I can walk around the farm. I'm mainly a farmer and a philosopher at present. You might say that I'm not technically qualified to use that 'philosopher,' but I do spend a great deal of time thinking about big problems. In any event, I'm in good health—though when you get to be my age your hearing's apt to be not so keen—and my doctors told me, when I last checked in with them, 'We can't see any end to you under a hundred.' The reason may be that for nearly fifty years I've been strictly adhering to a set of rules that the doctor who prescribed them said he wouldn't dream of observing himself: no tobacco, no alcohol, no tea, no coffee, and none of those indigestibles, like corned-beef hash. No corned-beef hash! It used to be my favorite. I played tennis up to a few years ago, but I quit it about the same time I quit skiing, having been persuaded to do so when the doctors said, 'At your age, if you break a leg we can't repair it for you.' "

Mr. Eaton paused for a sip of orange juice. "By the way, I have family ties to New York City," he went on. "My Eaton ancestors were all New Englanders who went to Canada before the Revolution. My mother, though, was a MacPherson, and her forebears were New York businessmen, who remained loyal to England and, after the surrender at Yorktown, were treated very roughly. Everything they owned was confiscated, and they were expelled to Nova Scotia. It was a little scar on American history. They were given a thousand acres at Pugwash in forced exchange for a substantial piece of property at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. You know, this is a vast country, with enormous resources. But these panic spells, which are to so large an extent emotional, can be terribly destructive. If the greatest city in the world collapsed, it would be an awful blow to the capitalistic system. There's no perfect system anywhere, but generally I'm in favor of capitalism. As a philosopher, moreover, I try to look at the pros and cons of questions, and I've come to believe in compromise and moderation, which wouldn't be a very good philosophy, of course, on which to run for political office. Well, I'm not a candidate for anything, but I have an interest in America, and anybody who feels that way ought to be concerned about the financial soundness of a city as big as New York. With so many cultures and nationalities represented among your eight million people, New York is a tremendous experiment in modern society, and the rest of the country has got to take it seriously."

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Opening

WE have a note from a young student of nightlife who went to Peggy Lee's opening at the Empire Room:

Just now I am feeling very severe, because the big old night clubs in the big hotels are so foolish about the people who want to go to the big old night clubs in the big hotels. There are a number of us who have seen Novella Nelson at Reno Sweeney just about as many times as anyone could possibly do a thing like that, and we're ready to move back uptown, but when you get back uptown to a place like the Empire Room what you find is that the Empire Room has decided to take a tip from the Bottom Line. I have seen pictures of Mr. and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart (for instance) sitting at *generous round tables* looking at a floor show in a night club, so I know it is not necessary to have horrible long thin tables stretching from the stage toward the back of the room angled in such a way that you get a crick in the neck looking at what you're paying to look at. Also, I know perfectly well that the Empire Room used to be the Sert Room, and that the real Empire Room was across the way.

Opening night for Peggy Lee, there was no black tie, no nothing. Well, that's not right—there was Peggy Lee. The Empire Room was dressed up in an unsuccessful pastel. Peggy Lee was dressed up in a completely successful pastel. I liked her right away. She was in control, as they say. At Reno Sweeney, everything gets too chummy, in a way. Peggy Lee wasn't chummy at all. She was, as I have said, in control. She did a sort of dressage with the lighting man—she made a soft, subtle gesture with her hands and the lighting changed its gait. I liked Peggy Lee's forehead. It was just high enough. She was in complete control of her forehead. Also of her hair and her pearls and her shade of peach. I wish she were in control of the tables at the Empire Room; I bet they would be big and generous and I bet they would be set up so that you wouldn't get a crick in your neck.

Peggy Lee sang a lot of songs by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, in a mode that I think they call bittersweet. Bittersweet with Germanic overtones. Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote some of the songs I liked before I began going to Reno Sweeney. My favorite song by them used to be "Little Egypt," which had these lines:

> She had a picture of a cowboy
> Tattooed on her spine
> Saying "Phoenix, Arizona,
> Nineteen Forty-nine."

Which is pretty good. Leiber and Stoller are writing ironic monologues to this day—only now, as I say, they have Germanic overtones.

Hope Hampton was sitting at the next table, which was nice, since I think she must have been at the night clubs with the big round tables. She wore enormous jewels and a white turban.

Jule Styne, the composer, was there. After the show, he congratulated Jerry Leiber. "I loved those Kurt Weill things," he said. "What did you do? Spend a year in Germany?"

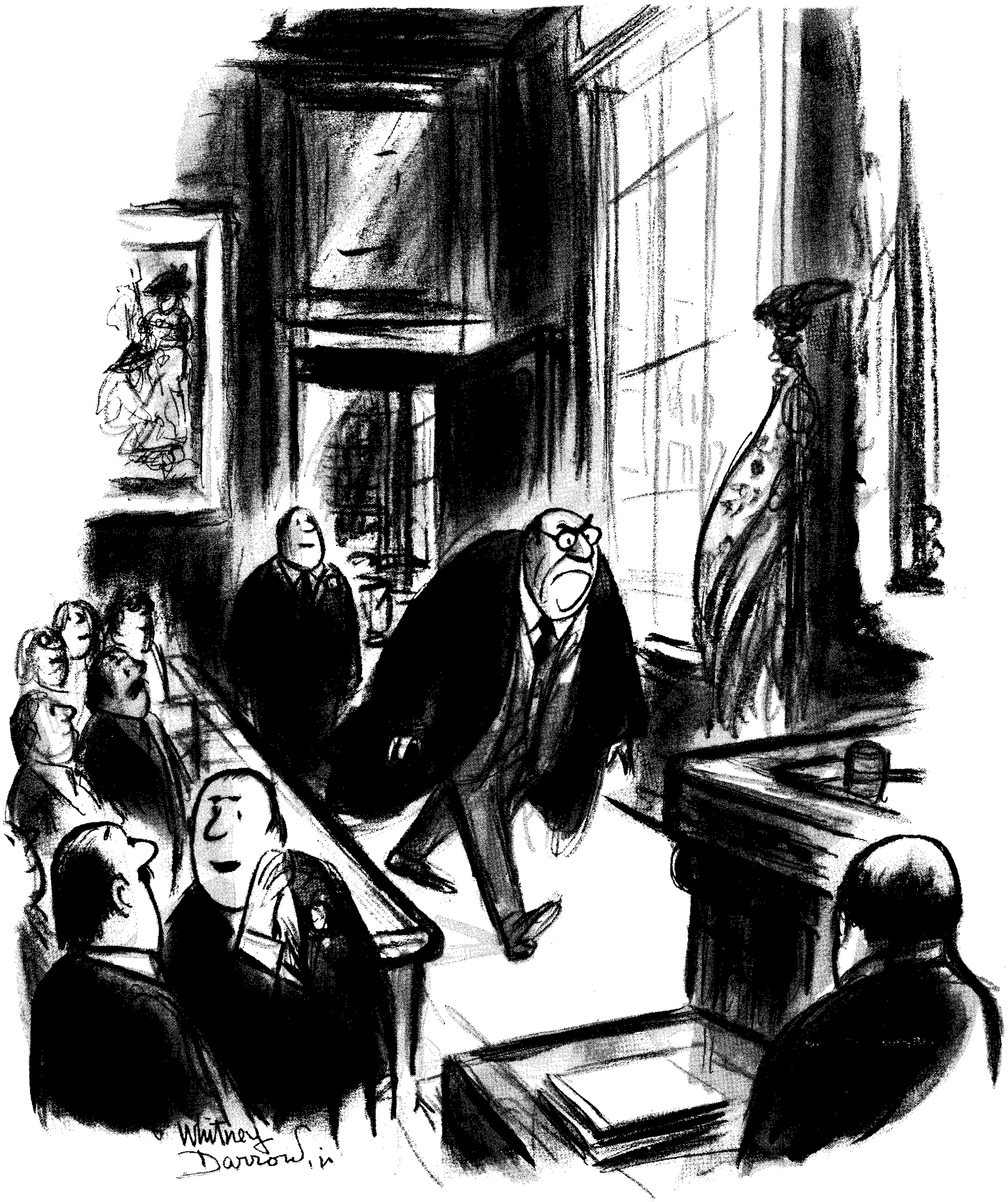
"No," Jerry Leiber said. "I spent twenty years with my mother."

It Must Be Something

ASTORIA PARK rests snugly along the Queens bank of the East River on a stretch of land below the Hell Gate railroad bridge and an arm of the Triborough Bridge. The park seems to have been inserted between the big bridges sort of parenthetically, and, well hidden from Manhattan by Ward's Island, it is a far-better-than-average place to spend an autumn morning—or, for that matter, an entire autumn day. It will be even better when the city gets around to fixing up the dozen or so concrete-and-wooden-slat park benches which are now in fine shape except that they have no wooden slats. The seating-space shortage became mildly aggravated a few days ago when the eminent American sculptor Mark di Suvero arrived with a thirty-five-ton hydraulic crane and a four-man crew to lend "Victor's Lament" to Astoria Park for a few months. "Victor's Lament"—one of fourteen di Suvero creations going up around the city as part of a show opening soon at the Whitney Museum—consists of eight tons of delicately balanced steel girders and cables, and it tends to attract crowds. At a height of twenty-eight feet, it is somewhat overshadowed by "For Lady Day," a mammoth di Suvero that went up in Battery Park last month, but it should play well in Astoria.

TO OUR READERS

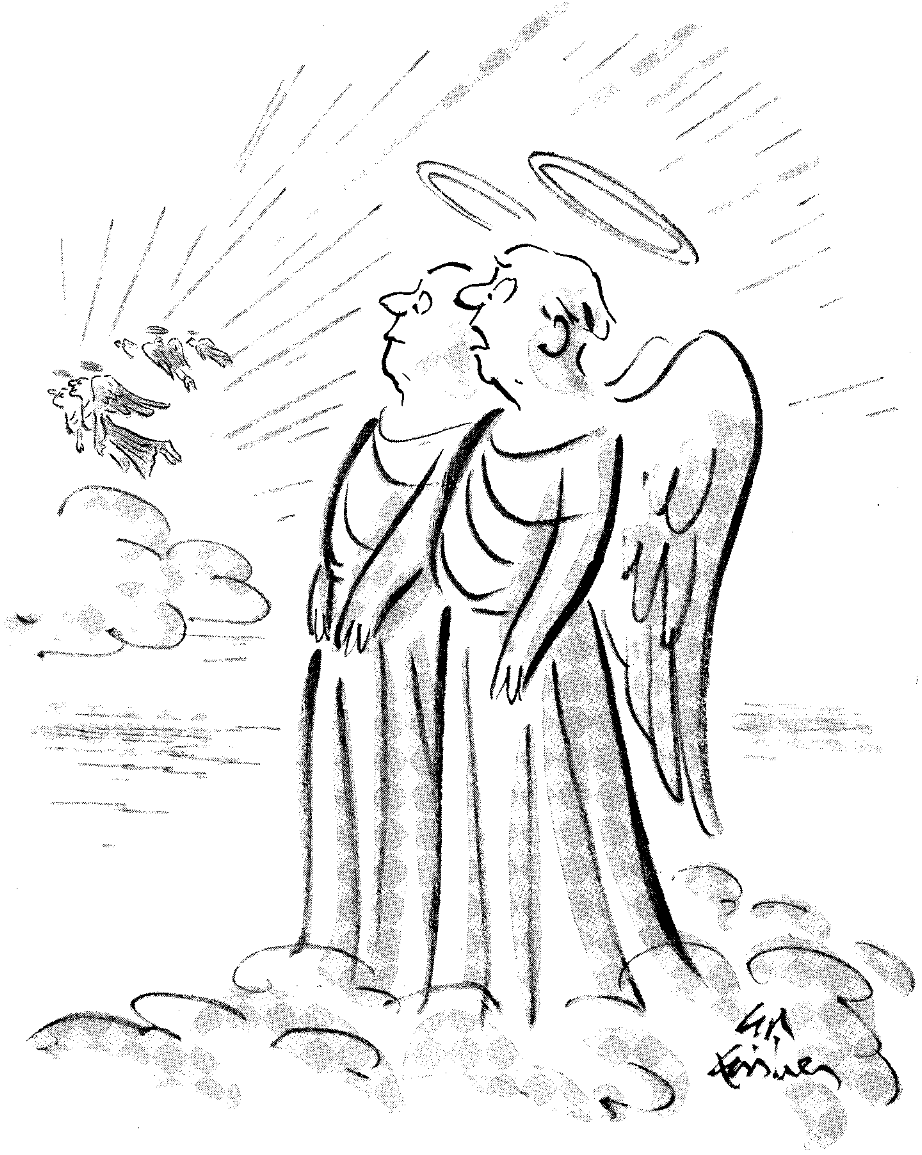
With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to seventy-five cents.



"God forbid some poor wretch should throw himself on the mercy of the court today."

• •

A bit before ten o'clock on a recent morning, the only people we saw in the park were Tony Trezza, an ace crane handler, who has been operating the big machines for twenty years, and the Salamanca brothers, Aurelio and Mariano, who have no particular interest in "Victor's Lament" except that they have lived next to Astoria Park for fifty-two years and take walks there every morning and afternoon. A few days earlier, working with the artist and his assistants, Mr. Trezza had helped to erect the base of the sculpture—a tripod of girders with a long, vertically extended arm, atop which an L-shaped piece of welded girders had been attached. On this, the day of the final assembly, a huge V-shaped section of steel lay on the ground next to the crane, waiting to be shackled with cables to hang freely from the L. Mr. Trezza wasn't sure what he was constructing, but he liked it, nevertheless. "If you can run this machine properly, you can do anything," he told us. "I pour concrete, build build-



"Just between us, I'm getting fed up with always being on the side of the angels."

• •

ings, knock 'em down—the works. This job here is more delicate than most of the stuff I do. I'm enjoying it."

Around ten o'clock, Doris C. Freedman, an advocate of public art and a consultant to the Whitney for the di Suvero exhibition, arrived on the scene with Charles Short, one of her assistants. As they began to walk toward the unfinished sculpture, Mr. Short said, "Boy, it just got here, and already it's covered with graffiti!"

"No, that's graffiti from Paris," said Mrs. Freedman, apparently thinking that "Victor's Lament" had been part of a di Suvero show that was held in the gardens of the Tuileries last spring. She soon recalled, however, that the sculpture had never seen Paris—it spent the past four years in a parking lot in Pasadena—and a close inspection revealed that the graffiti were pure Astoria originals. One said, "THIS WAS BUILT IN ASTORIA OCT. 6, 1975 BY STEVE K." Mrs. Freedman told Mr. Short that "Victor's Lament" should get a couple of fresh coats of paint during the exhibition run.

As they discussed this and other details, a rented panel truck drove into the park and Mark di Suvero emerged with three young assistants: Matteo Martignoni, the artist's nephew, who builds custom-made bicycle frames when he isn't occupied as a semi-pro steelworker; Lowell McKegney, a carpenter; and Ted Sitting Crow, a "sculptor of sorts," who, when he isn't working with Mr. di Suvero, lives in Chicago and assists another sculptor, John Henry. While the crew unloaded boxes of large socket wrenches and buckets of bolts and shackles, Mr. di Suvero, a blond, bearded man dressed in an orange hard hat, a blue jump suit, and a loose-fitting leather jacket, inspected the sculpture and discovered that it had shifted slightly off its metal base.

The men went to work quickly—first lifting the entire sculpture, and then attaching cables around the base to steady it—and, as the people who were now coming to the park wandered by, Mrs. Freedman and Mr. Short passed out leaflets that identified the strange metal construction and explained what it was doing in Astoria. A gray-haired man who carried a tennis racquet and two green tennis balls that had long since lost their fuzz asked us what it was.

"It's a piece of abstract sculpture put here by the Whitney Museum," we told him. "That man in the leather jacket, with the beard and the long blond hair, is the artist."

"Oh," he said. "But what *is* it?"

"An old man in the park yesterday said that the base is a Chinese letter meaning 'My brains are loose.' That's because the L on top is lying down," interjected a man standing nearby, who identified himself as Vlassis Rackages. "I'm no artist, but if they put it here it must be something. If they would fix the benches, the people in the neighborhood would come to look at it."

"Well, it looks like a shame to me," said the man with the tennis racquet, and he walked away.

Mr. Rackages didn't feel like arguing. He told us that he is a Greek immigrant who came to America in 1928 and has lived in Astoria since 1950, which makes him, by some standards, a relative newcomer to the area. He used to own a Greek cafeteria in Manhattan, but he retired ten years ago and now spends much of his time in the park. He carried a Greek newspaper in the pocket of a gray topcoat, and although the weather was mild, he wore a brown tweed slouch hat and, underneath the topcoat, a shirt buttoned at the collar, two sweaters, and a light sports jacket. As we talked to him, a blond woman who had been standing and staring at the sculpture walked by with a Dalmatian. She smiled and nodded to Mr. Rackages.

"Excuse me," Mr. Rackages said. "Are you the bicycle lady?"

"Yes, I guess I am," she said. "I'm Mary Drummond. I live on Twenty-first Road. I gather I'm something of a celebrity in Astoria Park, because I'm Digby's mistress and he runs alongside my bicycle when I ride it here. Some of the children have even started calling me Mrs. Digby."

"I see you here every morning," said Mr. Rackages.

"That's because of Digby," she said, and then, after a pause, "What do you think of our new piece of sculpture?"

"I'm not quite sure," Mr. Rackages said, in an apologetic tone. "To tell the truth, I am a Greek and I like the old art. They say that, you know, Picasso, he created art when he changed the way people looked and moved their eyes and mouths to different places. I like to see the eyes and the face the way they should be."

"In other words, you go for the classics. Praxiteles—that's your idea of art?"

"Yes."

"That's fair enough."

Mrs. Drummond then told Mr. Rackages that she had enjoyed talking with him, and asked him his name.

"Rackages. Like 'packages,'" he said. "Vlassis Rackages. V-l-a-s-s-i-s. But you may call me Bill."

As the day wore on, Mr. di Suvero alternately supervised the construction and worked on it. Several long steel cables had to be shackled at the top of the L and attached at the base. Complications developed now and then—such as when the steel threads on the cable turnbuckles, some of which had been spot-welded during a previous exhibition, had to be filed down. This wasted time that Mr. di Suvero had hoped to spend erecting another piece, "Lover," in Flushing Meadow Park. At one point, Ted Sitting Crow and Lowell McKegney strained to fit a reluctant cable into the base.

"Is this where it goes?" Ted asked.

"Check it! Check it!" said Mr. di Suvero.

"Down here?" Ted asked, shifting the cable.

"That's what it looks like to me. Doesn't it to you?"

"I don't know, man. I never worked on this piece before."

"Well, you're working on it now."

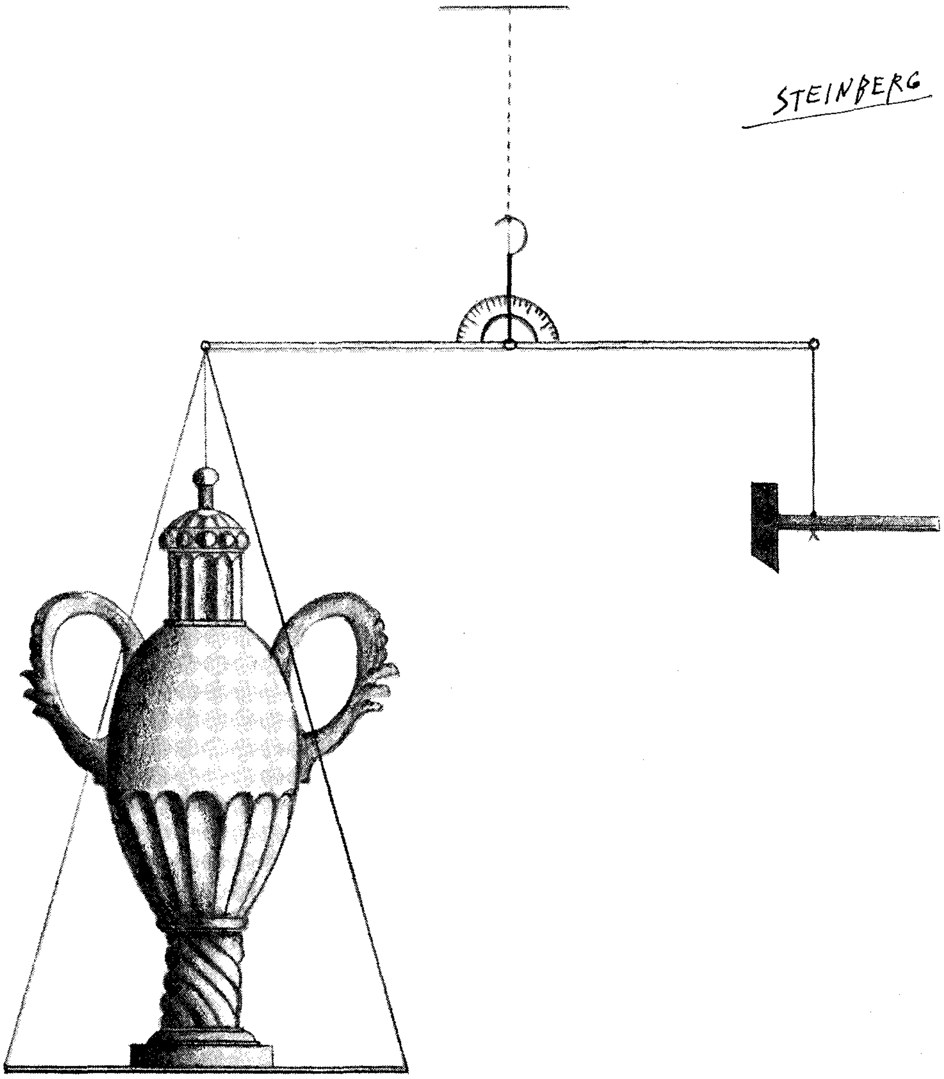
A few minutes before three o'clock, a crowd of about fifty people—some of them schoolchildren, some of them old folks—began to gather next to the crane, maintaining a respectful distance from the sculpture. When the machine lifted the final piece into the air, conversations ran to whether the cables would be able to hold the piece, how many neighborhood children would climb to the top and fall off, how much the crane operator pulls down a week, whether the young men working atop the sculpture—they were wearing new hard hats, and one of them had his hair in a ponytail—really knew what they were doing. Finally, the V was secured in place, leaving the skeptics a bit let down, and Mr. di Suvero, who had watched the concluding steps from a couple of hundred yards away, began to walk slowly toward "Victor's Lament."

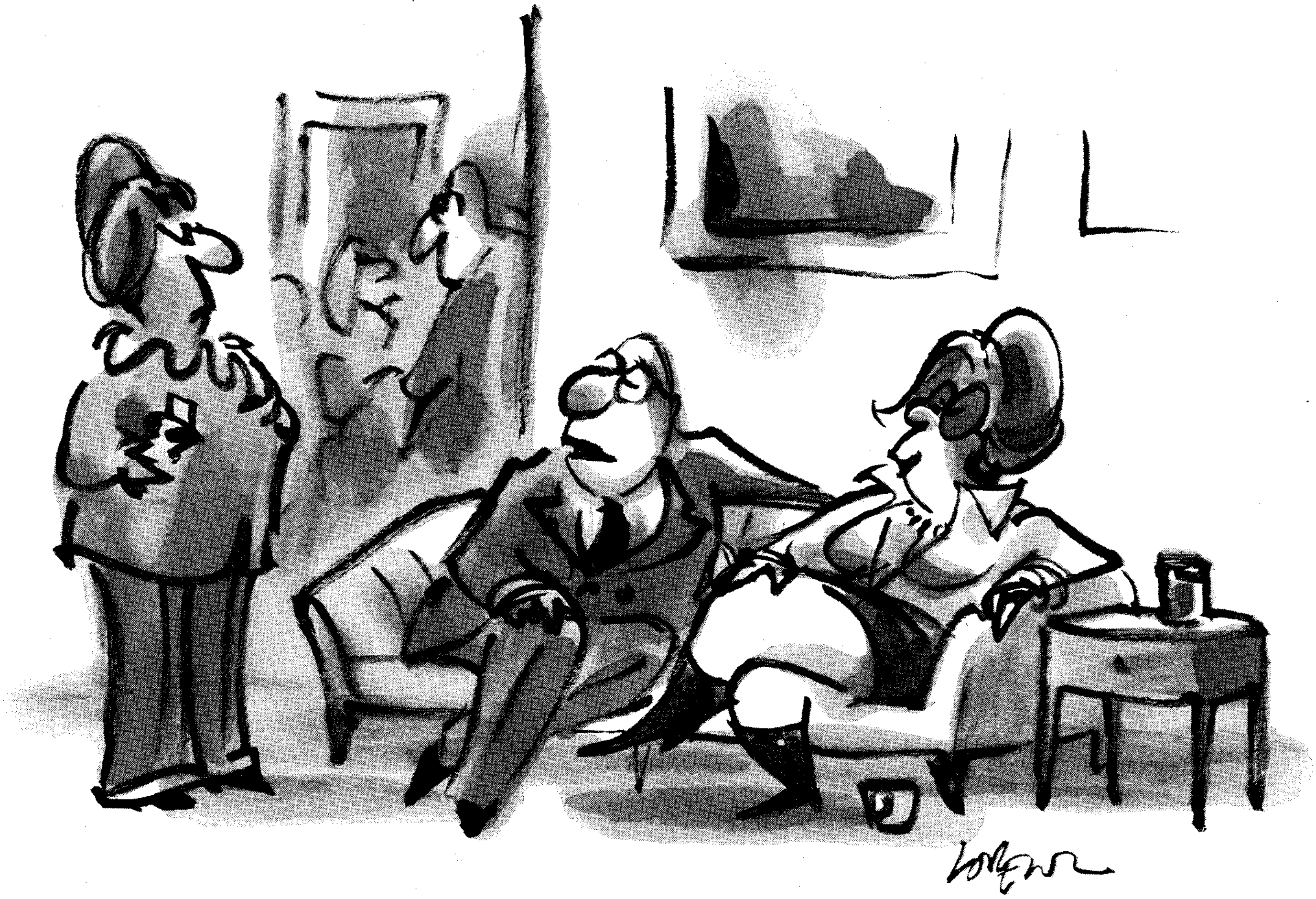
"When you first build one of these things," Mr. di Suvero told us, "you never know quite how it will turn out until the piece is completed. But, of course, I know how this one works now. It requires knowing a lot of art and a lot of physics. I wish I knew more physics."

The people in the park said that the sculpture looked like many things: a bird; a giant jack; an insect; very weird; unfinished; a woman with her legs crossed; I don't know; a large toy; and something that probably belonged in Manhattan.

Out of the West

Ronald Reagan was in town one evening last week—he was the featured speaker at the thirteenth-anniversary dinner of the Conservative Party of New York State, at the Americana—and we went over to have a look at him. As he entered the Grand Ballroom, the Conservative Party faithful gave Mr. Reagan a rousing welcome. They gave him a standing ovation when he entered the room, and there were other standing ovations before and after his speech. If he decides to run for President, it is certain that the Conservative Party will support him. This presents a poser for James Buckley, our junior United States senator. Mr. Buckley was elected to the Senate on the Conservative ticket five years ago—partly on the strength of his own excellent character but partly because he had the tacit support of the Nixon Administration and because the electorate had trouble telling his opponents, Charles Goodell and Richard Ottinger, apart. If Mr. Buckley is to be reëlected next year, though, he will need unstinting Republican support. If he backs Mr. Reagan, a costly primary fight may be arranged for him by his old nemesis, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller. (The Conservative Party was founded to oppose Mr. Rockefeller's supposed liberalism.) On the other hand, if Mr. Buckley supports President Ford against Mr. Reagan, many Conservatives will be sorely disappointed in him. At the dinner, Mr. Buckley solved the problem of Mr. Reagan's prospective candidacy by ignoring it. Several speakers referred to Mr. Reagan as the next President of the United





"Sweetheart, this is Rhona Dilmar. Rhona is one of our leading raunchy feminist poets."

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States, but Mr. Buckley was not among them. He contented himself with saying, in his plummy, intelligent voice, that Ron Reagan is the Rembrandt of politics. (Mr. Buckley kept calling the guest of honor "Ron Reagan.") "I say that," Mr. Buckley explained, "because Ron Reagan is as much an artist in his own chosen field of politics as Rembrandt was in his."

Apart from the standing ovations and the cheers when one or another speaker demanded that the government get off our backs, the Conservatives were quieter than people usually are at political dinners. During the part of the dinner devoted to eating the food, the loudest sound was not the hum of conversation but the clink of hundreds of knives and forks on hundreds of plates. Many Conservatives found time to glance around at the décor of the Grand Ballroom, which features one of the largest expanses of purple acoustic ceiling tile in town. Someday, the decorative style of the Grand Ballroom and the rest of the Americana will be given a name, and examples of it will be traded by antique dealers.

One of those who paid tribute to Mr. Reagan at the dinner was Perry Duryea, the leader of the Republican minority in the State Assembly. Referring to J. Daniel Mahoney, the chairman of the Conservative Party, who was seated at Mr. Reagan's left, Mr. Duryea said, "I gather from your remarks that you hope that new swimming pool in the White House is going to be used by someone other than the person it was planned for. Well, my question is: Can that man on your right swim? And when is he going to get his feet wet?" This reference to Mr. Reagan's coyness about announcing his candidacy delighted the Conservatives, and it obscured the probability that when and if Mr. Reagan's announcement comes, Mr. Duryea will be supporting President Ford.

When it was Mr. Reagan's turn to speak, he thanked those who had praised him, including Mr. Duryea, whom he called "Dan Duryea"—an understandable mistake. The burden of Mr. Reagan's remarks was that the government should get off our backs. He said that Washington bureaucrats favor cutting red tape—lengthwise. He said that many "Americans of stature," including John Kenneth Galbraith, are "openly advocating Socialism as the solution to our problems." Mr. Reagan said that his answer to Dr. Galbraith was the failure of the Soviet Union—"where they have had almost sixty years to build a total Socialist-Communist society"—to secure for its people the material blessings that have been achieved in the United States. He said that the United States would have to destroy fifty-nine million television sets if it wanted to be like the Soviet Union. (The news that Socialism and Communism are the same thing, as Mr. Reagan asserted, will startle many people in Moscow, Stockholm, and Lisbon, among other places.) "If we can bring the facts to the American people, they will not choose the ant heap that is proposed in order to save us from chaos," Mr. Reagan said. "They will choose freedom. They will keep their rendezvous with destiny." Mr. Reagan, of course, started political life as a supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

After his speech, Mr. Reagan was given a Bicentennial flag by Thomas Kaiser, the Americanism chairman of the Submarine Veterans of World War II. Mr. Kaiser seemed to speak for all his Conservative brothers and sisters when he said to Mr. Reagan, "Governor, on behalf of me and my family, I present this flag to an American that everyone here tonight is equally as proud as I am of."

PROBLEMS

1. During the night, *A*, though sleeping with *B*, dreams of *C*. *C* stands at the furthest extremity or (if the image is considered two-dimensionally) the apogee of a curved driveway, perhaps a dream-refraction of the driveway of the house that had once been their shared home. Her figure, though small in the perspective, is vivid, clad in a tomato-red summer dress; her head is thrown back, her hands are on her hips, and her legs have taken a wide, confident stance. She is flaunting herself, perhaps laughing; his impression is of intense female vitality, his emotion is of longing. He awakes troubled. The sleep of *B* beside him is not disturbed; she rests in the certainty that *A* loves her. Indeed, he has left *C* for her, to prove it.

Problem: Which has he more profoundly betrayed, *B* or *C*?

2. *A* lives seven blocks from the Laundromat he favors. He lives 3.8 miles from his psychiatrist, the average time of transit to whom, in thick afternoon traffic, is 22 minutes. The normal session, with allowances for pre- and post-therapy small talk, lasts 55 minutes. The normal wash cycle in the type of top-loader the Laundromat favors runs for 33 minutes. The psychiatrist and the Laundromat are in the same outbound direction.

Problem: Can *A* put his laundry in a washer on the way to his psychiatrist and return without finding his wet clothes stolen?

Problems for Extra Credit: If the time of the psychiatric appointment is 3 P.M., and a city block is considered to be one-eighth (⅛) of a mile, and if *A* arranges the two purgative operations serially, placing the laundry second, and if, further, the drying cycle purchasable for a quarter (25¢) lasts a quarter of an hour (15 minutes) and the average load requires two such cycles or else is too damp to be carried home without osmotically moistening the chest of the carrier, at what time will *A* be able to pour himself a drink? Round to the nearest minute.

Calculate the time for two drinks.

Calculate the time for three, with a wet chest.

3. *A* has four children. Two are in college, two attend private school. Annual college expenses amount to $6,300 each, those of private school to $4,700. *A*'s annual income is *n*. Three-sevenths (3/7) of *n* are taken by taxes, federal and state. One-third (1/3) goes to *C*, who is having the driveway improved. Total educational expenses are equivalent to five twenty-firsts (5/21) of *n*. The cost each week of a psychiatric session is $45, of a Laundromat session $1.10. For purposes of computation, consider these *A*'s only expenses.

Problem: How long can *A* go on like this? Round to the nearest week.

4. The price of peastone is $13 a cubic yard. A truckload consists of 3¼ cubic yards. *C*'s driveway is 8′ 6″ wide and describes an ellipse of which the foci are two old croquet stakes 23 yards apart. A line perpendicular to a line drawn between the stakes and intersecting this line at midpoint strikes the edge of the driveway in just nine paces, as paced off by the driveway contractor. He is a big man and wears size-12 shoes. The average desirable depth, he says, of peastone in a suburban driveway is one and one-half inches (1½″). Any more, you get troughing; any less, you don't get that delicious crunching sound, like marbles being swished in a coffee can.

In addition to the ellipse there is a straight spur connecting it to Pleasant Avenue. The length of the spur is to the radius of the ellipse as $\sqrt{2}$ is to π.

In addition to the base cost per truckload there is $10.50 an hour for the driver, plus an occasional gratuitous, graciously offered beer, @ $1.80 per six-pack.

Problem: Why is *C* doing all this?

5. *A*'s psychiatrist thinks he is experiencing growth, measurable in psychic distance attained from *C*. However, by Tristan's Law appealingness is inversely proportional to attainability. Attainability is somewhat proportional to psychic distance. As a psychic mass *M* is reduced in apparent size by the perspectives of recession, its gravitational attraction proportionally increases. There is a curve whereby gravitational attraction overpowers reason, though the apparent source of attraction may be, like the apparent position of all but the nearest stars, an illusion.

Problem: Plot this curve. Find the starlike point where *A*'s brain begins to bend.

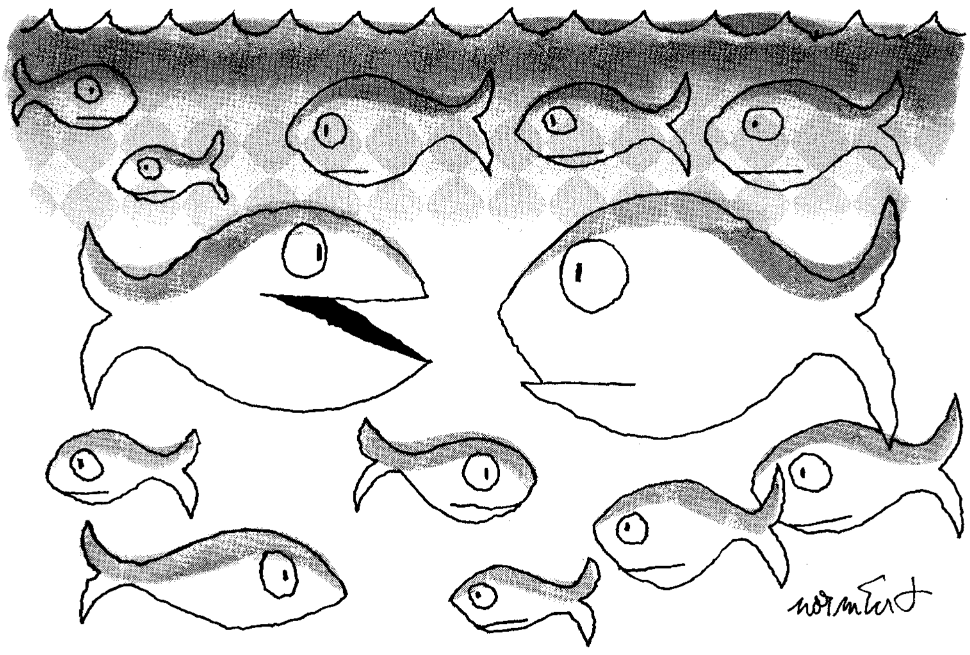
Helpful Hints: The "somewhat" above translates to 3/7.

Midas's Law: Possession diminishes perception of value, immediately.

6. *B* is beautiful. Clear blue eyes, blue denim miniskirt, dear little blue veins behind her silken knees. *C* is receding rapidly, a tomato-red speck in an untroubled azure. *A*'s four children have all been awarded scholarships. His psychiatrist has moved his couch to walnut-panelled, shag-carpeted quarters above the Laundromat, up just one quick flight of 22 steps. The price of peastone has dropped dramatically, because of the recession. It is a beautiful day, a bright blue Monday.

Problem: Something feels wrong. What is it?

—John Updike



"I've been swimming in it all my life, and all I know about it is it's water."

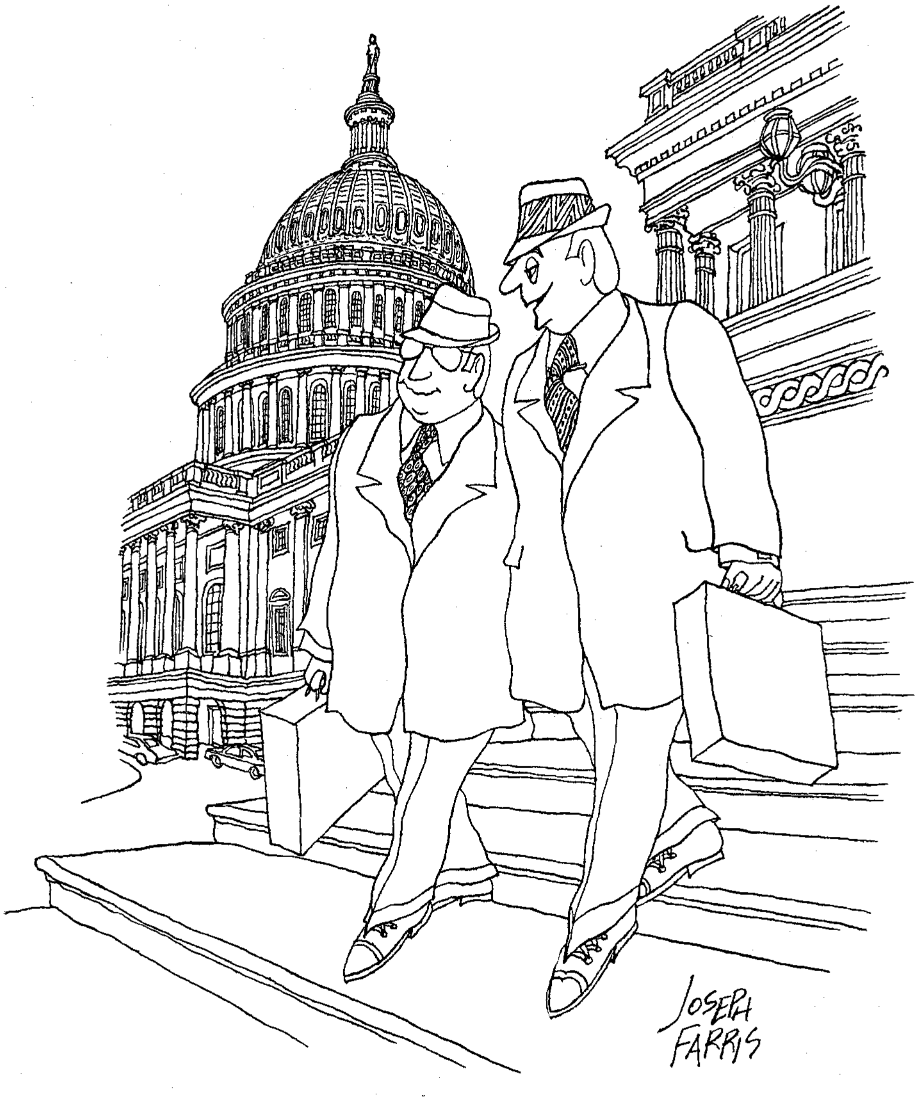
SWEEPING FORMALITIES AND OFFSTAGE FLOURISHES

“IT was very thoughtful of you to pick out for my reading such very good books,” wrote Dr. Albert Ashton Berg, the famous surgeon and book collector, to my mother, in October of 1925. “I commenced of course on the best-seller, ‘Glorious Apollo.’ Well, [Byron] was indeed an Apollo, but glorious—never. Insane genius, yes. Crazy Apollo with a marvellous gift for writing, yes. I read his life long ago, I have admired his poetry for a long time, in fact we have accumulated a rare collection of Byron’s first editions and manuscripts, but enthuse over his character and morality? That never.” One would not have thought that Berg or his brother Henry needed to have books recommended to them. The collection of American and English literature that they formed and that Albert donated to the New York Public Library after Henry’s death is among the largest and finest in the world. But my mother was sure of her taste. She was also very fond of the Doctor, who was equally fond of her. His letter closes with the usual sweeping formalities that were characteristic of all his correspondence with her: he thanks her “most sincerely and cordially for the books and the thought that prompted their sending. Yours, A. A. Berg.”

My mother and Dr. Berg first met when he was called in as consultant during the last illness of my grandmother, in December, 1912. I was sent away to the house of a family friend, and after a few days I was told that my grandmother had gone to Heaven. (Because I loved her very much, I worried about how she would get sugar for her coffee. I solved the problem by putting a bowl of lump sugar on the windowsill of my room.) When I came home after the funeral, my mother, in a white dress crisscrossed with diamonds of black, was in the parlor receiving Dr. Berg. He had come before the other callers; he held my mother’s hand for a long, long time. My mother was thirty-two, the Doctor forty. I was too young to feel that there was anything out of the ordinary about Dr. Berg’s continuous reappearances after that time, too young certainly to understand about death or my mother’s beauty or the shadowy presence of my father, at dinner and at bedtime, or, after much searching, found humped into a chair playing pocket chess against himself.

The play had begun, but I didn’t realize it, since I was under the impression, after being taken to the Hippodrome Theatre, that the curtain made a noise when it went up. And in this instance there was no noise. The main actors spoke their ambiguous untruths: in polite phrases they protested against reality, against sickness, especially against cancer (called a tumor, if mentioned at all), against sexual infatuation and its signs and portents. The actors revealed nothing of what they felt but performed the tragicomedy of “keeping up appearances” —a phrase they confused with the good character Dr. Berg denied to Byron.

Both my mother and the Doctor were of German Jewish descent. Born on August 10, 1872, of Austrian immigrant parents, Albert Berg was the youngest of eight brothers and sisters. His father, Moritz Berg, ran a clothing factory, having given up his aspirations for medical school when his parents refused to support both that and his marrying. Moritz Berg’s son Henry became a doctor and a specialist in infectious diseases at Willard Parker Hospital. He was not interested exclusively in medicine; he also devoted himself to buying Manhattan real estate, and in this way created a substantial fortune. As a boy, Albert Berg, following his brother Henry’s lead, worked as a checkout clerk at the Cooper Union Library. It was there that he developed his passion for books, a passion that in later life often kept him up most of the night reading. As soon as he could afford it, he began collecting them. Albert was Henry’s favorite brother, and Henry put him through medical school. Infuriated by Albert’s habit of cutting classes to play pool, Henry would tell their mother that she would never make a doctor out of him. Her response was “I made a doctor out of you. He’ll make a doctor out of himself.” He did. He worshipped his diminutive mother. Wor-



“I say we adjourn. We’ve already mortgaged all of the foreseeable future.”

ship of mothers was one of the traits my mother and the Doctor shared.

Dr. Berg looked rather like an esteemed rabbi. He was a fairly tall man. His hair was black, and thicker in his pointed Vandyke beard than on his head. He usually wore a brown suit, often a rather outlandish brown, with a red tie and a red carnation in his buttonhole. His manner of speaking and his voice were resonant and reassuring. His deliberate phrases created a single, melting, harmonious, comforting effect. But on those occasions when he found himself frustrated his voice betrayed him. Like all great surgeons, he expected to accomplish the impossible. The insubordination of an assistant, any threat to his self-importance, and his voice became high-pitched and angry. In true Germanic fashion, he demanded the attention and respect due his exalted reputation.

My mother was born on November 8, 1880. Her maternal grandfather, after taking part in an uprising against the Grand Duke of Baden, escaped to this country in 1848 and became very successful in the rendering business. He owned three contiguous houses in one block and their counterparts in the block behind. All six were purchased so that carriages might drive into a yard and so that his wife might raise imported roses in a secluded garden (now part of the United Nations complex). My mother was born in one of these houses. When she was four, her grandfather bought still another house, a large mansion with its own stable, at 1030 Fifth Avenue, opposite the Metropolitan Museum, and the whole family went there to live. My maternal grandfather was also a man of property, and in 1911 he became the head of the New York office of Armour & Company. My more than handsome father, however, had no business sense, a roving eye, and a tendency to absent himself from the textile plant up the Hudson that employed him.

In 1898, my mother's parents had moved from the mansion on Fifth Avenue to a house on West Eighty-sixth Street, then a handsome, tree-lined street. Except for Diamond Jim Brady, whose brownstone was twice the ordinary width, the residents of West Eighty-sixth Street remained safely and luxuriously anonymous. My grandparents lived in No. 47, with plenty of servants, and the advantages of Central Park at one end of the block and the Sixth Avenue "L" at the other. My mother and father were married in 1903, and also lived on West Eighty-sixth Street, just a block away. After several years, they gave up their own place and went to live with my grandparents, because of my grandmother's failing health. To the house at No. 47 my mother took a small daughter (me), my father—I suspect that he made the move reluctantly—an Irish family nurse, and Louisa, my mother's personal maid from Luxembourg, who spent a good part of her days ironing linen sheets and the many bows on my mother's dresses and undergarments. My mother took her books as well; she too had become a book collector. Persuaded by an accomplished flimflam artist, she subscribed to a forty-eight-volume edition of Balzac, with double color plates and her initials on the red leather corners of each book.

My mother looked like a diminutive Gibson Girl or the daughter of an archduke. In the photograph taken by Gertrude Käsebier at the time of her engagement to my father, she is carrying a gold-mesh Tiffany bag, a gold card case, a gold scent bottle, and a gold pencil. Above her high-necked blouse she is wearing an enormous tulle bow. On her large flat hat there are water lilies. My mother remained faithful to ornamentation; all her life she was decked out in bows and flowers (camellia corsages especially delighted her). She was five feet two—plump, with chestnut hair, nearsighted blue eyes, and an unblemished white skin, and a profile that men stared at and that made other women feel ordinary. Veils were then fashionable, and hers were kept in large, puffed, scented silk envelopes. They filled the top drawer of her bureau, which was deep and wide enough to hold a child of five. At that age, I would watch as she chose a veil and then began to fasten it, and I was fearful that it would hide her from me, made frantic by the pins she put in and took out of her mouth, and breathless, when it was all done, at finding her still alive and smelling of violets when she kissed me.

In the fall of 1922, in order that my mother and the great surgeon might visit pleasantly, informally, and without all the cumbersome details attending prearranged meetings, I had my appendix out. There was nothing wrong with my appendix. I had had a stomach ache. Whenever anyone in the family or even among the servants was indisposed, my mother would profit by the excuse to call in Dr. Berg. This re-

THE RESTORER

"Listen, you can hear the worms . . ."
This autumn night we pause, but only
he can hear them scavenging
the brittle garden.

He hoards his player pianos—
a few in the garage
threatening to roll out
as the door is cautiously raised,
but mainly in the basement:
corridors of keyboards,
mousetrapped lids, grands propped
on their sides with strings
cocked like slingshots.

Worn ivory keyboards await their chance
to recall the masters as best they can remember.
"Could I stay to hear a roll or two?"
So he begins with Hofmann playing
"Feux Follets," or Moszkowski's "Sparks,"
and then his prized Chopin Ballade in F.
He sits at the keyboard, making small
adjustments in tempo, as if his own
were the unseen hands that played.
"Rubinstein called this melody the flower,"
he says, "and now comes the windstorm."
The piano sways on its antique legs,

open-mouthed, gulping air
through its potbelly nest
of visceral tubes; relentless, the roll
advances its antlike pattern of holes;
each carries its note to the mound
of action parts: the jack, the knuckle,
the hammer striking upward. The piano
shudders at the peak of a crescendo,
its veins bursting inward as they
gasp for more air. Abruptly the roll
winds on without sound.

He studies the dangling tubes,
his hands still good enough
to mend them—hands which no longer
stretch an octave, hobbled from polio,
these days unheard of,
like the parchment rolls.
In their day he might not have survived
to his present neuritis.

What kills the will to play
tries also the want to repair.
There is so little buckskin left,
and no good felt to fix them.
Piano wire bends like coat hangers,
bass strings no longer wound by hand.
Northern spruce was aged for years;
now soundboards are glued and lacquered
long before their wood is ripe.

Why not release these pianos,
roll them down the hill
to ram against darkened houses,
their final titan chord struck
as strings snap and frames crack,
jarring neighbors in their tone-deaf sleep?
But the will of the wind would die,
and the flower propelled by the wind.

—JOHN PEECH

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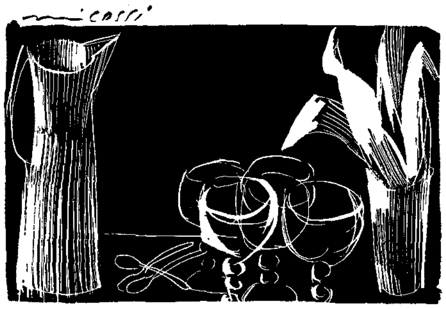
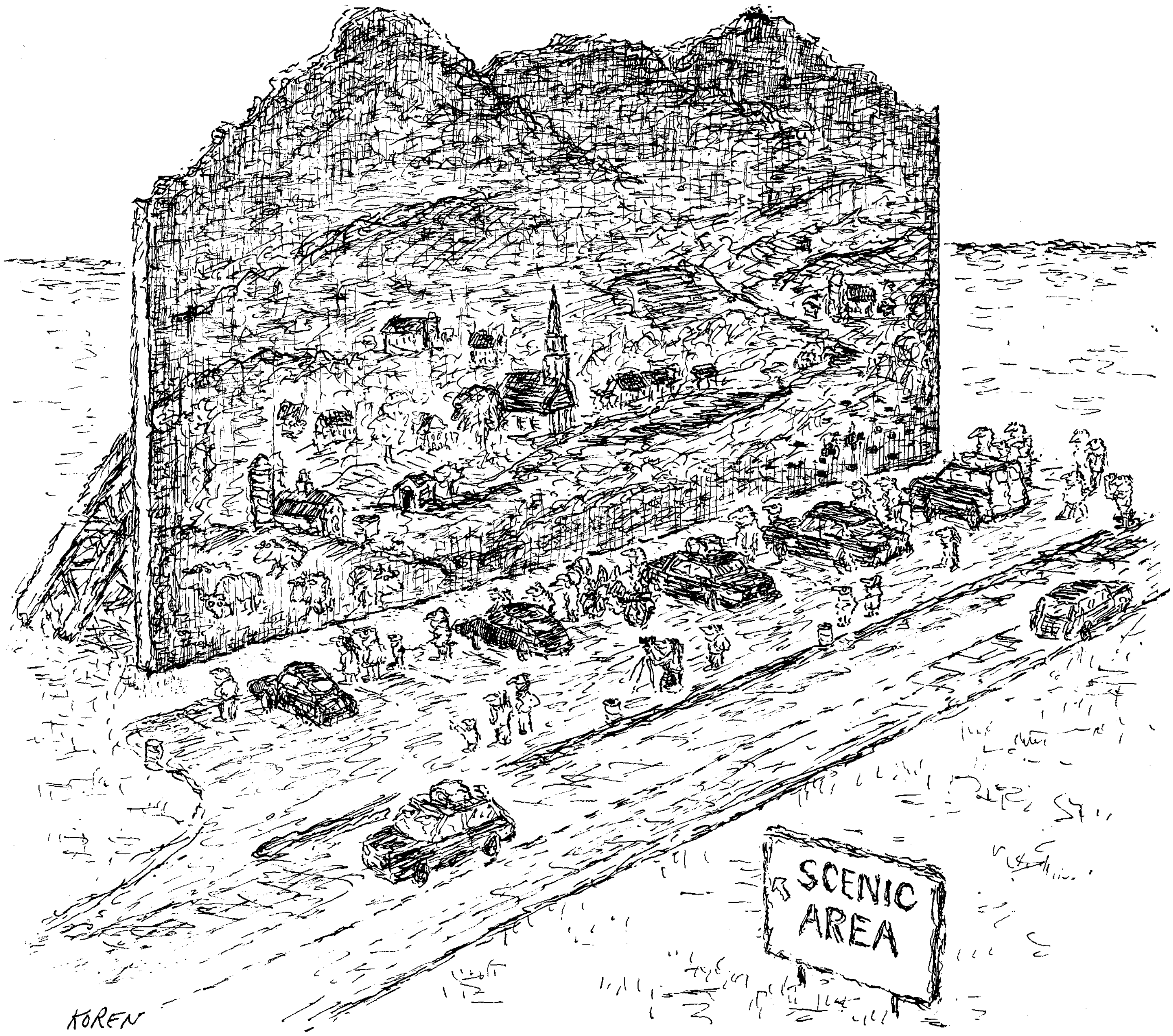
sulted in three gallstone operations (my aunt's, the cook's, Lottie our faithful housekeeper's) and nine appendectomies (mine, my mother's, and seven assorted cousins' and nephews')—all performed by Dr. Berg. One of his assistants once remarked, "Berg wanted to corner the operation market." It was not a question of making money; Dr. Berg loved to operate, and would even split a fee to get a patient. He also regularly scheduled an operation for one minute after midnight on New Year's Eve. The attending nurses, doctors, and anesthetists were deprived of their various celebrations. This tormenting tradition was, it seems, based on superstition: if he began the year with surgery, he would live through to the next year.

On the occasion of my stomach ache, he came, poked me, and turned to my mother. "Mrs. Scofield," he said, "because your daughter is going to enroll at Barnard, it would be wise to remove her appendix. We would not want her to have a serious attack later that might interrupt her studies." Promptly, and without anyone's consulting me, a room was engaged at Mount Sinai Hospital. And thanks to the good offices of Dr. Berg, who was then an attending surgeon—the highest rank in that institution's hierarchy—the room was easily accessible to the elevator and the nurse was discreet. The hour of his daily visit varied, but my mother would wait patiently for him to appear around the screen at the door of my room. Dr. Berg moved on cat's feet and spoke before one knew he was there. He never hurried. His bedside manner was courteous, old-school, formal, and, when he wished, interspersed with black humor. He liked to tease the nurses. He even teased my mother, whose sense of humor was practically nonexistent. Looking at my mother through his glasses, he would pronounce his most mellifluous "Good morning, Mrs. Scofield." My mother would peer at him with her nearsighted eyes (she was, of course, too vain to wear glasses) and, approaching the bedside, would respond, "Oh, it's you, Dr. Berg. Good morning." She would look at him as if she were Henry Adams gazing upon Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres (a book she was then rereading, memorizing, and quoting).



Their verbal dance would then begin. At some point my condition would be pronounced more than satisfactory and dismissed. My mother would shift from temperature to literature. The Doctor would describe his early edition of one of Dickens' novels. I vividly recall my mother's absorption in his collection of Dickensiana. She might have had word of some personal item of the great storyteller's—a chair, an inkwell, his pen, or his desk. She had taken to reading the fine print in catalogues devoted to such items and would proudly introduce the subject of her discovery, thus prolonging the visit. While they



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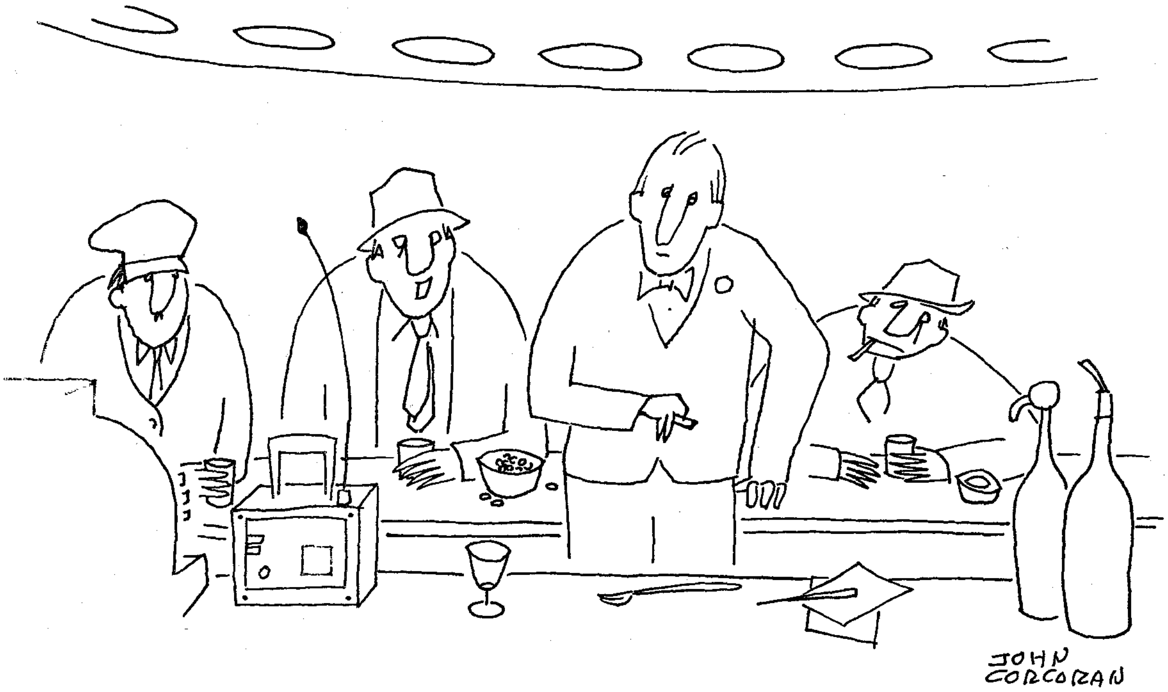
chatted, Dr. Berg would perch on the windowsill and look through my flowers for a fresher, brighter carnation, or a red rose. Selecting a fresh flower was a compliment to the patient, who would not suspect that when Dr. Berg went on to the next patient he discarded the flower in order to take another. Sometimes, I learned later, as many as twelve such offerings were cast off in one morning's rounds.

When the Doctor alluded to an item that my mother had called to his attention and that he had found worthy of his collection, she did her best not to look smug. He liked to talk about how valuable his acquisitions were, but I realized later that his idea of value was securely founded on literary merit as well as on current market price. There is a legend that when illustrious patients whom the Doctor had saved inquired for their bill, he would shake his head. Pressed to name a sum, he would instead mention a rare manuscript. The donors would find out just how rare the manuscript was when they paid for it.

My mother, who at this time leaned toward Christian Science and who later became an ardent Scientist, saw nothing odd about worshipping a doctor. It was not medicine but success that counted. And doctors who were held in as high esteem as this most famous surgeon were not easy to capture, to fish out of one's net of names and claim as one's own. For the Doctor, my mother possessed a polished worldliness, an acquaintance with the socially and artistically distinguished, whom he often dissected on bare operating tables but seldom took up with.

Under the umbrella of good works, cultural and charitable, my mother had moved in other worlds than his. She trafficked with the Walter Damrosch set. As a patron of the New York Symphony Orchestra she met and dined with other board members. She read Spengler's gloomy prophecy of "The Down-Going of the Evening Lands" and discussed it with Annie Nathan Meyer, the founder of Barnard. She managed benefits for various charities, mixed with such Presbyterian Hospital figures as Dr. Warfield Longcope, the chief of medicine there, and Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin, who was one of the first doctors in this country to use insulin, and saved my grandfather from dying of diabetes. She was on comfortable footing with do-gooders and bohemians, outside the closed Jewish circle as well as in it; she talked Strausz-Hupé with the one and her



"I've never seen Sinatra in person, but I was once jostled by his entourage."

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plan for fund raising for the Henry Street Settlement with the other.

Unlike my mother, whose premises grew less conspicuous and distinguished, when Dr. Berg relocated it was to a showier place. Shortly after he met my mother, in 1912, he and his brother moved from a brownstone at 923 Madison Avenue to a large and gloomily impressive house at 10 East Seventy-third. They lived here for the rest of their lives. When Henry died, the bulk of his estate went to Albert. When Albert wanted to donate some money for medical research, he created the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Institute for Experimental Physiology, Surgery, and Pathology, at N.Y.U. In all, he gave millions of dollars to research, and to Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant charities.

Albert Berg is remembered outside the medical profession because of the forty thousand rare books and manuscripts that he gave the New York Public Library during his lifetime. In his will, Dr. Berg bequeathed one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars "for the care and enlargement of the collection," in addition to an earlier gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In a codicil were instructions that the Berg rooms "be temperature controlled and dustproof." The executors of his estate were instructed to arrange for a portrait of him, matching the portrait of his brother that was already in the library, to be hung in one of the rooms housing the collection. In his will he also directed that the donors' personal jewelry be kept in an exhibition case in the collection room. And one may find it there still—gold shirt studs, stickpins, rings, watches, chains, cigar cutters, pocketknives, and other ornaments.

Dr. Berg had office hours daily—so it says on a card wishing my mother a merry Christmas—later on, the hours from eleven to one were extended to 2 P.M. My mother would time our arrival for the very last minute before two, only to discover there were no chairs left. Not that we were ever kept sitting around; Miss Willett, one of two nurses who guarded the office, would summon us promptly. I cannot recall all the various excuses my mother devised for our frequent visits, some purely social, social with an offstage flourish, a trumpet solo, serious, melodic, devised to be appealing: "It's about Louisa," she would say. Or "It's about Lottie." Lottie, our German housekeeper, had been in the family ever since the eighteen-nineties, when my great-grandmother brought her back from Marienbad on a trial basis. The problem on that day, properly elaborated, concerned Lottie's postoperative pallor.

While my mother held forth about her futile attempts to "make Lottie take it easy," the Doctor would help himself to a cigar, sniff it, and light it, all the while concentrating on my mother from the waist up. "I like that dress," he would remark, letting my mother feel the full intensity of his looking. My mother, who had come for just such a reminder of the Doctor's admiration, would hesitate and, catching her breath, plunge back into her monotonous and meticulous account of Lottie's symptoms and of her own earnest but useless attempts to restore her to health.

The dress the Doctor had admired absorbed my attention, too, for quite different reasons. Small alternately blue and grey wool squares, each with an elaborately patterned rose thread, were appliquéd on a blue wool skirt. Had somebody, I wondered, woven the design freely, or had there been a pattern? Patterns, needles, threads, and pins were part of the mystery and magic of seamstresses. On the top floor of our house, where I spent a good deal of time, I had been forced to stand still while the pins and patterns were put together on me. My mother's clothes, however, were made in a shop. Had the squares, I wondered, been pinned on to my mother?

From time to time the Doctor interrupted my mother: Had she heard the new Galli-Curci record? How many tickets must he take to the benefit for the Stony Wold Sanitorium? Had she read Fannie Hurst's latest novel? My mother was aware that although the Doctor did not parade it he enjoyed the company of many potential rivals—Fannie Hurst, Lady Duveen, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Some shared his company; others, more seeking than sought after, sent him presents, including the watercolor of a rosy blond nude that hung in his bedroom.

As the Doctor appeared in the doorway to bid us goodbye, the waiting room, overflowing with patients, was suddenly stricken with silence; everyone fixed his gaze on the Doctor as if he were some holy man about to cure them by a laying on of hands. Dr. Berg had presence; he was always in command. Today he would be described as mature; he had probably been mature as a child. One sensed that he never needed to hurry; whenever he left or whenever he arrived, there would be people waiting, appreciative, deferential, pleased, or overjoyed—depending upon their status in his affections or the state of their health and wealth. He promised much, merely by appearing. To the poor New York Jews who crowded his waiting room, he was an approachable and generous god. He treated them as equals and charged them nothing. To the rich, whom he charged five thousand dollars or sometimes more for an operation, he was an essential luxury.

The colleagues who knew him best described him as eccentric and of a complicated nature. All agreed that he had "the most marvellous hands" and was one of the greatest surgeons of his era. He introduced into this country an operation for duodenal ulcer—the subtotal gastrectomy—a technique that, with modifications and additions, is still in use. He was totally obsessed by medicine; he operated six days a week and often on Sundays. He tyrannized the nurses and his aides, but he could be solicitous and generous when they got into trouble. They all catered to him; they were familiar with and almost proud of his foibles. The night superintendent of nurses waited for his midnight call; he expected a detailed report on every one of his patients. And everybody knew that if a patient died Berg would explain that it was because one of the nurses had left a window open or an interne had been clumsy in giving a transfusion.

He even operated in the homes of his well-to-do patients, taking Bernard Eliasberg, his anesthetist, with him. He often took care of his patients himself, even to the point of giving them colonic irrigations. He frequently made his patients stay in the hospital longer than necessary, just to keep the beds full. He considered the Guggenheim Pavilion at Mount Sinai his; he was in charge; if the hotel was not full, it reflected on him.

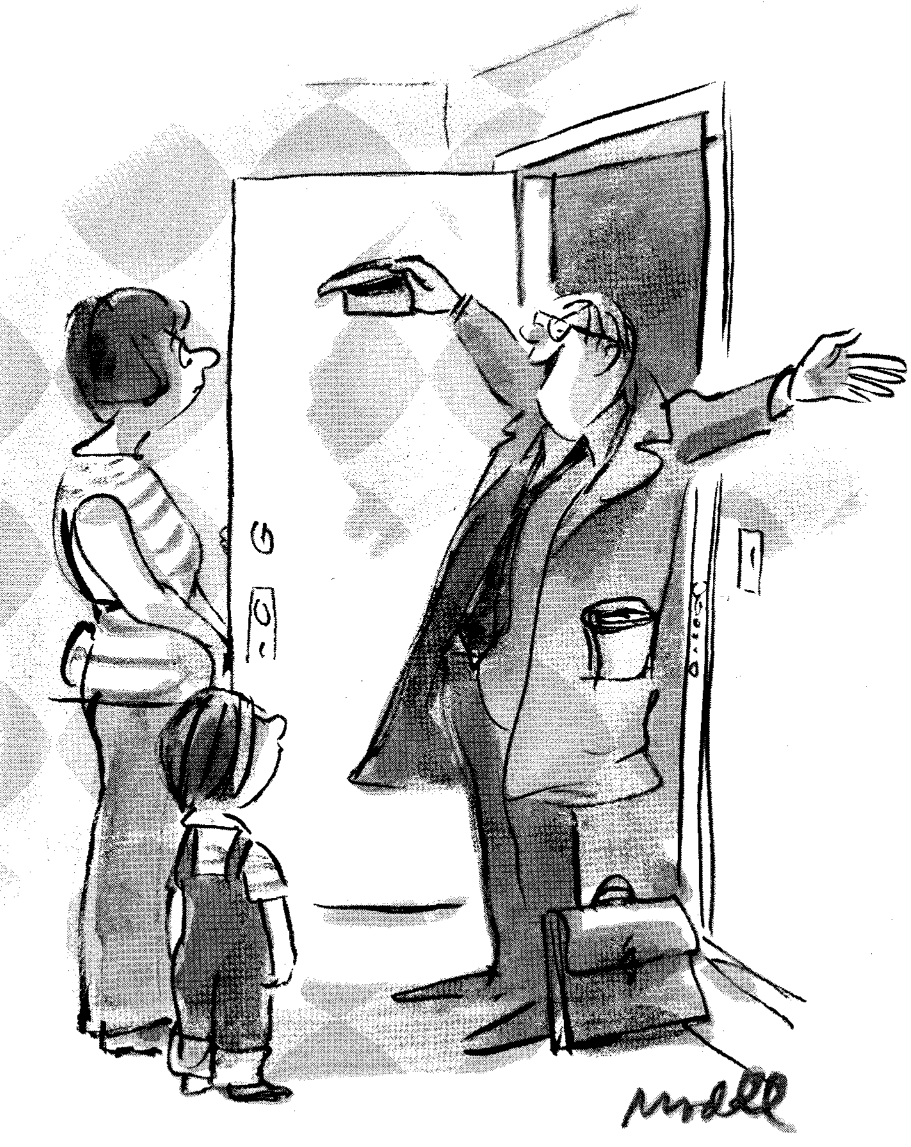
This was the man my mother captured. He maintained a correspondence with her until his death, thirty-eight years after their first meeting. But even had she been entirely available—and, given the strict German Jewish world to which she belonged, she was not—Dr. Berg could not have been tempted away from his greatest passions: surgery, books, and his lifetime devotion to his brother Henry. (When Henry died, Albert stopped wearing his red carnation.) What, then, linked my mother and the Doctor for nearly four decades?

Perhaps it was the fact that my mother belonged to a different world—a world he could not spare the time to enjoy. (In a letter dated April 30, 1927, he wrote, "I often wonder how you are and what you are doing. I presume that your days are full with lectures on social, economic, and political life.") Perhaps it was just simply that he enjoyed admiration and adulation—a weakness that she shared. Certainly my mother's life was as distant from the Doctor's as his beginnings were from Glorious Apollo's, whose books he so avidly collected.

When the Doctor and my mother first met, he was already an eminent and fashionable surgeon and a man of means. From East Seventy-third Street, he travelled to Mount Sinai and the operating table by what his colleagues described as Berg's green taxi—a Fifth Avenue bus that, to the consternation of its other passengers, would pull up in front of the canopy at the entrance of Mount Sinai, in the middle of the block, instead of stopping at the designated bus stop on the corner. Berg knew the conductors and the drivers, and when they needed an operation he would take care of them.

In those halcyon days, my mother appeared to be rich, and, by her own standards, appearances were all that counted. The reality was fragile: although she spent hours adding and subtracting figures in her checkbook, she could not stop spending. My grandmother's extravagances were legendary, and salesladies fought to wait upon her. Dressed in black and looking like Queen Victoria, she would order gloves, handkerchiefs, monograms, veils, sachets, hatpins by the dozen.

She regularly took me shopping at F.A.O. Schwarz, followed by ice cream and cake at Maillard's, and would return home and fume to my mother: "That child of yours embarrassed me again. She picked out the smallest toy in all of Schwarz's." She



"Congratulate me! You're looking at a man who can cope with defeat."

grew even angrier subsequently, when she came into my playroom and discovered that the larger dolls she had ordered—dolls that walked and talked and came complete with their own wardrobes and wardrobe trunks—were left gathering dust in a corner. After her death, my mother managed to outdo her extravagances.

My mother profoundly believed that what was due her would always be forthcoming. Hadn't her grandfather, a handsome patriarch in a flowing cape, equipped her pony with a silver-monogrammed harness, bought her her own Steinway grand piano, and introduced her to the then Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) at Bad Homburg? The fact that "the headwaiter at Bad Homburg always gave Grandfather the best ringside table" was offered by my mother as proof of the esteem in which he was held by headwaiters around the world. She would quote the headwaiter at Bad Homburg in German (a language that, along with French, she liked to lapse into): "*Der Herr Schwarzchild ist mir lieber als der Prinz.*" My great-grandfather obviously tipped more lavishly.

Soon the facts no longer supported her figures, and she would send for my father, who rarely came; he was incommunicado at the chess club, or so he said. In his place, Lottie served as sounding board—Lottie, whose poor health never protected her from my mother's raging protests. Those of us near at hand heard the angry argument about money, the slammed door, and then the litany of injustices that my mother would repeat to her sister, brothers, her own father, and, more vehemently, when she could corner him, my father.

Why shouldn't she complain? Hadn't first her grandfather and then her imperious mother spoiled her? She would look in the mirror as if silently asking: "Am I not fair, am I not a lady, and isn't it true that ladies need never worry about money?" A good many disappointments later, my mother would sit down at her desk and look for consolation; she would sort the unpaid bills and borrow money from my French governess to pay off the most pressing creditors, close the checkbook, put compresses on her eyes, and lie down on her brocade chaise longue. Addressing whomever she could find to listen, she would invariably say, "I am glad that Mama never knew."

No wonder Dr. Berg stood out like a beacon in my mother's unkind, cold sea. Dr. Berg was precious, Dr. Berg was privileged. And for him, my mother, although she was not a serious reader of Byron, nor of Dickens or Thackeray, could herself be classified as rare, beautifully bound, and in perfect condition.

SNOWHEART

In our houses, the snow keeps us
travelling. It says, "Your life
is where you are. The phone,
all day ringing by itself
over the next lot, isn't for you."

The man with the perfect
haircut makes a track
across the lawn, holding
his books like a
breast. "Snowheart,"

you have said, "don't cut your black hair."

Love's the only debt.
He's up again
and riding the best mare
ten miles by moonlight, the
spruce-backed fiddle
under his arm.

"Dance us the next one, too.
If day comes, don't
tell. Let the horse
go home alone."

Snowheart. Someone's horse
circles the near house.
There is snow
on its back.

—TESS GALLAGHER

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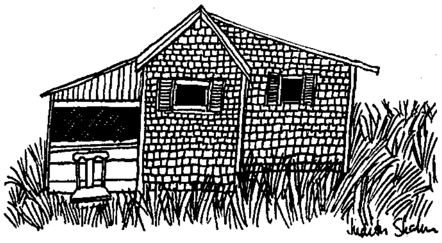
EACH of us in the household had our own series of clues, our own bits of evidence that told us when Dr. Berg was expected in the late evening. Lottie knew, because she would be told to see to the decanter (which he never touched), the cigars—always the best small Havanas—the cleaning of the piano keyboard, the removal of one of those unyielding parlor chairs and its replacement with a capacious substitute borrowed from the dining room. Louisa knew, because she was told to have my mother's new tea gown in readiness. I knew, because my mother was happy. Even the cook, Mrs. Uhl, knew. On Dr. Berg days, my mother would be up, not in bed, as was her custom, when she interrogated Mrs. Uhl. She would be summoned and dismissed with a wave of my mother's hand: "You take care of the menus," my mother would charge her. On everyday days the sessions between my mother and Mrs. Uhl would be lengthy: What was there in the icebox? What was left, if anything, of the half a steer that Armour had recently delivered? Was there yeast for the Friday baking? (Fridays and Saturdays, the entire basement floor smelled of sugar and fresh dough, which on her good-humored days Mrs. Uhl would permit me to roll.) Later in the morning, she might have a word or two to transmit over the speaking tube in the hall: "Go ask," she would address me, "if there is any of that coffee cake left—find out if it is still fresh." By standing on tiptoe I could just manage the tube. Messages were like presents. I became part of the secret and felt important. Sometimes my mother would explain: "When Dr. Berg comes directly from the operating room, he is very hungry."



My mother referred to the parlor as the drawing room. What with its

"Cloudy this afternoon, with a chance of showers late tonight. Tomorrow, clear and sunny."

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length, its mirrors, and forbidding appearance, it might have been a ballroom. The twenty-two pieces of furniture—chairs, settees, and love seats—upholstered in purple velvet embroidered in floral designs, struck me as ugly and menacing. The clawed feet, short arms, and low backs were as uncomfortable as they were monstrous and out of proportion. The wood was black, and its entire surface scrolled in gold. The arms were short and bumpy. The interruption of both upholstery and bare wood prevented one from resting one's arm anywhere for very long. The backs, raised in miniature triumphal archways, attacked one just above the ribs. The seats were too near the floor for the long-legged and too uninviting for the ample. There was also an Egyptian marble clock and candelabra, dark pyramids above a gloomy mantel, reflected in the mirror one faced as one opened the heavy mahogany sliding doors in the front hall. Companion pieces of unidentifiable naked white statuary (a female bust, an overgrown cupid)—refugees from an era when their white nudity indicated status—stood on impressive pedestals staring at the pretentious velvet draperies.

Once a year, as a child, I entered at the other end of the parlor; on January 31st, my grandfather's birthday, I danced, in a chiffon sheath, playing an imitation flute to a Schubert impromptu, or in a tutu pranced on my toes to the music of Schumann's "Carnaval." As I advanced into the room, dodging the grand piano, the gilded screen, the fake-marble pillars, the tortured faces of my cousins, uncles, and friends expressed a suffering and an ennui barely controlled. Only my grandfather, seated in the broad dining-room armchair (the same provided for Dr. Berg), could afford to smile. The rest of the audience sat long-suffering until the music stopped, when they sprang to their feet.

On Dr. Berg nights, excitement brewed in the basement would ascend the stairs. Josephine, the parlor maid, wore her fanciest apron over her brown uniform as she drew the curtains, lit the gas logs, and turned on the lights, hoping that my mother would let her stay up and not assign Lottie in her place to answer the Doctor's midnight ring.

My mother's tea gown, rose velvet trimmed in sable, had a train, and its front sweep of lace ruffles fastened with taffeta rosebuds. The next morning, I would be allowed to prance around in it, stomping my large feet in the tiny matching mules. (They were backless, and had high heels and pointed toes. I always thought walking in them must have been torture for her.)

From time to time, as a treat, I was allowed to stay up. My mother sat at the piano playing Chopin, her long, pointed fingernails striking the keys with an unpleasant clicking sound. She had so much beauty that I forgot she was a mother. As her eyes shifted from the notes to the keys and back, her head moved slightly and the amateurishness of her playing was lost in the perfection of her profile. Standing beside her, I could see her full face in the mirror beyond the piano; she looked exactly like all the smooth, flawless beauties in the magazines. I was afraid of being sent to bed, of climbing the long stairs in the dark, of losing her, of not finding her in the morning. She smelled of flowers when I kissed her good night. Delaying, I would touch the cigar box, the cigar cutter, the vermeil covers of candy boxes, and the cold crystal of the decanter. "Lottie is waiting," she would remind me. Racing up the dimly lit stairs two steps at a time, head up, I would count out loud, full of questions I never had the courage to ask.

When the front-door bell rang, the music would stop. Sitting at the piano with her back to the door was her pose. Did it provoke a kiss or a caustic comment? The doctor's sarcasm was as deft and accurate as his surgeon's knife. (When a prominent member of the Mount Sinai hierarchy was found in bed with a young interne, the word "homosexual" subsequently appeared on the screening committee's report—the checklist intended to weed out the "East Side boys," Polish and Russian Jews. The notation caused Berg to comment sarcastically, "Does that mark him up or down?")

Why did he keep coming back? Surely not for the cigars or the coffee cake. Did they embrace on those awkward, pygmy-sized sofas?

At fourteen I was sent away to boarding school. During the holidays there were boys and dates. On one occasion, after an innocent evening riding up and down on a Riverside Drive bus, a boy and I dawdled in the hall—beyond was forbidden—I waiting for the good-night kiss, the young man for the courage to give it. The parlor door slid open; the sound of well-oiled sliding doors is distinctive. Brass gives a muted, contented purr, halfway between disapproval and a warning. The Doctor said, in his resounding voice, "Good evening, Kathleen." The boy left without his kiss. I said good night to Dr. Berg and my mother, and the sliding doors closed.

THE years passed, and my childhood wonder with them. On the surface nothing had changed, but everything had been covered over, even the parlor furniture, all twenty-two pieces, in plum brocade. Lottie, meanwhile, by way of kitchen gossip, had heard an astonishing rumor: Dr. Berg frequently called on a rich widow who lived directly opposite us, at No. 46.

When the Doctor bade my mother good night, did he walk across the street? After standing at the third-floor window, opera glass at the ready, Lottie would rush down to the kitchen with her news: Yes, he had rung the bell; no, he had stepped into a waiting car, *hers*, which she put at his disposal. Various unauthenticated rumors floated up and down the stairs. The kitchen knew more than the parlor told. I took my questions to the cook, Mrs. Uhl, who resembled all the caricatures of her profession—large bosom, pompadour, warts, and a leathery skin. "Your mother knew all about her long, long ago," she said. "She makes fun of her, but not to him."

My mother would exchange dinners with the widow, more out of curiosity on both their parts than out of neighborliness. "Lots of diamonds," Lottie reported. "Real aigrettes in her hair. And eyeglasses. Always in black lace with a train."

Because Dr. Berg did not own a car until after the Second World War, he used the widow's car and chauffeur frequently. She enjoyed driving him from place to place and always kept the car well supplied with good cigars.

All human behavior is peculiar: the way we hang up the telephone, the way we laugh in the wrong places, the way we create a cover, the way we convince ourselves that we are heroic while the truth is that we would rather pretend than admit the truth.

Our blue Renault—with its single fake rose in a slender bud vase and its speaking tube, which muffled one's voice, so that one finally had to rap on the dividing window to get the chauffeur's attention—carried my mother only as far as the Doctor's front door. What did she say then? What did she fabricate? Did she bring praise for his skills, news of other branches of his profession? My mother's only prop was her beauty, seemingly enhanced with the years. Did she have to have these excuses to visit in her mother's sable muff?

After I was married, in 1926, my mother lived abroad for most of the year. In December, 1937, she wrote to the Doctor from a pension on the Riviera (where the titled regulars dressed for dinner) of her aspirations: "Somehow I feel as if I should make other plans for the future, this not in a spirit of ingratitude for what I have, but rather that I would like a greater sense of raison d'être. This life, though offering me much in the way of comforts and companionship, does not give me a sense of living up to my best ability. There must be something to be done, something to be accomplished beyond the daily routine I am indulging in at present. I feel so strongly on this subject I am certain something will develop."

Something did—the war. It brought her home. She now turned her mind to improving race relations in the crowded areas where Puerto Ricans, blacks, and whites were forced to live and work. But she never forgot the Doctor. She was pleased to find speaking engagements for him, before groups of important people, on his favorite subjects: libraries and rare books.

And he never forgot her. In the official photograph of the dedication of the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, on October 11, 1940, Dr. Berg, in a wing collar, soutache-trimmed frock coat, vest, and striped trousers, stands between Governor Lehman and Mayor LaGuardia, and among the carefully selected guests my mother can be seen, sitting on the aisle in the fourth row, wearing a black-and-white French dress and jacket, a black straw hat with the inevitable white bow, and her glasses, which by then had become essential.

In 1950, just a month before his death, Dr. Berg wrote to my mother about the passage of the State Aid to Libraries Act, which had come after three years of almost continuous effort on his part. It had been "a hard fight—but it is a satisfaction to know that I accomplished in this period of time what the NY State Library Association and other library interests had not been able to do in fifty years." In an earlier letter complimenting her on surmounting several serious family problems, the Doctor had remarked, "Well, the reward will be a special seat in Heaven." Grateful for this commendation, and probably for many others, my mother carefully saved all his letters, never dreaming that they would one day be preserved in boxes, along with other memorabilia, in the good Doctor's world-famous collection at the New York Public Library.

—KATIE LOUCHHEIM

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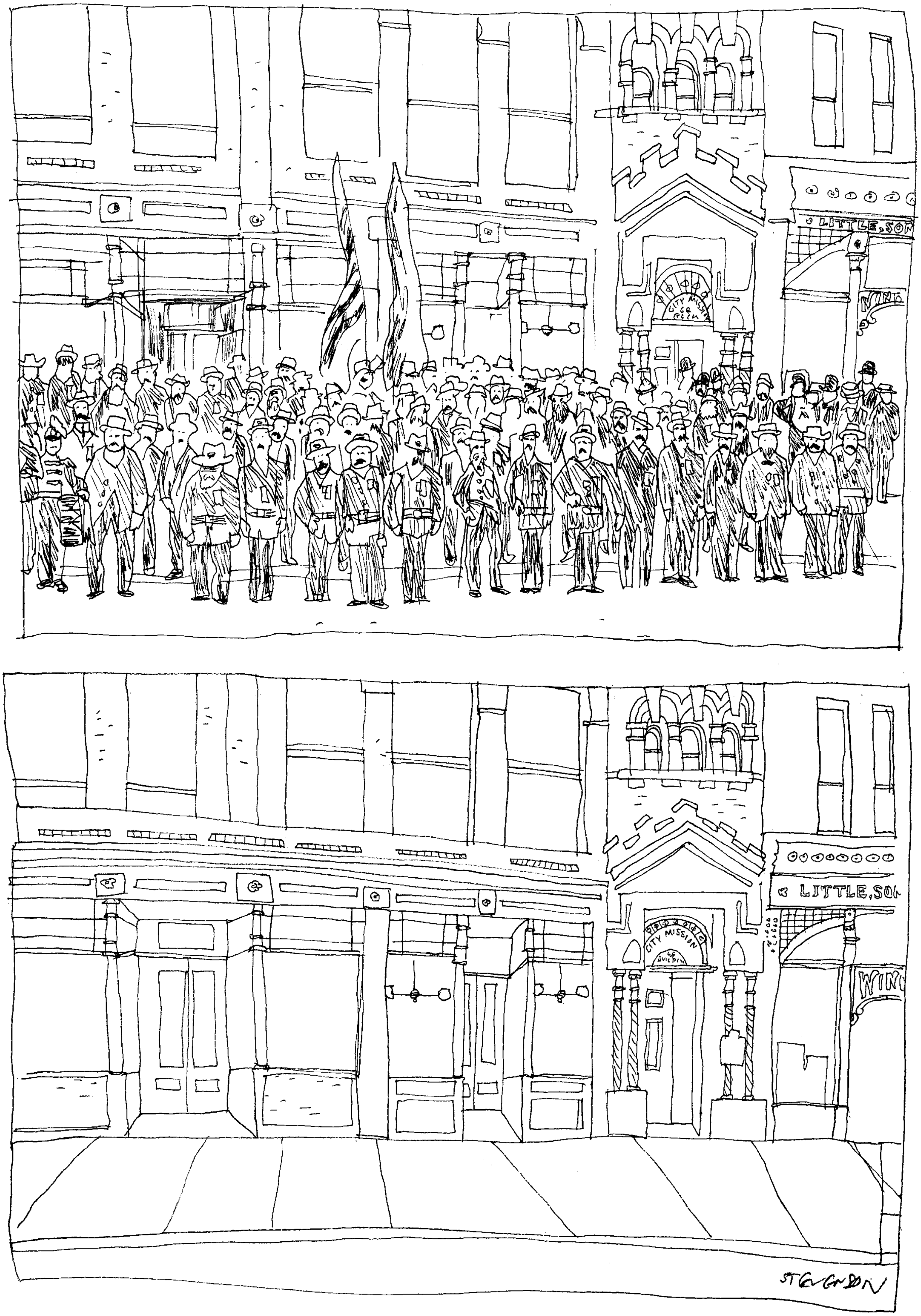
Fitting Winchester and Frederick County's role in the American Revolution into perspective of a worldwide power struggle between England and France in the 1700s that also led to the Seven Years' War in Europe and the pre-Revolutionary, American-based, French and Indian War, isn't easy.—*Strasburg (Va.) Northern Virginia Daily.*

No, but it's challenging.

THE VETERANS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR ASSEMBLE FOR A PHOTOGRAPH, AND DISPERSE

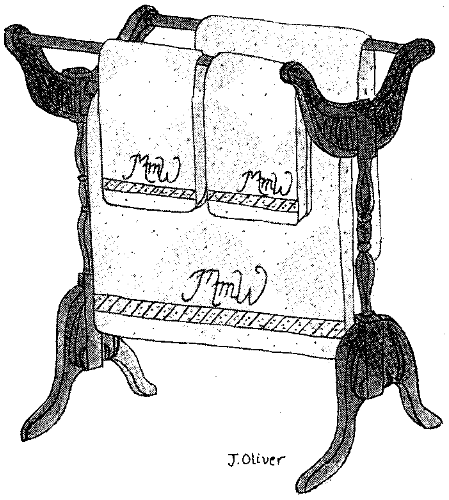

CITY MISSION
LITTLE, SON
WINE
STEVENSON

ANNALS OF LAW

THE LIBERTY OF EVERY MAN—I

SUSPICION of outsiders seems to be a peculiarly strong trait among people who live in mountains. In part, this suspicion may be traced back to the settlers of such places who sought, and handed down to their descendants, the kind of privacy that mountains naturally provide. Then, too, mountains are among the last places that the influence of civilization reaches, since commerce, which carries civilization in its baggage, invariably seeks the more accessible markets first. Before European civilization reached the region that is now called Kentucky, the land was so savagely fought over by Cherokee and Iroquois Indians that it became known among them as "the dark and bloody ground." The arrival of white men in the area did little to improve its reputation. In the Appalachian Mountains of Kentucky, history has transformed the inhabitants' inbred dislike of change and mistrust of outsiders into confirmed hatred and fear. The historical event that began this process was the Civil War. As a Border State, Kentucky was legally, if not socially and economically, committed to slavery. In all, about a fifth of its population was made up of slaves, but in the mountains there were few blacks, there was the ingrained sense of independence that made an institution like slavery distasteful, and there was the old reluctance to have anything to do with the outside world. On the other hand, the mountain people regarded themselves as Southerners and resented the federal government's attempts to infringe on what they regarded as their sovereign rights. As with the other Border States, Kentucky's allegiance was desperately sought by the Union and the Confederacy, and although Kentucky did not secede from the Union, many of its citizens did. The cleavage that the war created among neighbors and friends and within families has still not been mended. "If a brother killed a brother during the bloody conflict, they were probably from Kentucky," a historian of the state has said. During the Civil War, bands of mountaineers lay in wait along the Cumberland Gap—the main route south across the mountains—to "bushwhack" Northerners on their way south to join the Confederacy. At the same time, other bands of mountaineers raided Union camps and infantry units on the march, with such destructive effect that the Union commander in the area finally decreed that four Southern sympathizers would be shot for every Union soldier killed by raiders. When peace came at Appomattox, the mountain people suffered more severely than anyone else in the South. There was little food, and the money system collapsed. Pro-Confederate and pro-Union raiders consisting of local citizens turned into outlaws and went on fighting each other, stealing cattle and crops, burning and pillaging, and raping and murdering. Local government broke down completely, and the law belonged to whoever commanded the largest number of armed men.

After the war ended, the rapidly expanding industrial apparatus in the North and the railroad network spreading throughout the country created an immense need for fuel, and at the time the only practical fuel for industrial use was coal. Northern coalfields soon proved inadequate, and wages there were far higher than wages in the South, so the coalfields running through West Virginia and Kentucky were opened up in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The coal industry had to have some degree of social order to function—courts to define and enforce mining rights, towns to house miners and their families, and law-enforcement officers to maintain, or impose, peace. The industry got what it wanted, and before long despotism replaced anarchy and brought to the mountains worse turmoil, bloodshed, and despair than the war had. Coal miners have generally led the struggle for trade-union recognition in the Western world, and have generally been among the last to appreciate the benefits. Few of them have suffered more for their efforts than the miners of the Appalachian Mountains. They fought for a decent share of the enormous wealth they produced, and coal-company owners fought back savagely, with a private army of "gun thugs," often led by Pinkerton agents backed by local and state police and, if needed, by federal troops. The miners' attempts to organize, beginning in earnest in the eighteen-nineties, led to battles that sound like a list on a Civil War memorial—the Matewan Massacre, Paint Creek, the Coal Creek Rebellion, the Battle of Evarts—and the armed warfare went on until the Second World War. Most coal towns were ramshackle, filthy places that were owned by the coal companies. Miners' rents, insurance payments, and bills at company-owned stores were deducted from their earnings, and on payday they often got no cash; to keep them at work in the mines, some coal companies paid them in scrip, which was worthless outside local company stores. Anyone who joined a union was immediately fired and evicted from his house or shack, and anyone who came into such towns to organize workers in trade unions was beaten or murdered. It wasn't until passage of the National Labor Relations Act, in 1935, that coal miners were allowed to organize for collective bargaining, and even that modest victory didn't last for long. In the late forties, the coal business—suddenly beset by competition from cheaper and cleaner fuels like oil and natural gas and by the expectation that nuclear power would soon replace all other forms of industrial energy—collapsed. The only way to save even part of it was through mechanization, and the larger coal companies, which alone could afford the cost, quickly turned to mechanized mining. Many of them gave up, too, and sold out to independent operators, who kept the smaller mines open—but only on a non-union, take-it-or-leave-it basis. For the miners, it was either work for low wages again, go on welfare, or move to a Northern industrial city and look for some other kind of work. In 1965, Harry Caudill, author of "Night Comes to the Cumberlands," wrote:



> Thus, hordes of industrial workmen were left stranded in the mining communities. They were men who had been educated for the mines; their communities were poorly built and were without decent schools, hospitals, or roads. In the last decade the jerry-built communities have turned into people-sties. The land is scarred with crumbling shacks, tipples, commissaries, and culm heaps. The demoralized people, long dependent on public assistance for their bread, have littered the roadside and streams with

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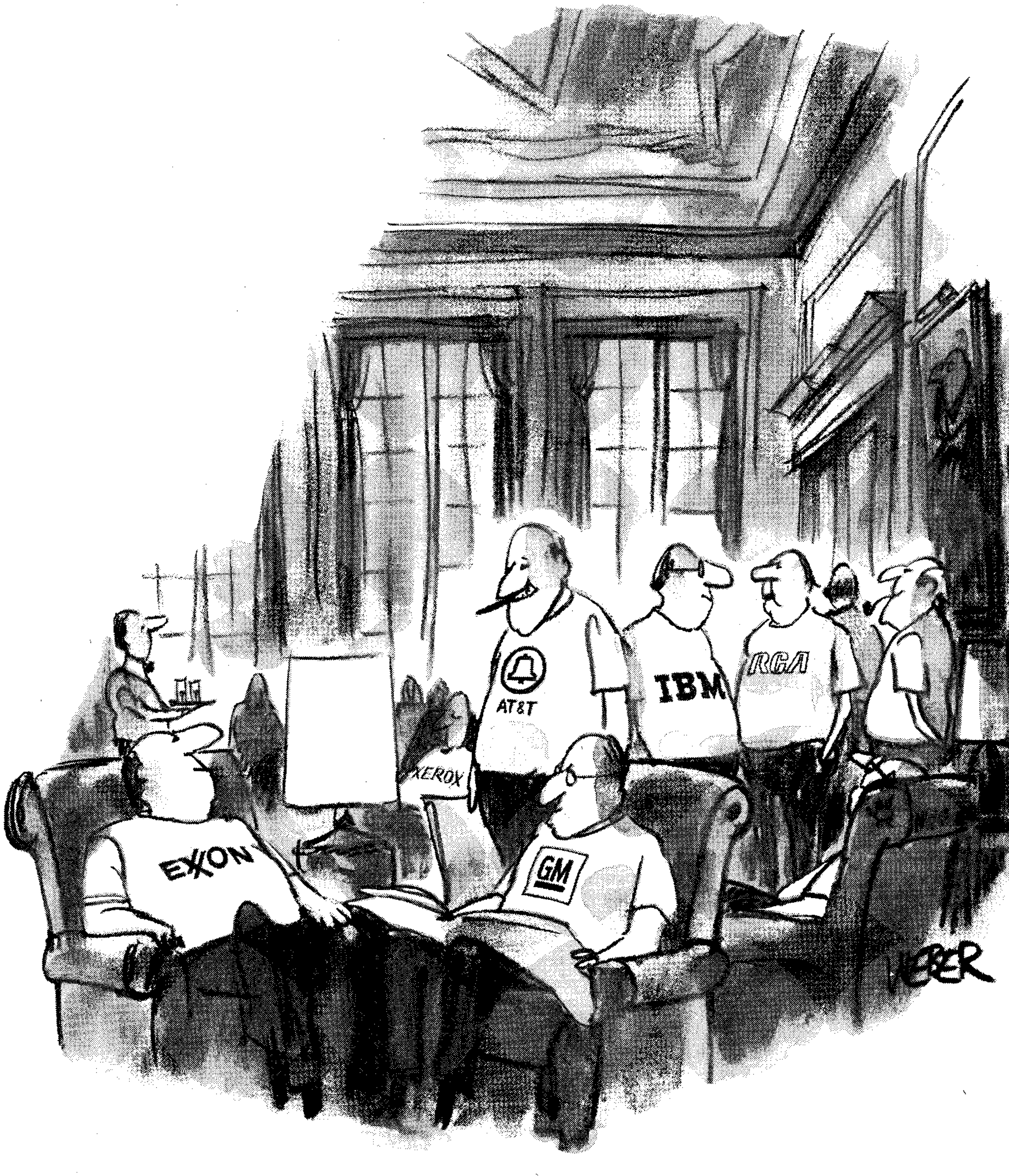
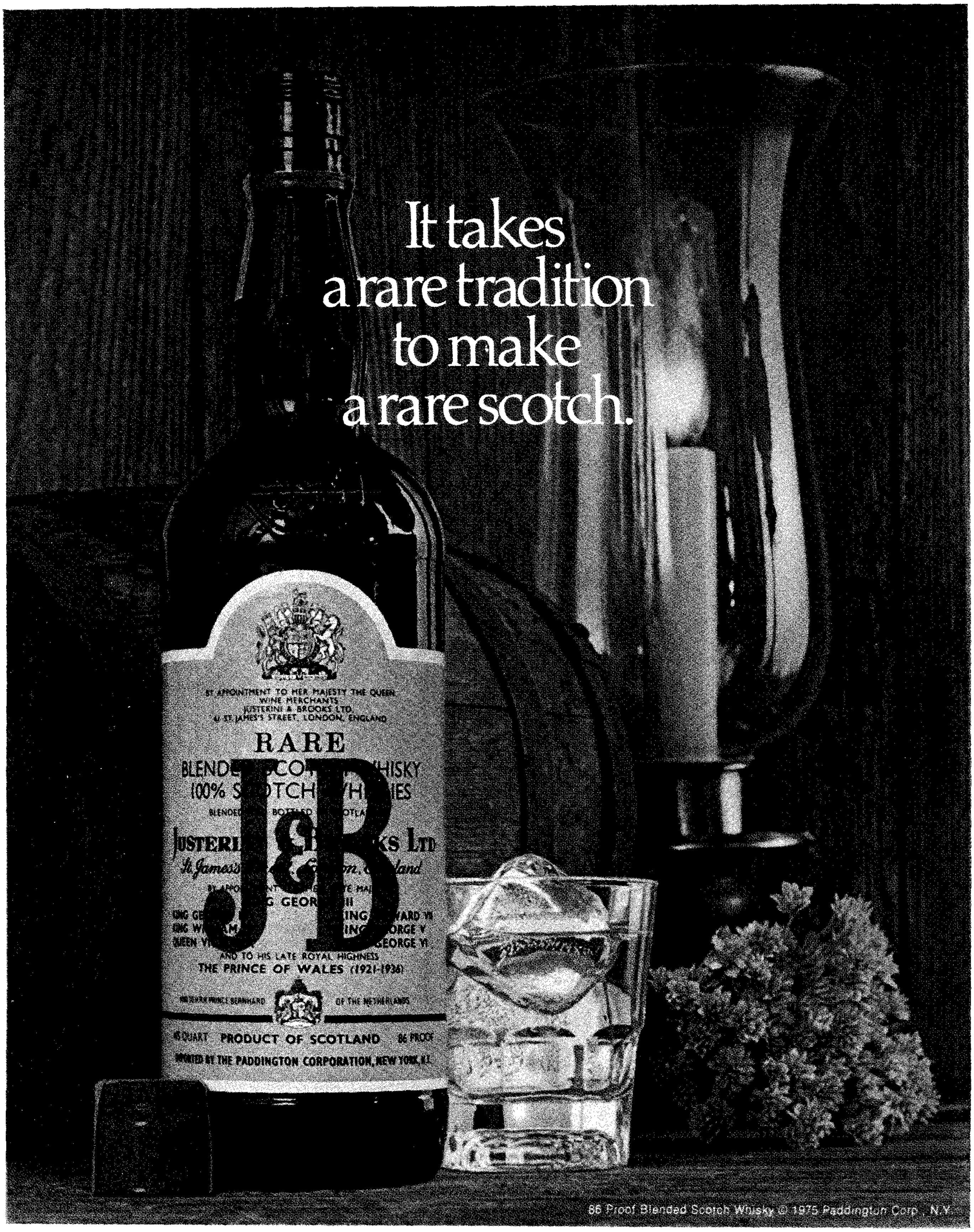
countless automobile hulks and trash dumps. The creeks and rivers are reeking sewers.

Over the years that followed, the coal region of Appalachia sank even further into poverty and squalor. In the late nineteen-sixties, Pike County, Kentucky, the easternmost part of the state, had an adult-illiteracy rate of nearly one-fourth, and nearly half of its families were officially designated as poor—a rate that put Pike County in the bottom three per cent of the nation in terms of family income. At the same time, Pike County produced more coal than any other county in the United States. One result of that production was that Pikeville, the county seat, with a population of less than five thousand, had more than sixty millionaires. While upward of a hundred million tons of coal are taken out of Kentucky mines each year—there are said to be thirty-three billion tons of coal under Kentucky—coal-mine owners there pay an annual license fee of only a hundred dollars per mine. Until a couple of years ago, local and state authorities made few attempts to impose a tax of even a few cents per ton of coal to repair some of the devastation left behind by the coal companies. The greatest devastation of all has been left behind by strip miners, who began tearing off the surface of the mountains early in the nineteen-sixties. Essentially, strip mining amounts to contour plowing around mountainsides with bulldozers in order to uncover the edges of the coal deposits, which run in great horizontal seams through the hills, and then the coal is scooped up or dug out by other surface machines. During recent years, more than half the mining done in the area has been strip mining. In 1966, the Kentucky legislature passed a law to control strip mining. As it turned out, the law contained a few loopholes—"just big enough," one Kentucky conservationist has said, "to drive a coal train through." In the year following passage of the law, strip miners in Kentucky were licensed to strip twice the acreage stripped the year before the law was enacted. The legal basis for strip mining is a document known as a broad-form mineral deed. This kind of deed allows its possessor to dig from the earth any mineral deposits within a stipulated area and at the same time relieves him of any obligation to repair the damage done to the surface land in the course of such mining. Broad-form deeds were extensively used during the coal boom of the late nineteenth century, when unwary farmers sold the mineral rights to millions of acres of land for fifty cents an acre. The financial losses they suffered were, of course, immense, but at least the damage done to their land was comparatively modest, since coal mines were then entirely underground except for the entry pits and surrounding buildings. A couple of decades ago, however, courts began to allow the deeds to be used for strip mining—mainly in Kentucky, which is the only state that still recognizes them as legal. Anyone with a broad-form deed and enough capital to rent a bulldozer, a digger or auger, and a truck can move onto the property of a landowner whose ancestors leased it away, and strip the place of crops, timber, buildings, and all.

Strip mining has defaced much of the wild beauty of the mountains in Kentucky. Trees, boulders, and topsoil are ripped out and sent crashing down the mountainsides; heavy rains bring landslides that block roads and crush houses; rapid and irreparable erosion transforms the heavily wooded hills into barren rock; and in some areas the steady flow of acidic water from the coal kills all vegetation, fish, and wildlife as it seeps and pours down into the valleys. The effect on the mountain people was described not long ago by one of them, a retired miner living in a small frame house set in a valley, or "hollow," below a strip-mining operation. "We can't get nothing done," he said. "The coal companies have most of the local lawyers on retainer. The lawyers say that the water and mud running on your property is God's work. We can't lie down and sleep at ease anymore. Every time it rains we get nervous—afraid of flood or rock or mud slides. I had a slide down by my house three months ago. A whole slide of earth filled the creek and almost covered the highway—some hundred and fifty feet to two hundred feet in length. We kept after them until they fixed it up a little. But they have stripped parts of the mountain down to bare rock. Now, how is that going to hold water coming down from a strip mine?"

GIVEN the history of the Kentucky mountains, their inhabitants' attitude toward outsiders is hardly surprising. And yet, given local poverty and ignorance, which turned the region into what has sometimes been called a welfare reservation, the need for outside help has been compelling. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, President Lyndon Johnson declared war on poverty, and the federal government opened its first front in Appalachia. A couple of years earlier, a group of students from Berea College, in Kentucky, began spending their weekends working for the poor in the hills and hollows—chiefly by painting and cleaning up dilapidated one-room schoolhouses and building some new schools to replace those beyond repair. The students called themselves Appalachian Volunteers, or A.V.s, and soon came to the attention of the Office of Economic Opportunity, which the President and Congress had set up to direct the anti-poverty program. By then, the A.V.s were sufficiently organized and operational to qualify for, and receive, O.E.O.'s first grant in the region. Gradually, part-time college students were replaced by full-time employees in the three Appalachian states that were in the worst shape—Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia—and by 1967 there were sixty full-time Volunteers in the field, more than half of them in Kentucky, and the federal government was giving the outfit around a million dollars a year. Field workers were paid up to ten thousand dollars a year and provided with cars and small expense accounts, and "internes," or local trainees, got four thousand dollars a year. At the same time, the government sent scores of young men and women who had enlisted in the Peace Corps and in Volunteers in Service to America, or VISTA, the domestic equivalent of the Peace Corps, for training and work under direction of the A.V.s. To a large extent, the anti-poverty effort was aimed at helping poor mountain people—almost all of them white—to go about getting what the law entitled them to: welfare assistance, Social Security benefits, Medicaid, Medicare, veterans' support, food stamps, and free-lunch programs in public schools. In addition, the A.V.s encouraged local citizens to set up coöperative stores, community centers, and production-and-sales facilities for local handicrafts. An O.E.O. official who worked with both the A.V.s and other anti-poverty groups in the mountains described the Appalachian Volunteers' project as "the most significant program in the area," and added, "There isn't much else going on. The local establishment is in total control of the community-ac-

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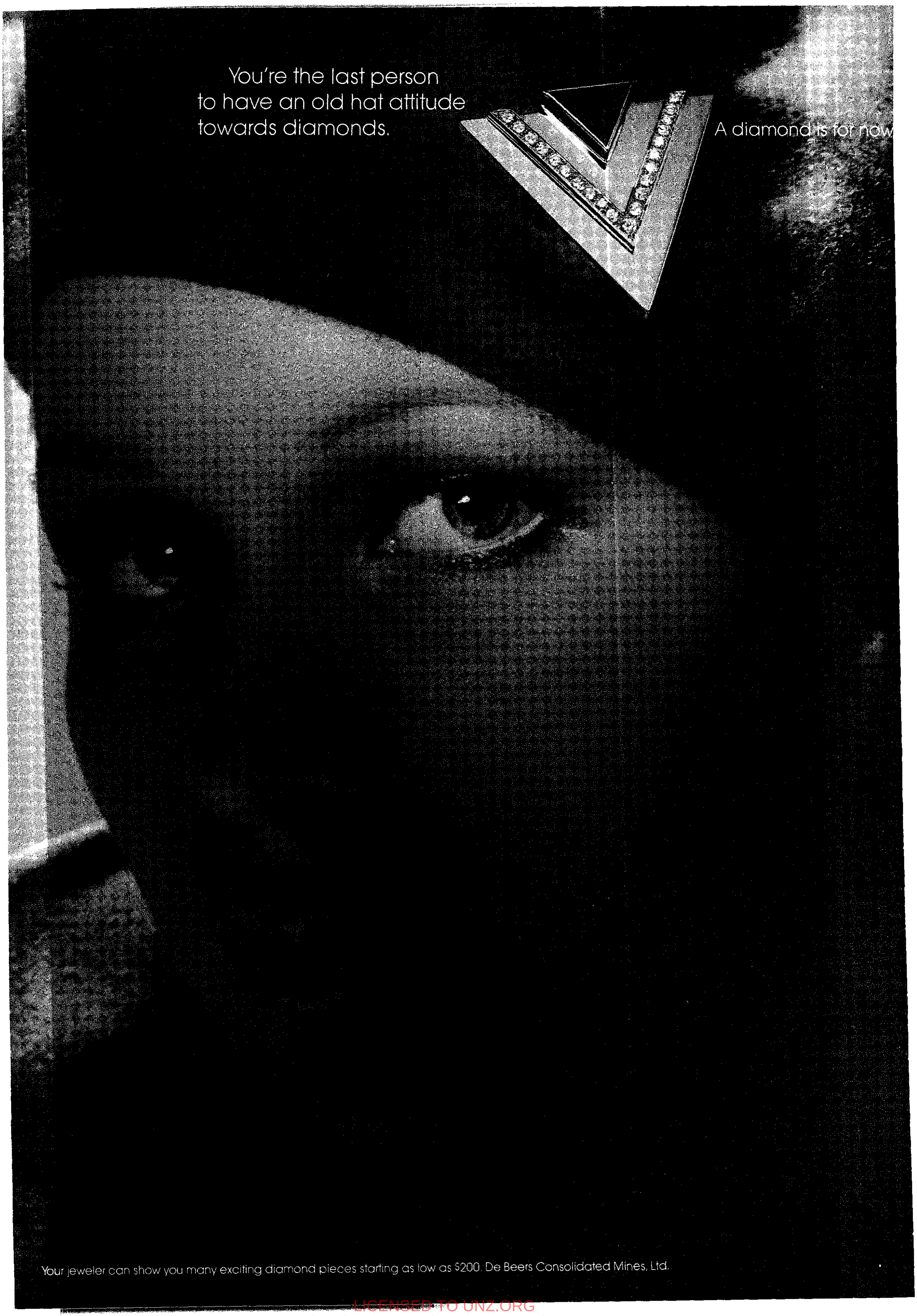
You're the last person
to have an old hat attitude
towards diamonds.
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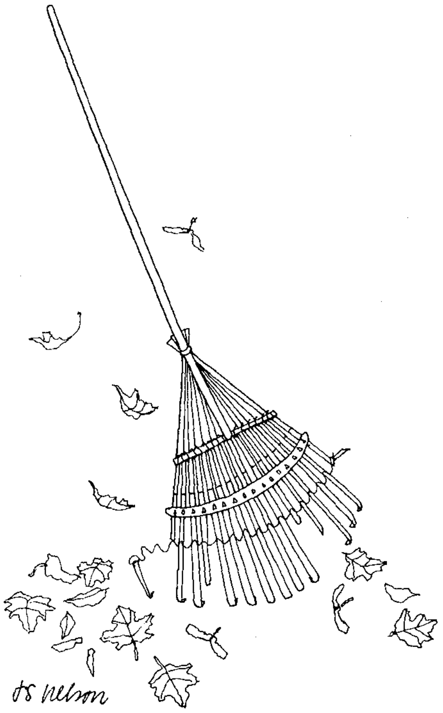
tion programs. No one else is willing to organize the poor to take on the power structure besides the A.V. crowd." In the past, he went on, poverty in the mountains had seemed an intractable problem, because the poorest of the poor lived hidden away in remote, almost inaccessible places and were seldom seen outside them. "The Volunteers went into the hollows and found them, talked to them, listened to them," he said.

The results were modest. The mountain people were even more suspicious of the newcomers than they had been of earlier intruders. Most of the Volunteers were recent college graduates or college students from the North, and some of them wore long hair and bizarre clothes. Local suspicion was further aroused by the participation of the federal government. Apart from some New Deal programs, in the past "the Feds" had meant war and conscription or, worse, Internal Revenue Service agents who went through the mountains smashing up stills and arresting moonshiners. Now local politicians began using this suspicion to block the federal program, which threatened their control and power. The more successful the program was, the more they opposed it, especially when the Volunteers pointedly ignored them and began working directly with the people. Until then, all federal funds for welfare programs had been funnelled through local authorities—sometimes loosely known as the courthouse gang—but suddenly they discovered that they were to have no say about policy and no access to the money that the A.V.s were to spend in the mountains. The greatest threat emerged during the contest over strip mining. Local citizens who opposed strip mining got together and formed the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People. In the spring of 1967, the A.V.s, who were given a fairly free rein by O.E.O., decided to join the fight against strip mining. "Our field men were getting a tremendous amount of community concern about it in every one of the ten counties where we were working," an A.V. official said. To a large extent, the A.V.s' move was designed to head off the growing resort to terrorism among local strip-mining opponents, some of whom formed small bands of men who dynamited strip-mining equipment left on site during the night and sniped at bulldozers and trucks by day. But local businessmen and politicians saw nothing constructive about the newly formed alliance against strip mining, and demanded that their representatives in Congress drive the war on poverty out of the mountains.

In June of 1967, the Puritan Coal Company was strip-mining a steep slope of land on Island Creek, not far from Pikeville. As the bulldozer ground on, back and forth and down the hill, a farmer named Jink Ray, whose property extended up into the area to be stripped, watched in mounting trepidation and anger. Rocks and rubble rolled down the hill closer and closer to his house, where he had lived for forty-six years, and he knew that in time rain would wash down more debris and uproot a stand of trees that were almost ready to be cut for timber, and that sooner or later erosion would undermine his house. Finally, on June 29th, the bulldozer reached his property line. Ray—a bespectacled, mild-mannered man—stepped in front of the bulldozer. The operator of the machine stopped and shouted at him. Ray stood fast. The operator raced the bulldozer's engine and lurched forward a couple of feet. Ray closed his eyes and stayed where he was—throughout that day. The strippers left, but the next morning they were back. Ray was waiting for them, this time accompanied by a handful of his neighbors. A man from Puritan showed Ray a broad-form deed, but he refused to accept its validity. The bulldozer operator was ordered to proceed, and as he did Ray and his friends stood before the huge machine. It stopped. Within a few days, a couple of dozen of Ray's neighbors had set up a local chapter of the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People, and they took turns blocking the bulldozer with their bodies. Word of the confrontation soon reached newspapers and television stations in the area, and reporters and cameramen flocked to the scene to cover the story, which immediately got widespread attention. A couple of weeks after Ray first stepped in front of the bulldozer, he was handed a court order to desist. Again he refused. By this time, the constant news coverage of the affair had persuaded local authorities that they couldn't resort to their usual tactics when someone got out of line—that is, jailing or beating the offender—and the contest went on for over a month. To avoid a confrontation that might lead to bloodshed, Governor Edward Breathitt temporarily suspended Puritan's permit, and finally he reached a decision that astonished everyone: the slope above Jink Ray's property was too steep to be safely stripped, and the Puritan Coal Company's permit to work in Pike County was revoked. Afterward, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reported:

> Coal interests were furious, and have not recovered from the blow. They recognize a distinct threat to their livelihood. No one is yet sure of the extent of the impact of the Jink Ray episode. It has aroused the interest of city groups, such as the League of Women Voters, in the strip-mining controversy. It has made politicians painfully aware of the need for some kind of change, and this is an election year in Kentucky. Certainly it has spurred organization of additional landowner groups by the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People. A.V. and VISTA workers have dared the wrath of local officials in a number of counties by talking up the potential of landowner organizations.



Jink Ray's most active supporter was a young member of the A.V.s by the name of Joseph Mulloy, who had just reached the conclusion that the land and the people of Appalachia would be saved only if strip mining in the area was stopped at once and for good. Mulloy had grown up in Louisville and had attended the University of Kentucky, where he got involved with the original A.V.s. When O.E.O. took over, he quit college and enlisted in the war on poverty as a full-time field man with the A.V.s. "We wasted our time for a couple of years setting up community centers, repairing schoolhouses, providing fun and games for the youngsters, and summer programs—all of which are incidental to the main concern," Mulloy said shortly after the bulldozer was ordered off Ray's land. "A life-and-death struggle is going on over strip mining here that can spell doom to the future of this area. The only way to end it is

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to organize people, to get them together to voice their demands." Mulloy, a round-faced, soft-spoken young man with curly hair and glasses, visited the site of the Ray-Puritan standoff daily—to take a turn standing or sitting in front of the bulldozer. He also helped Ray's neighbors organize the chapter of the Appalachian Group, and he and Ray were often seen talking together intently. Before long, it was locally accepted that Mulloy was Jink Ray's chief tactician.

Late that July, just before the Governor acted to settle the controversy, Mulloy was at home one evening with his wife, who was a full-time VISTA, when he was unexpectedly visited by a couple of local citizens. One was Perry Justice, who was a Pikeville mortician and the sheriff of Pike County, and the other was Robert Holcomb, who was head of the Pikeville Chamber of Commerce and of the Independent Coal Operators Association, which represented coal-mining interests in fourteen states and had its headquarters in Pikeville. "They asked me a lot of questions about the A.V.s and what we were trying to do," Mulloy said afterward. "And I acknowleged that we were very concerned about strip mining. They both told me that they agreed with me that it was a bad thing. They stayed only about fifteen minutes and didn't really give me much of an opportunity to answer their questions." On their way out, the sheriff told a story about a man who had got in trouble in a nearby town and was blown up by a bomb in his car.

Probably the most energetic and effective A.V. interne in Kentucky was Edith Easterling, an imposing woman in her forties with a long, sharp nose and dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. Mrs. Easterling, who worked under Mulloy, had long been active in the community where she lived—the Marrowbone Creek area, some twenty miles south of Pikeville. By the time the Volunteers arrived in Kentucky on a full-time basis, her four children were nearly grown up, and her husband was retired after working for thirty-five years in the mines. For mountain people, the Easterlings were fairly well off. He had a pension of a hundred and fifty dollars a month from the United Mine Workers, together with Social Security benefits, and they had paid off the mortgage on their house—a neat yellow bungalow that was one of the few decent places on the narrow, rutted road up Poorbottom Hollow, which was otherwise lined with collapsed sheds, dilapidated shacks, and rusty hulks of derelict cars. With the four thousand dollars a year that Mrs. Easterling earned from the A.V.s, she was able to be far more independent, and outspoken, than most other people in the mountains dared to be. "At the time the A.V.s came to the mountains, I was cooking lunches at the local school for extra money," she said recently. "I was always very interested in education, and I collect books and paper and pencils whenever I can and take them to the schools. It's important, I think, because you got people out here in the mountains who have third-grade educations and Ph.D. minds. Anyway, the A.V.s heard about me and came over to see me in the spring of 1966. I was trying to get a water system put in for the Marrowbone Creek area, and they agreed to help. Maybe because I got tied up with these people, who were looked at as agitators by local officials, I didn't get rehired by the school as cook the next autumn. So the A.V.s offered me a job, and I took it that fall and went to work with Joe Mulloy. I was mostly a community worker in recreation, and I set up the Marrowbone Folk School in a building that the people here put up on my land. We had recreation for the kids. We bought games for them to play evenings at the Folk School, where they come and sit around the stove during the winter. It's the only place for them to go. We try to have a Christmas party for them, so that each kid gets some kind of a Christmas gift. Many of them don't get anything at home—not even a decent meal. Anyway, we had some music by local talent and community meetings once a week to discuss problems. We also put out a little newspaper, the Marrowbone *News*. People really enjoyed that newspaper. We were making progress before the war on poverty in the mountains was shut down after what happened here. One of the great things was that people were speaking out for themselves for the first time—say, on welfare problems or before a county judge on one matter or another. It was a type of way to get people to see to their own rights. In this hollow here, more than sixty per cent of the people are on welfare or some sort of aid. They're afraid to speak out, because they're afraid they'll lose the little bit they got. And they probably would. Still and all, people aren't quite so afraid to organize themselves together like they used to

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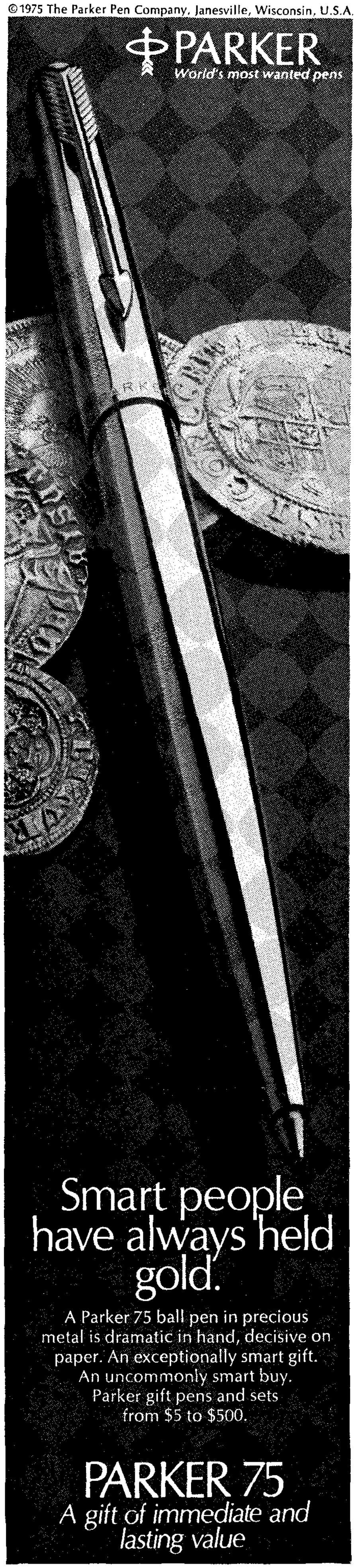
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be. There's a big organization fighting black-lung disease now, and it has been really successful. We're forcing mine owners to put in ventilating systems now. There's been some improvements as well in the welfare system that are important. Before, they wouldn't even answer the phone at the welfare office. We threatened to get some of them fired for that, and it scared them plenty. Now they answer the phone, and we can really negotiate. But some people didn't like what we were doing at all. We've been persecuted pretty bad. They call on the phone and threaten to kill us, and someone shot the windows out at the Folk School. At least, though, people here learned something from it all. They learned what their government is really like. Take the anti-poverty program. Why, the crumbs that fell off the rich people's table were so small nobody could hardly see them. If the government sets out to spend some money to help the poor, there'll be ten men standing between Washington and the poor man doing everything in the world—scheming, cheating, maybe killing—to get that money into their own hands. They say to us, 'You don't know how to do it because you haven't got any education, so we'll do it for you.' Then they take the money, and we're right where we were. Of course, the anti-poverty programs weren't intended to do anything except give people money for political purposes. When somebody tried to make the programs really work, they didn't like that and had to get rid of him."

Around the time that Mulloy was visited by Justice and Holcomb, Mrs. Easterling was called on by a man she knew named Thomas Ratliff. Although Ratliff was a lawyer, he hadn't practiced much law. Instead, he had gone into the coal business not long after getting out of law school. Once the large coal companies gave up most of their business in the area, Ratliff leased or bought some coal "docks"—the loading platforms from which coal is poured into open railroad cars—to serve the smaller mine operators who took over much of the industry in Kentucky. Before long, he was a millionaire, and then he went into politics. In 1963, he was elected Commonwealth Attorney for the thirty-fifth judicial district of Kentucky, which included Pikeville and the surrounding area, and in 1967 he was running for lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket. Mrs. Easterling, a lifelong Republican, had been chairman of the Republican Party in the Marrowbone district in 1963. "I worked really hard to get the Republicans into office that year," she said. "I worked especially hard for Thomas Ratliff, and helped elect him. Then the new bunch was the worst crowd we'd ever had in there. That's one of the most disheartening things there is—to tell people how it's going to change things if this person or that person gets elected, and then it doesn't change, except maybe for the worse. Seeing the dirty work that goes on, you wonder what there is to fight for."

When Ratliff called on Mrs. Easterling, she suspected that he wanted to find out what she knew about Mulloy's part in the affair at Jink Ray's, because she worked for Mulloy and was actively supporting Ray. But it turned out that Ratliff was more interested in another anti-poverty worker—a man named Alan McSurely, who had been hired by the A.V.s the previous spring and then fired, after a month on the job, because of his radical views about what had to be done to straighten out American society in general. McSurely stayed on in Kentucky, and went to work for the Southern Conference Educational Fund, or SCEF, which was based in Louisville, as an organizer of the poor in the mountains. He and his wife lived just outside Pikeville, and were good friends of both the Mulloys' and Mrs. Easterling's. SCEF had been set up in 1938 to combat racial and economic inequality in the South, and, like every organization with such aims, it had repeatedly been denounced as a Communist front. During the Republican gubernatorial primary campaign in Kentucky in the spring of 1967, Louie Nunn charged his opponent, Marlow Cook, with having "coddled" SCEF from his post as county judge and political boss of the Louisville area. Nunn vowed to run organizations like SCEF out of Kentucky if he was elected, and he won the primary.

Now Ratliff, Nunn's running mate in the forthcoming gubernatorial election, mentioned the McSurelys to Mrs. Easterling. They were both Communists, he told her, and she should keep away from them. She flatly rejected the advice. "I couldn't see why Thomas was so set against the McSurelys," she said afterward. "They weren't doing anything at that point that I could see should nettle him—none of the picketing with Jink Ray,

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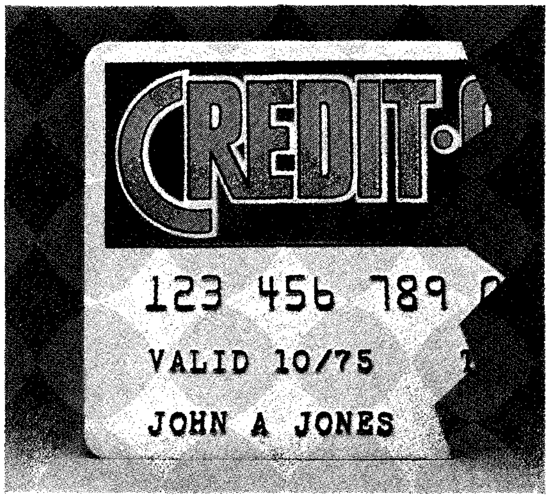

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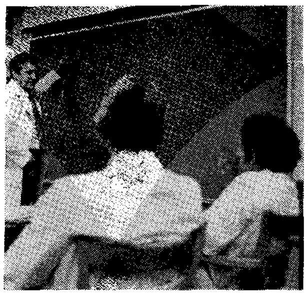
Weekends the Blackburns get away to Cape Cod, often with David, Amy and Matthew, his three children by an earlier marriage.



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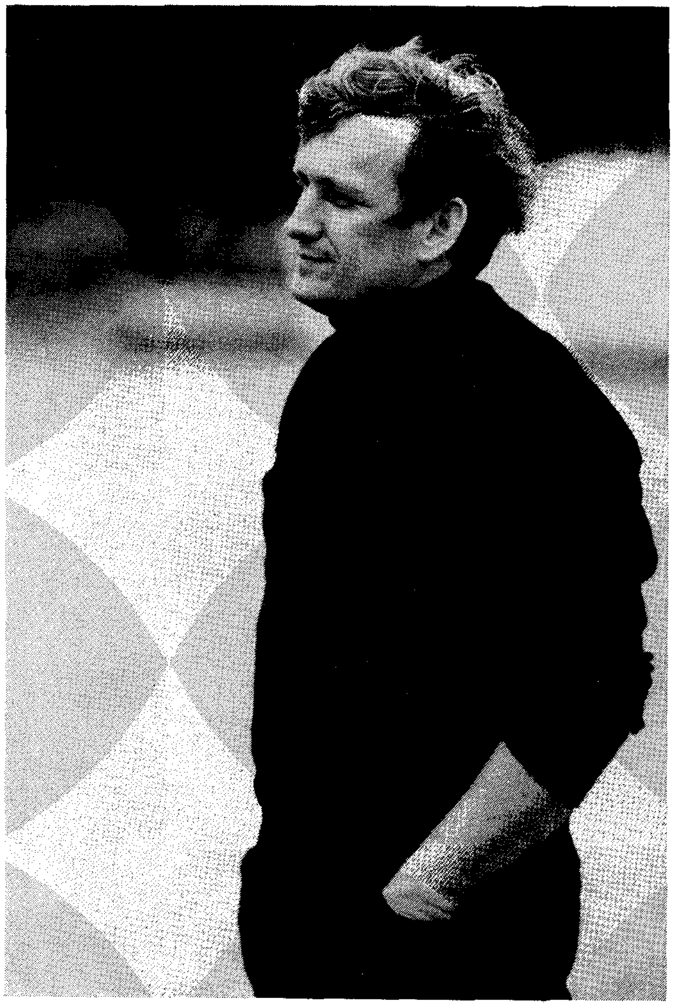

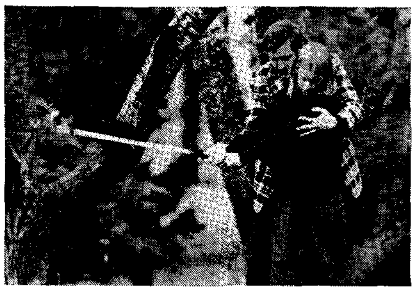

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or black-lung work, or fighting the strip miners. But he said I was one of his crowd and should listen to him. I told him no I wasn't—not after what his crowd had done as soon as they got into office. Then he asked me what McSurely was doing, and I told him he was writing a book on how much better it would be for the unemployed and the working poor if they were organized. Thomas heard me out, and then he said, 'Edith, I don't think he's ever going to write that book.' "

LATE in the afternoon on Friday, August 11, 1967, the McSurelys drove over to the Mulloys' house, which was also near Pikeville, for a visit. The four played a lazy game of basketball, and then sat in the shade and drank iced tea and talked about life in the mountains. The week before, the McSurelys had been evicted from a large house they had lived in since coming to Kentucky the previous April, and had moved into a run-down five-room cottage, which they had had to paint and repair. Their small savings were gone, and Mrs. McSurely—a short, dark-haired, attractive woman of thirty-one with a soft North Carolina drawl—was five months pregnant and anxious about her future. Right then, she was especially anxious about the next few hours, since she and her husband had no money and no food in the cottage. Mrs. Mulloy said that they were welcome to take whatever they liked from her garden, and Mrs. McSurely said that she had a yen for summer squash, so her husband—a tall man, also thirty-one, with a floppy forelock of brown hair and a habit of smiling when he spoke—picked some squash. Then the couple got into their old Ford and drove home. It was a mile from Pikeville, in an area officially designated as Pleasant Valley but usually known as Harold's Branch, after the narrow stream by that name running along one side of the road down the hollow. Mrs. McSurely went into the kitchen to cook the squash, while her husband sat down at a makeshift desk made out of an old door on top of some cartons in the spare bedroom to work on a "white paper" for a forthcoming staff meeting at SCEF. "We were trying to discover how we could develop a workable technique for organizing the black-white coalition that everybody was talking about," McSurely has explained. "This was to be the basis for what SCEF could do throughout the South." At the time, McSurely himself was more interested in another kind of coalition—one between work-

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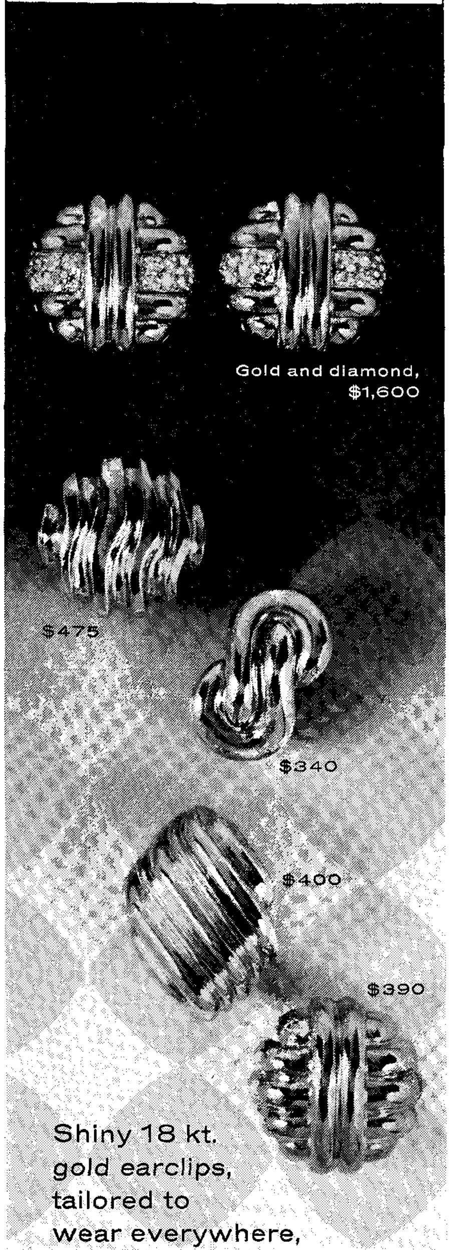

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ers and the unemployed poor—which he had become convinced was the only solution to poverty and injustice in general. Moreover, there was no opportunity for a meaningful black-white alliance in Pike County, even if one could be forged, since only one per cent of the people there were black.

The unfinished "white paper" lying beside McSurely's typewriter was entitled "This Was the War That Was," and it began, "The United States Government's official War on Poverty, sometimes called the War on the Poor, will die a strategic death sometime in the fall of 1967, after some exciting but disastrous skirmishes throughout the land. Its short, unhappy life holds many lessons for those of us who were taken in by it." McSurely went on to describe "our illusions"—namely, "our naïve illusion, our tragic, pathetic, and stupid illusion that the United States Government could seriously endorse, finance, or in any serious manner support the organizing of the exploited poor in our land—the men and women and children who provided the manpower to give the country the accumulated money it uses to try to rule the world." The paper continued:

> [President] Kennedy knew that he was never going to get the segregationist vote. He had stopped worrying about it, and was concentrating on building up his support among the poor, the Negroes in the big cities, and the working class. Remember that at the time there was still some romantic flavor to the young college people trying to register Negroes in Mississippi and Alabama, and it appealed to folks in the big city, black and white. With this big-city support, plus enough of the suburban liberals . . . he would have a much wider margin in 1964. So when the Special Task Force on Poverty put together its ideas, these were the political realities in 1961-2.

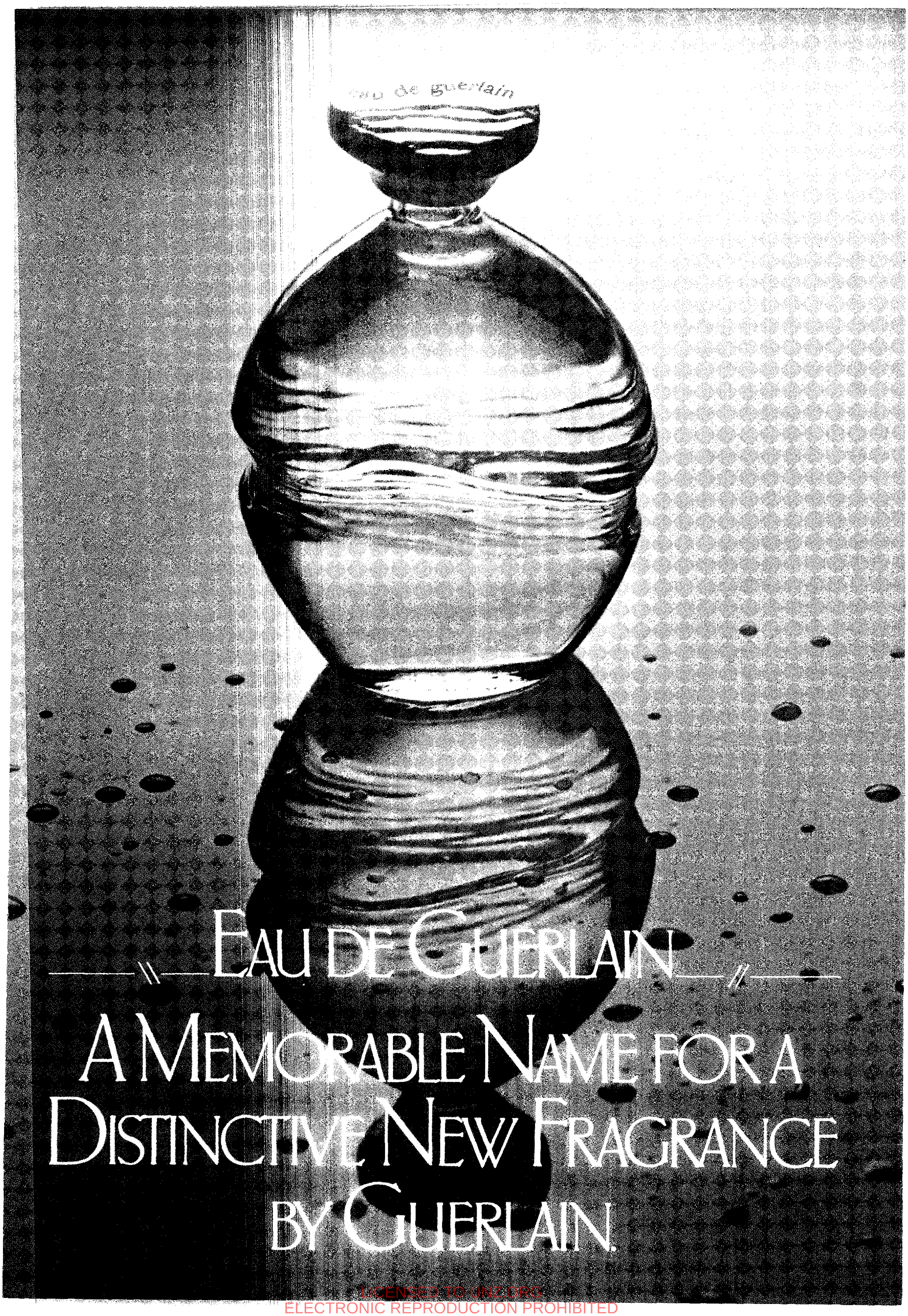
Arguing that "most of the programs they threw into the pot were leftovers from the New Deal," McSurely described the programs and then wrote, "After the assassination, President Johnson had to complete some of JFK's programs. One of the first which he sent to Congress in early 1964 was the Economic Opportunity Act. LBJ's weakest point in his 'Democratic consensus' was his liberal flank. And he knew that the Poverty War and the Civil Rights Act were *the* liberal causes of that year." After describing what the poverty war had failed to accomplish, and why, McSurely wrote:

> The poverty in our cities, the poverty in our South, the poverty in the mountains, the poverty of the migrant worker are caused by the corporate system which produced and now must maintain this poverty. The fortunes that were amassed in this country out of the shortened lives of black slaves, colonized miners in Appalachia, tenant and migrant farmers in the South and far West, and Indian landholders are the same fortunes that have made it possible for the corporate liberals to set up their handout programs, to try to prevent these exploited peoples from regaining their heritage. And these fortunes are what has enabled the United States Oil empire to stretch its greedy fingers around the world, and to make additional capital to cool out any of the audacious few who have learned legal ways to demand their rights. . . . And the fortunes that were amassed from the skins of the exploited workers here and around the world are the same fortunes that have promoted the technological advances which for the first time make it possible for large populations of people to be out of work, to be "drones" on society, and not to starve (except for a few).

That was as far as McSurely had got, and now he wrote in ink at the end of the last page, "But why were we duped?" Then he sat back and yawned. He stared at the paper for a few minutes, trying to think of what he wanted to say next. Finally, though, he gave up, and turned to a box that he hadn't unpacked yet and began rummaging through it. He ran across his high-school annual and saw a photograph of himself on the basketball team, and began thinking about his youth and all that had happened to him since.

Out in the kitchen, Margaret McSurely went about her cooking chores gloomily. "I was really down that day," she has recalled. "I don't know why—maybe it was because I was becoming more and more convinced that Al and I were wasting our time in Kentucky. I knew the people didn't want us there, and wouldn't listen. And I was afraid, too. They kill you in those mountains for less than Al was doing. And I was beginning to be afraid for my unborn child most of all." By dusk, she had nearly finished preparing dinner and was about to summon her husband when she noticed that their dog, a half-grown German shepherd called Major, was behaving strangely. He was sniffing around the room, his ears flat and his tail between his legs. Then Mrs. McSurely happened to glance out the window and saw several cars pull up sharply on the roadside in front of the house and a dozen men, some in police uniforms and some in ordinary clothes, jump out with drawn guns. "I figured they were after an escaped prisoner," she said. "But then they came toward the house."

Through the window of the spare bedroom McSurely saw a couple of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men run around to the back of the house and heard the clumping of footsteps on the front porch. He got up to see what was going on, and just as he reached the front door it burst open and half a dozen men rushed through, half falling down and waving their guns wildly. One of them was Sheriff Justice. "Where is Alan McSurely?" he shouted.

"I'm right here," McSurely answered from the back of the crowd that had rushed past him.

Two of the sheriff's deputies ran to his side, pinned his arms behind him, and pushed him to the center of the living room. Then the sheriff took out a search warrant and read it to him in a loud voice: "You are commanded to search, in the day or night time, the house, outbuildings, cabins, now occupied, used, maintained, controlled, owned or managed by Alan McSurely, which property is located in Pike County, Kentucky, which premises are located in Pleasant Valley. . . . And if you find in or upon said premises seditious matter . . . you will seize and take possession of it, and deliver it, together with the body of said Alan McSurely together with this writ, to me at my office as speedily as possible." The warrant, which was dated that day, was signed "Bill Pauley, Judge, Pike Quarterly Court."

McSurely had heard enough during his few months in the mountains about lynch mobs and prisoners being shot "while trying to escape" to be very frightened. Despite the Keystone Cops entrance of the raiders, they looked alarmingly serious. He recognized the sheriff and a magistrate from Marrowbone Creek named Foster Bentley, and then he saw, to his surprise, Commonwealth Attorney Ratliff. Since Ratliff was the highest-ranking officer in the group, McSurely asked him what the charge was.

"Sedition," Ratliff replied.

Dumbfounded, McSurely asked, "Sedition against what?"

"Against the United States of America, the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and Pike County," Ratliff answered sternly. Then he smiled.

Mrs. McSurely went to her husband's side, and Ratliff ordered the two of them to sit on the sofa. One of his men shoved McSurely onto it before he could obey, but Mrs. McSurely, who was obviously pregnant, was treated politely. "When the sheriff read the warrant, I knew it was all a legal farce," she said later. "But I was certain that it was a very dangerous situation. I didn't know if they were going to kill Al or not. He was trem-

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bling with cold—from fear, I believe. So I got a sweater for him to put on, which I figured he'd need in jail—if he ever got to jail."

McSurely's fear mounted by the moment. "I was really scared," he recalled. "Guys were pushing me around all the time, and one of them said to me, 'Hold your head up. I want to see how you'll look when you hang.' It was like a party to them, but a lynch party to me. They acted as if we were very dangerous people, and a couple of them kept calling me a Communist and a dirty Red. Of course, they didn't know what a Communist was or what the word 'sedition' meant. I wasn't angry at that point. My basic feeling was one of fear and self-protection, and I was just trying to keep cool. All I wanted to do then was stay alive."

Ratliff summoned four more men, who had been left outside to guard the house, and ordered those assembled in the small, stuffy living room—twelve besides him and the McSurelys—to search the entire house for "seditious materials." The men dispersed, and then Ratliff pulled a chair up to a bookcase in the living room and began examining the books, one by one. There were a large number of works about Communism, including a couple of dozen by Marx, Engels, and Lenin, together with "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung;" there were many other leftist books on a variety of social, economic, and political subjects; and there were works by Camus, Brecht, Dostoevski, William Cullen Bryant, and A. J. Liebling. When Ratliff came upon a Bible, he turned to the McSurelys in surprise and asked, "What's *this* doing here?" Neither of them answered, and he put it aside. From time to time, one of Ratliff's men came into the room to show him something that seemed particularly incriminating, such as a paper by McSurely entitled "Manifesto for Radical America;" a folder containing a dozen or so lapel pins inscribed "S.N.C.C. for Black Power;" some handbills headed "Government of the Black, by the Black, for the Black;" another paper by McSurely called "A New Political Union;" the unfinished copy of "That Was the War That Was;" several descriptions of how blacks and the poor might be welded together into an effective political organization; innumerable books, papers, and articles attacking America's role in Vietnam; some letters and records dealing with SCEF's organizational setup and programs; scores of leaflets and documents put out by various left-wing outfits that

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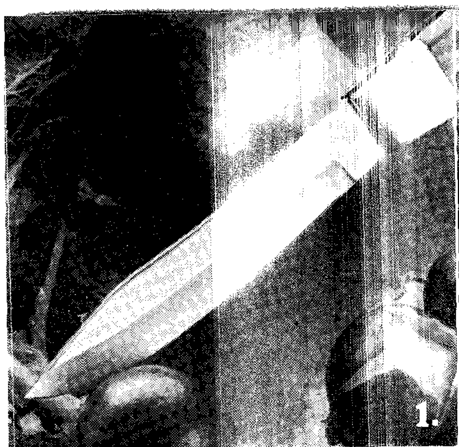

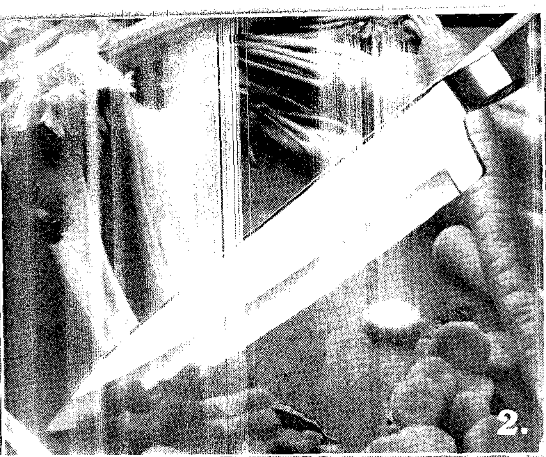

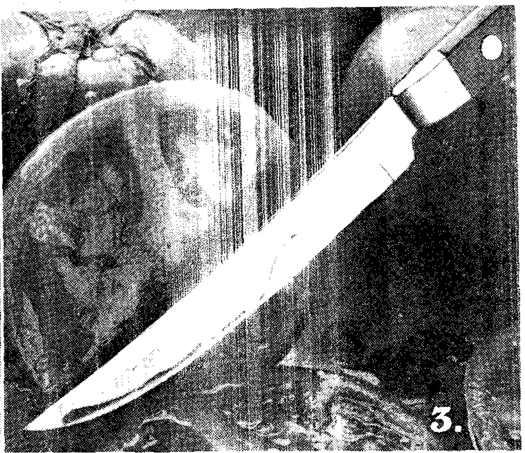

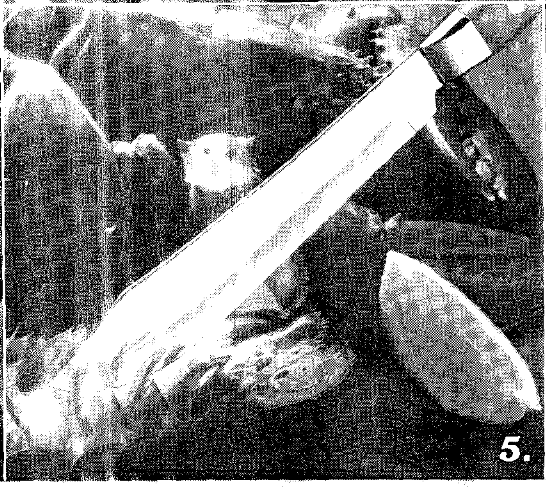

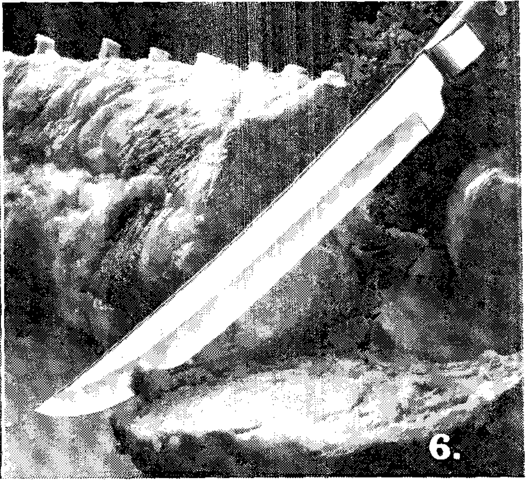

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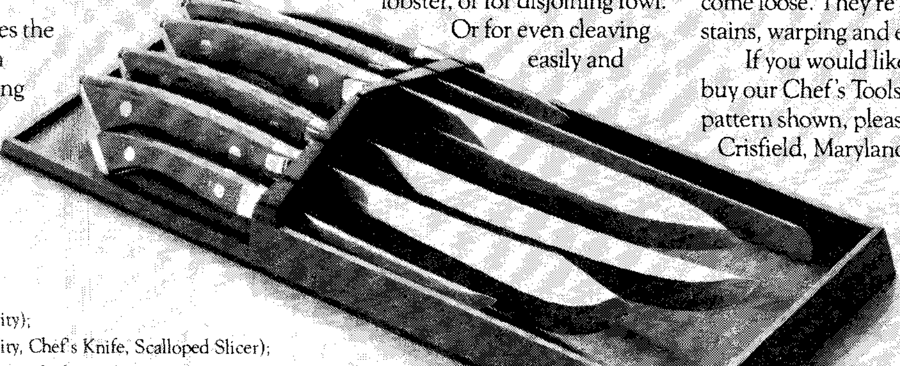

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McSurely had been connected with; several folders containing the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of dozens of radicals around the country; and hundreds of letters to and from many of them.

After half an hour or so passed, Mrs. McSurely relaxed enough to begin thinking about ways to get help. Finally, she asked Ratliff if she might use the bathroom, and he nodded and told one of the men to accompany her to the bathroom and stand guard outside. She got up and walked slowly into the main bedroom and then suddenly picked up the telephone there and began dialling. The guard tried to stop her, but Ratliff heard the commotion and told the man to leave her alone. With that, she called a local lawyer by the name of Dan Jack Combs, whom she and her husband had met when they came to Pikeville and had got to know slightly in the intervening months. Combs, one of the two lawyers in eastern Kentucky who handled labor disputes, had a fairly sizable criminal-law practice, too, and was known as one of the most competent attorneys in that part of the state. Mrs. McSurely quickly told him what had happened and asked if he would represent them, and Combs promised that he would go over to the jail at once to be present when her husband was brought in. After that, Mrs. McSurely dialled the Louisville number of Carl and Anne Braden, the directors of SCEF. Mrs. Braden answered, and when she heard what was going on she gasped; as it happened, her husband was the only person in Kentucky ever to be arrested and convicted under the same sedition statute, more than a decade before, and she said that she would immediately get in touch with a couple of leading Movement lawyers, William Kunstler and Morton Stavis, who had shortly before set up a legal-aid center in New York for just such cases. Mrs. Braden also said that she would alert various Movement people throughout the country and ask them to telephone and wire the Pike County authorities in protest—a standard tactic that had been developed during the civil-rights struggle in the South to protect prisoners who might be beaten or murdered if no one knew that they were in the hands of the police.

When the guard escorted Mrs. McSurely back to the living room, he told Ratliff, "God, Thomas, she knows Dan Jack. That's who she was talking to on the phone." Ratliff's face fell—presumably, the McSurelys concluded, because he had expected them to get an outside lawyer who knew neither

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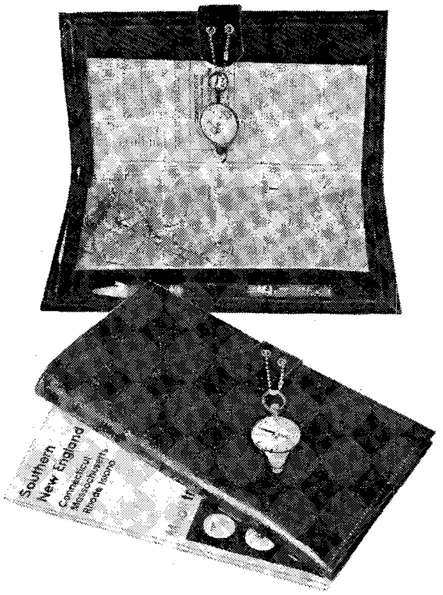

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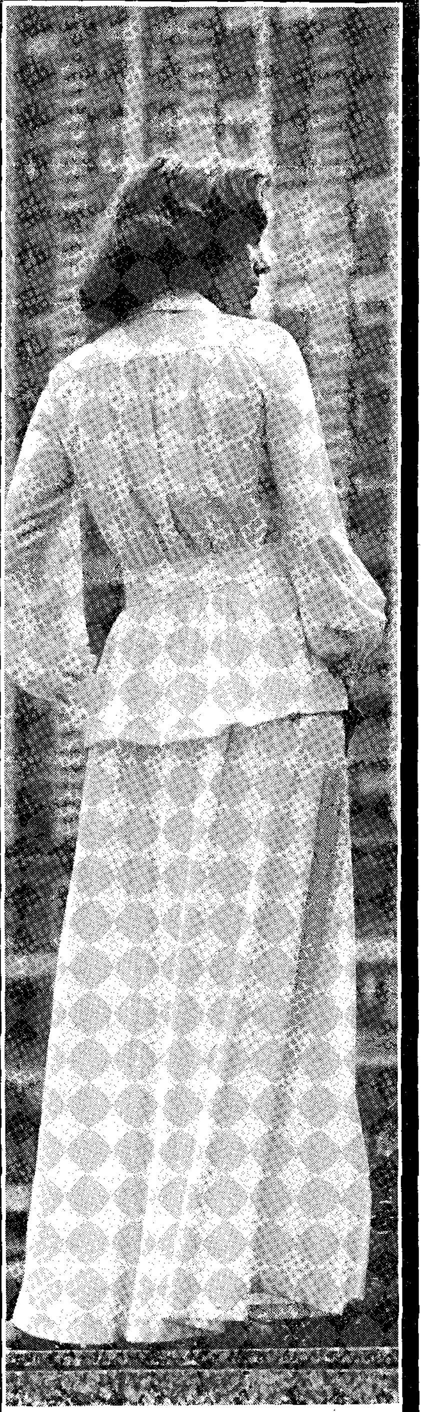

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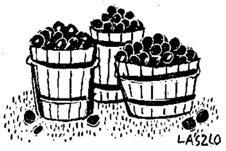
the local authorities nor the way things were done there. Then, too, Ratliff and Combs had known each other since the early fifties, and Ratliff, as a lawyer who had briefly worked the other side of the street from Combs, knew that he was probably the best man in that part of the state to help the McSurelys.

The news prompted Ratliff to expedite the search, and he ordered his men to seize every scrap of paper in the house. As he examined the materials the men brought into the living room, Ratliff saw that Mrs. McSurely was also employed by SCEF and that she had earlier worked in Mississippi and Georgia for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, or S.N.C.C., which had shortly before begun talking about something called "black power." Finally, he decided to arrest her, too, and wrote out a warrant and handed it to Sheriff Justice, who officially took her into custody. With that, McSurely relaxed a bit, certain now that what had so often happened in similar circumstances in the South—the murder of helpless prisoners—wasn't going to happen here, because he was sure that they wouldn't harm a woman. In addition, he felt that she would be safer in jail than alone out in the hollow, because he knew that once word went around that he was locked up, the kind of local men who always had trouble in mind might come out to the cottage to "have some fun" with her.



At the end of the search, the raiders piled up their haul on the living-room floor. The seized materials took up nearly the entire room, and included five hundred and sixty-four books, twenty-six posters, and twenty-two boxes of pamphlets, booklets, documents, letters, personal papers, and a suitcase full of clothing that an excited deputy had flung onto the load. (Two hundred and ninety of the books were copies of "False Witness," by Harvey Matusow, a professional anti-Communist witness in the witch-hunting days of the early nineteen-fifties, who had written the book to show how and why he had repeatedly lied in court and before legislative committees. The copies of the book had been given to McSurely by an official of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union, which had helped subsidize the book, but McSurely, like the donor, didn't know what to do with them—other than to use the cartons they were packed in to support the door he used as a desk top.) Most of the other boxes contained the kind of miscellaneous stuff that ends up together when one packs hurriedly, as the McSurelys had when they moved, and a typical collection, listed in an official inventory afterward, was "National magazines, printing equipment [such] as ink, blotter, and two cans of Dri-Fast Ink, a Workbook on Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission, 150 4" x 8" envelopes, one bookend, ashtrays, civil-rights literature, a brochure on Metropolitan Washington, an annual report of the Council of Governments." Elsewhere in the pile on the living-room floor were some of McSurely's old college exam papers, several of his recent federal income-tax returns, a packet of Mrs. McSurely's love letters from the days before she met McSurely, and a personal diary that she had kept during an emotionally tumultuous period of her life a few years before. The collection was so large that Ratliff finally had to commandeer a pickup truck owned by a couple who lived across the road. Nothing had ever surprised them more, they later said, than Ratliff's announcement that their new neighbors were Communists who were plotting to overthrow the government of Pike County.

The raid and search at the McSurelys' took two and a half hours. At a little before eleven o'clock that night, they were ordered into the rear seat of the sheriff's car. Then the parade of the raiders' cars, together with the pickup truck, made its way to the county jail, a three-story gray stone cube immediately behind the courthouse in the center of Pikeville. Combs, it turned out, wasn't there. He had arrived at the jail shortly after Mrs. McSurely's telephone call to him, but after waiting for an hour he told the jailer that he would be back first thing in the morning, and warned him that there would be serious trouble if the McSurelys were harmed in any way. Ratliff and the sheriff led the prisoners into a small office, where they were divested of their personal belongings. After Ratliff took down their names, address, birthplaces, and ages, they were booked and the charge against them was read aloud. Ratliff showed them the sedition law, Kentucky Revised Statute 432.040, which stated:

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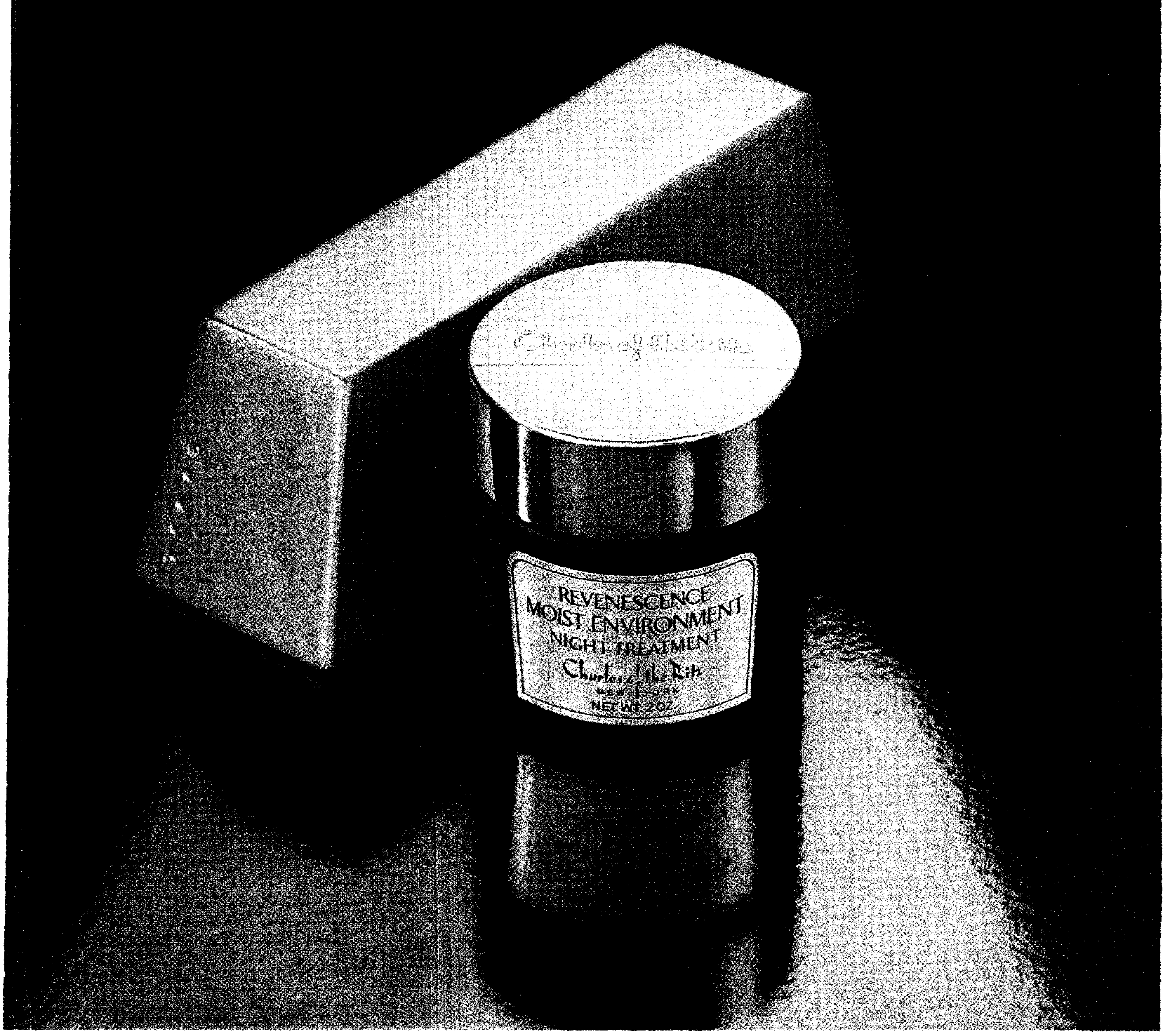

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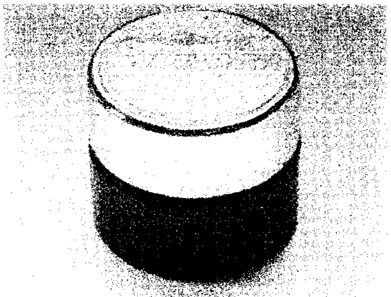

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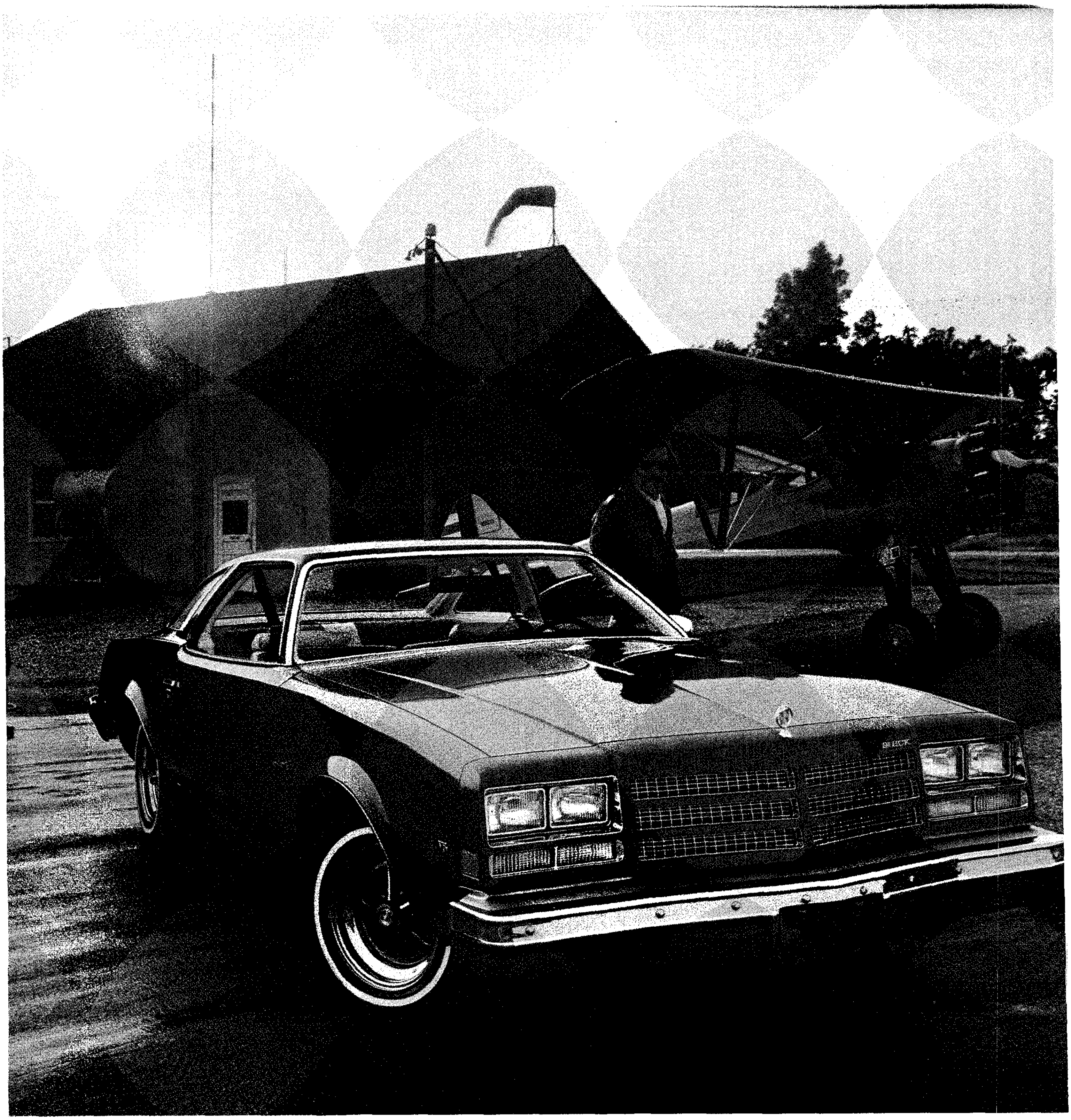

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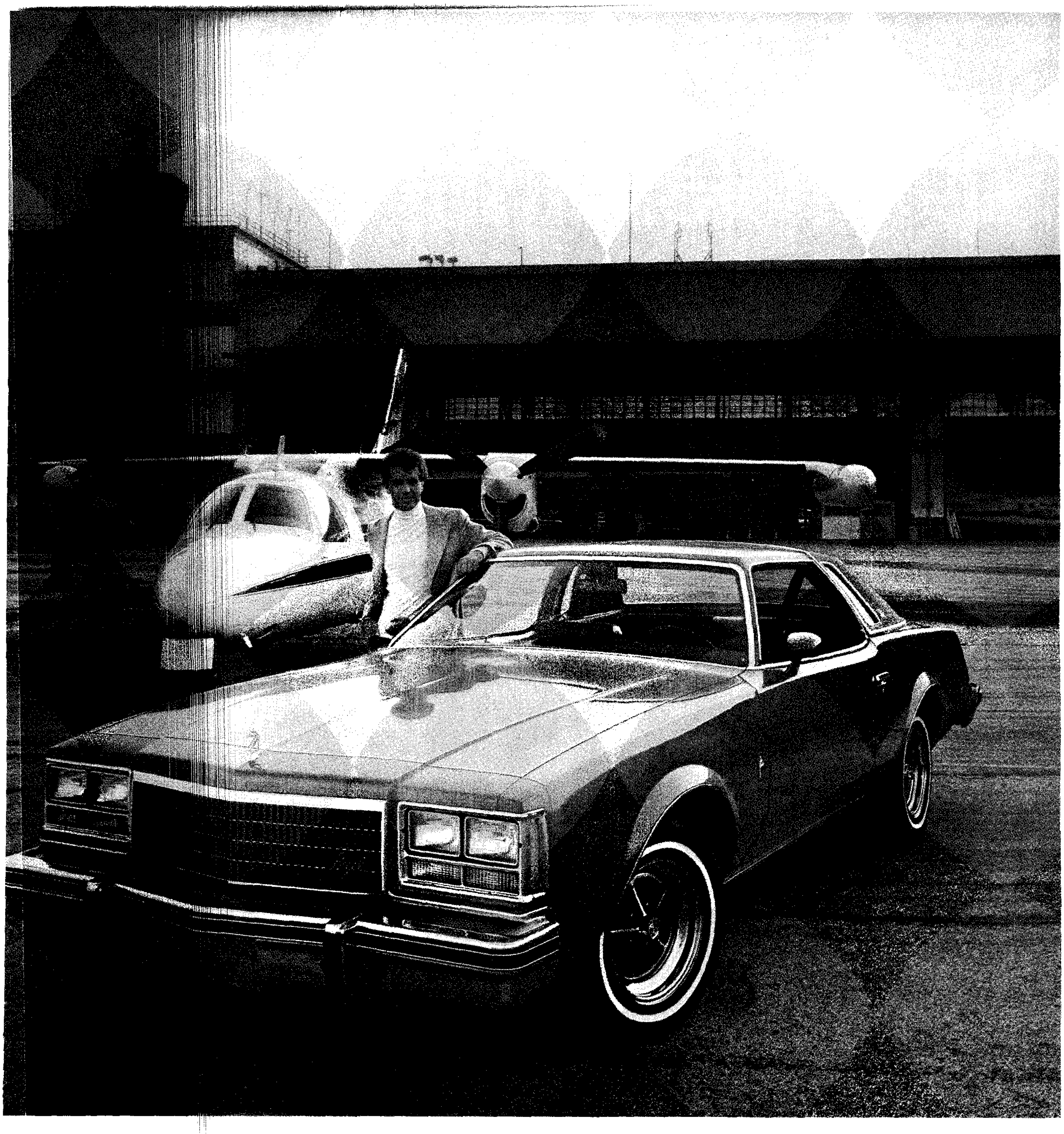

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"Then they took me upstairs to jail," McSurely recalled. "It was cold and damp. Prisoners had broken all the windows in the place over the years, and the wind and rain blew in. The jailer took me into a big dormitory room with about twenty bunks. There were maybe fifteen guys lying there when I was taken in. I was really scared again. I didn't know what they might do to me. They all woke up—a couple of drunks, some guys in for fighting, a moonshiner, and a rapist. I went over and lay down on an empty bunk. I figured I'd just go to sleep, so that if they killed me I'd be dead when I woke up. That's the kind of crazy thought one has when scared, and I was really scared. One of the prisoners asked a deputy outside the cell what I was in for. 'Oh, he's a Communist,' the deputy told him. Then another guy asked me what I was in for. I said, 'Sedition.' They asked me what that was. I said, 'It means teaching people to overthrow the government.' I said it very slowly and clearly, in the hope that they would get a focus for their thoughts and remember only that, and forget what they'd like to do to me. They said 'Oh.' Then I said I wanted to get some sleep and lay back down. I heard them talking about me. One said he'd heard about me and that I was some kind of a writer. I was so scared I fell asleep, as I do when I'm very upset. But the next morning everything was all right, and in time I got very friendly with some of them."

Mrs. McSurely was put in a smaller cell with two other women—one of whom had been arrested for using profanity in public and the other for trying to kill a woman her husband was carrying on with. "They asked me what I was in jail for," Mrs. McSurely said later. "I told them, 'Sedition.' They thought I said 'Soliciting.' When I explained that 'sedition' meant overthrowing the government they both said that was what should be done. I got to know those two women and some others who came through the jail while I was there pretty well. It was clear that there was no justice for the

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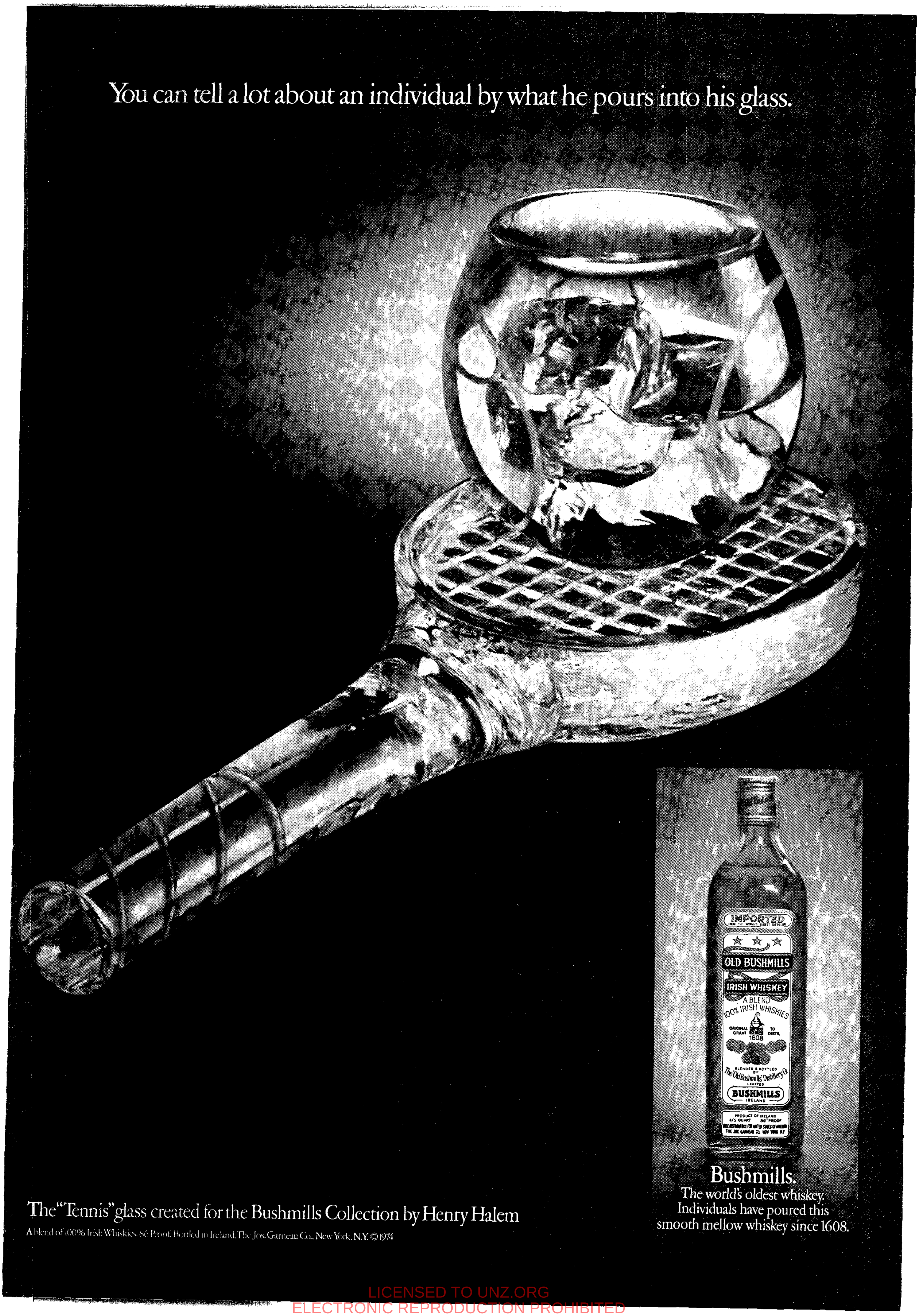
poor. In most cases, they were fined by the magistrate, the same as people who were well off. But the difference was that people with some money could afford to pay their fines, whereas these women couldn't and had to stay in jail until their time was up." That night, Mrs. McSurely asked the jailer for an extra blanket and a quart of milk, but was turned down. By this time, she was no longer concerned about her own safety, apart from the danger that she might contract a disease from the filthy conditions in the jail. But she was worried about what might happen to her husband at the hands of the jailers or the other prisoners. "It was during this time that I developed a very close relationship with the baby inside me," she said. "They had come and taken just about everything from me. I didn't know if I'd ever see Al again. But I knew they couldn't take the little boy—I was sure it was a boy—growing inside me. He was my new life, my second chance, and I got a deep mystical feeling about him that was to sustain me."

Unknown to the McSurelys at the time, the raiding party went out on another foray shortly after they were locked up—this time to the Mulloys' house. Ratliff seemed far less interested in Mulloy, despite his active role in the strip-mining controversy, and merely spent a few minutes searching his place after arresting him for sedition. The raiding party confiscated only a handful of documents dealing with the work of the Appalachian Volunteers, along with some books that seemed incriminating, among them "Poems of Chairman Mao," which Mulloy had bought at Mildred's Newsstand in Pikeville, and Joseph Heller's "Catch-22."

ALAN McSURELY was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1936, and moved to Arlington, Virginia, in the early nineteen-forties, when his father took a job in Washington as a reporter for *Aviation Week*. The elder McSurely died while Alan was a senior in high school, and his mother went to work to support him and his two sisters. She was determined that all three children would go to college, and Alan was sent off to the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill. After four years there—with a year off while he worked in Arlington as a mailman and got married—McSurely took a job teaching a course in "human relations" at an electronics training school in Washington. "I taught guys who were going to be repairmen how to get along with bosses and guys who were going to be bosses how to get along with repairmen," he said. By then, he had two children and an increased sense of responsibility, so he began studying nights for a master's degree in psychology at George Washington University. About that time—1960—the McSurely family moved into a trailer outside Alexandria, Virginia. "No marriage can decently survive life in a trailer," he said recently, "and that was the beginning of the end of mine." As his marriage disintegrated, McSurely went to work as a counsellor at a juvenile court in Fairfax County, Virginia, and also finished the course work for his M.A. As a counsellor, he had a case load of about fifty youngsters, several of them black children from a village called Gum Springs, near Mount Vernon. All of the residents of Gum Springs were black, and most of them were descendants of George Washington's slaves. "I had a group of six kids, and we met once a week for group counselling," McSurely recalled. "As far as I could make out, I had no effect on them, but they had a tremendous effect on me. Week by week, I got to see what their lives were like and how our society had blighted them. Then I got to know Saunders B. Moon, who was the black principal of the all-black school in Gum Springs. He wanted to get his best kids into desegregated schools, but the school board was afraid that the idea would spread, and threatened to fire him if he didn't stop. I desperately wanted to do something about the place, and said, 'Let's organize.' That was my first attempt. We got together the county workers who might be interested—social workers, public-health nurses, and so on—and tried to organize them. We failed completely. Then we tried working through the P.-T.A. to set up programs for improving schools, housing, medical care, and community recreation. We advertised what we were doing, and had a little more success. Then Saunders said to me, 'If we only had a newspaper, we could get the word out to the people.' We put a little paper together, and that helped a lot. Then came the great black-and-white-together March on Washington, in the summer of 1963. Then John Kennedy was killed. And then on Christmas morning Saunders dropped dead. I was all alone, but I decided to stick it out. Another fellow and I put out the little newspaper once a week for a couple of years. We sold it in churches and stores, on the streets,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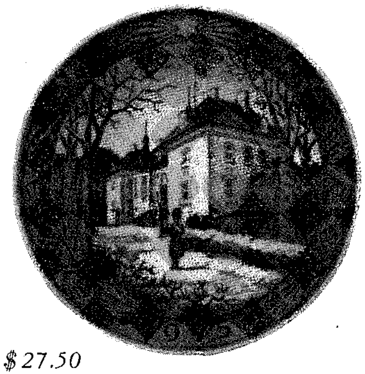

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1908. Madonna and Child
1909. Danish landscape
1910. The Magi
1911. Danish landscape
1912. Elderly couple by the Christmas tree
1913. Spire of the Frederik Church
1914. Sparrows in tree
1915. Danish landscape
1916. The Shepherds in the field
1917. The Tower of Our Saviour's Church
1918. The Shepherds
1919. In the Park
1920. Mary with the Child Jesus
1921. Market-place
1922. Three singing angels
1923. Danish landscape
1924. The Christmas star over the sea
1925. Street scene from Christianshavn
1926. View of Christianshavns canal
1927. The ship's boy at the tiller Christmas night
1928. The Vicar-family on the way to Church
1929. The Grundtvig Church, Copenhagen
1930. Fishing-boats
1931. Mother and Child
1932. Frederiksberg Gardens with statue of Frederik VI
1933. The Ferry and the Great Belt
1934. The Hermitage Castle
1935. Fishing-boat off Kronborg Castle
1936. Roskilde Cathedral
1937. Christmas scene in Copenhagen
1938. The Round Church in Østerlars
1939. Expeditionary ship in the pack-ice of Greenland
1940. The Good Shepherd
1941. Danish Village Church
1942. Bell-tower of old Church in Jutland
1943. The Flight of the Holy Family to Egypt
1944. Typical Danish Winter Scene
1945. A peaceful motif
1946. Village Church
1947. The Good Shepherd
1948. Nodebo Church
1949. Our Lady's Cathedral, Copenhagen
1950. Boeslunde Church
1951. Christmas Angel
1952. Christmas in the Forest
1953. Frederiksborg Castle
1954. Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen
1955. Fano Girl
1956. Rosenborg Castle
1957. The Good Shepherd
1958. Sunshine over Greenland
1959. Christmas Night
1960. The Stag
1961. The Training Ship Danmark
1962. The Little Mermaid at Wintertime
1963. Højsager Mill
1964. Fetching the Christmas tree
1965. Little Skaters
1966. Blackbird and Church
1967. The Royal Oak
1968. The Last Umiak
1969. The Old Farmyard
1970. The Christmas Rose and Cat
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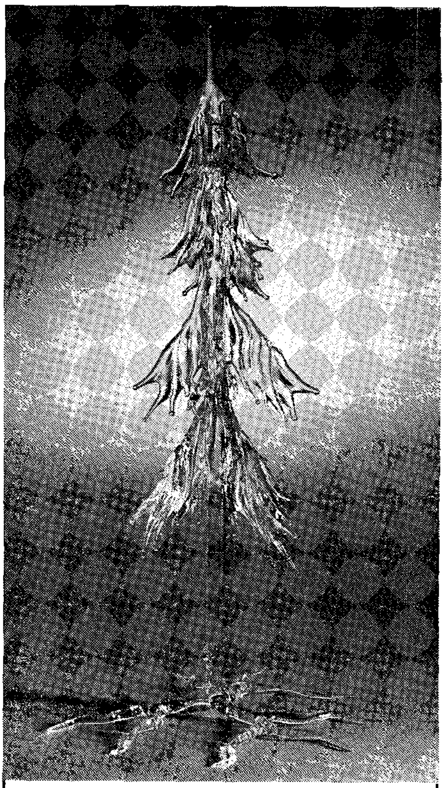
anywhere we could, and finally it caught on. That was when the county officials started opposing us every time we tried to do something. They wouldn't even let us use the school for public meetings. I had got my first taste of what it's like coming up against a county government that feels its power threatened."

Late in the fall of 1964, a man from the United Planning Organization in Washington—an agency set up to implement the anti-poverty law enacted by Congress earlier that year—visited Gum Springs to see what was being done to help the poor there. He was impressed by what he saw and by McSurely, and offered him a job setting up similar local programs in the suburbs of the capital. By then, McSurely had broken up with his wife, and he needed money to support his two children, so when U.P.O. offered him a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, which was four thousand dollars more than he was making, he accepted. A few months after joining U.P.O., he became director of all its anti-poverty programs in suburban Washington. "I knew from the beginning that the best we could do was to teach some people, as rapidly as possible, how to organize and what to understand about the problems they faced before the local powers came in and took control," McSurely said later. "I knew it was impossible to actually do much of anything for the poor besides give them a start toward helping themselves politically. I had no illusions that they would be helped directly by the process, but merely hoped that they would learn how the system works, so they could use it themselves to establish a power base and then exert some leverage to get money for their people and seats on committees. I tried to get them moving before the local courthouse gang saw that there was money and power in the poverty fight and took it over. It was clear that nothing else could be done, because there were two basic problems we couldn't do anything about. One was that racism was rife in the suburbs, and the other was that the Johnson Administration lacked any real commitment to the program. It was politically motivated and politically *run. It was also the biggest boondoggle* of the decade."

McSurely's second wife, Margaret, was born in 1936 in Ashland, Kentucky, and was taken at the age of three months to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where her father was to serve as pastor of the First Baptist Church for a quarter of a century. She



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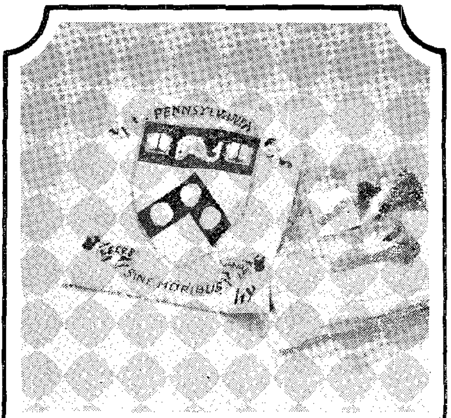

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attended Wake Forest College for a little over a year, and then dropped out of school after marrying a fellow-student who was a senior. They had two children in the first four years of marriage, and her husband taught at a girls' college in Virginia until he decided that he wanted to be a doctor. "Before then, I didn't have enough confidence to strike out on my own," Margaret has said. "I saw myself merely as someone who could take care of a man who might do something in the world. But when my husband went to medical school, I had to get a job to help support the family, and I soon learned that I could make it in the big world on my own." After a series of small jobs as a clerk, a typist, and a receptionist, she wound up, in the early nineteen-sixties, working in Washington for Drew Pearson, the columnist. At first, she answered his fan mail, but in time she became his personal secretary, in charge of writing his letters and typing up the diary he kept. "I found it fascinating to learn who had said what to him in private," she recalled not long ago. She also found Pearson, who was then approaching seventy, a fascinating man, and within a few months she became his mistress. Shortly before she took up with Pearson, she and her husband separated, and they were later divorced.

In 1964, Margaret began to get interested in what was going on in Mississippi politics—chiefly in the emergence of the black Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which claimed to be the true representatives of the Mississippians who could be expected to vote for the Democratic Party in the greatest numbers. S.N.C.C. sent Pearson its press releases regularly, and Margaret found the stories in them dramatic and appealing—especially stories about the Freedom Democratic Party's best-known member, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer. "I read the S.N.C.C. releases very carefully, and tried to get Drew to write something about what was going on in Mississippi, but he wouldn't listen," Margaret said recently. "Then he took me to the Democratic National Convention, which was held in Atlantic City that summer, and I met Mrs. Hamer and some of the others from the Freedom Democratic Party. I was deeply moved by their stories and their dedication. Then I began to look at my own life—suburbanite, absentee mother, Pearson's girl friend—and I didn't like myself very much. I began working with the Freedom Party delegation while I was at the Convention. My allegiance and my whole life

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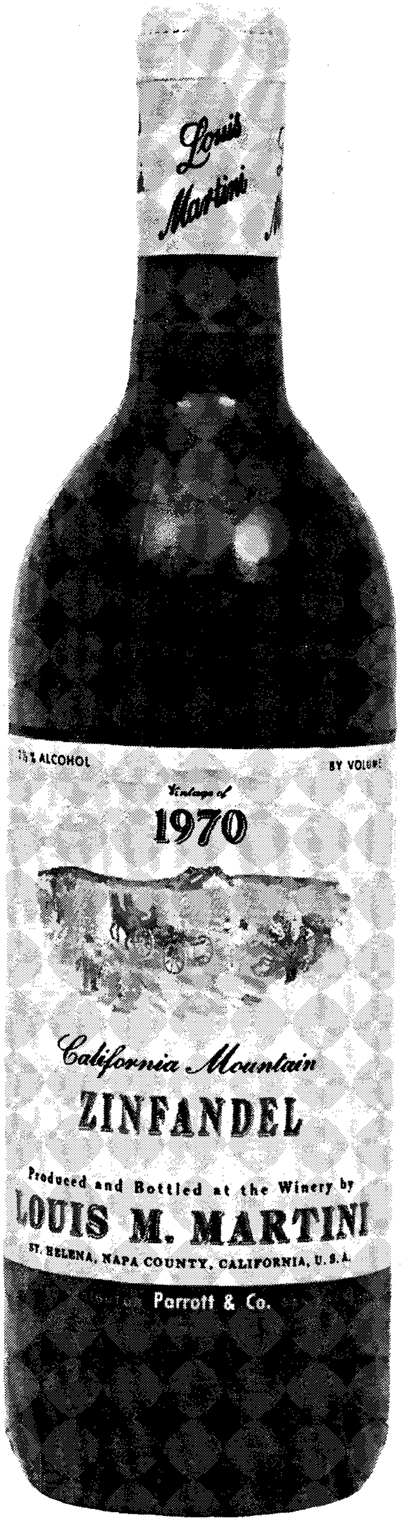

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changed very suddenly. I also went to work for S.N.C.C. at the Convention. One evening, an old black man came up to me in the S.N.C.C. office and asked if I had enough to eat. I realized then, for the first time, that food was really a problem for these people—just getting enough to eat so they could keep going—while I was living in a fancy hotel and eating and drinking whatever I pleased. Until that time, I had never talked to black people, except for my parents' maid, and I became deeply ashamed. I tried again to get Drew to write about the Mississippi Freedom Democrats. But instead of calling Mrs. Hamer he called a member of the credentials committee at the Convention, who told him that the Freedom people did not represent the state and would not be seated as its proper delegates, and that's what Pearson wrote in his column. I quit. He was very upset, and said he didn't want to lose me. He was getting old, and I was his one tie with younger people. Also, I had attacked him not personally but politically. He wasn't used to that from people like me. The liberals usually fawned all over him, but here he was, being called a right-winger by one of them. He didn't understand what had happened to me. After I met the blacks from Mississippi, I felt my life should go to the people. I decided then that I would live with the oppressed and die with them."

Early that fall, Margaret left her children with her ex-husband, and went to work for S.N.C.C. in Batesville, Mississippi. "I worked with kids mainly, teaching them how to type so they could get jobs," she explained. "I learned a lot about their lives, and I can never forget it. The problems of the people there are horrible—little children covered with sores, no food, no clothes, no medicine, shacks falling down over their heads." During the time she was in Batesville, Pearson wrote several letters urging her to come back to him, and when she refused he hired a private plane and flew down to Mississippi to talk to her. He offered to make her a reporter on his staff if she would return, but Margaret told him that it was too late. Not long afterward, she returned to Washington to work for S.N.C.C. there, and when Pearson learned that she was in town he asked her to come to his house for a talk. "I went and he showed me a document saying that I had driven a carload of racially mixed people, some of them Communists, from Mississippi to Washington," she said. "He told me that it was all going to be printed in

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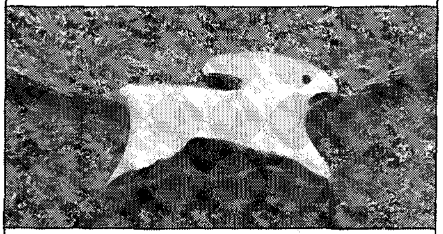

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the papers but that he would help me, and asked me again to come back to him. I told him I didn't want to have anything more to do with him."

Subsequently, S.N.C.C. transferred Margaret to its office in Atlanta. "I was there for a year, and the experience was bitterly frustrating," she said later. "We never seemed to win. Also, I had concluded by then that black people should run their programs for themselves, since white people, however well-meaning they were, always ended up by taking over. During this period, I began to see the real problems of capitalism and what it does to the poor. For the first time, I was able to read Marx without being afraid to face what I read. It all made a lot of sense to me. Anyway, I quit and went back to Washington. I was very tired and pent up—full of rage about what America was doing to the poor and the black. Sometimes my rage fantasies got too much for me, and I considered getting out of this country for a year or so. Instead, I went back to a psychiatrist I had gone to when my marriage was coming apart, and then I took a job with U.P.O. Before long, that seemed as futile as everything else. I was assigned to plan summer programs for black kids in Washington slums. They periodically threatened to riot only so that more of them would be put on our payroll." From time to time, Margaret worked with McSurely on her projects at U.P.O., and before long they fell in love and began living together. He, too, had concluded by this stage that it was a mistake for whites and blacks to work together on civil-rights and anti-poverty programs, and, again like her, he had concluded that the only solution to the problems besetting American society was Marxism. Neither of them saw much to be gained by officially becoming Communists, since the Communist Party of the United States struck them as being hopelessly old-fashioned and stultified, and they decided to experiment and devise their own approach as they went along. In the early winter of 1967, the couple took a long trip across the country, looking for a place where they might settle down to live and work. "Finally, we chose to move to the Southern mountains and work with poor whites," Margaret said. "We thought that the poor people were going to make the revolution."

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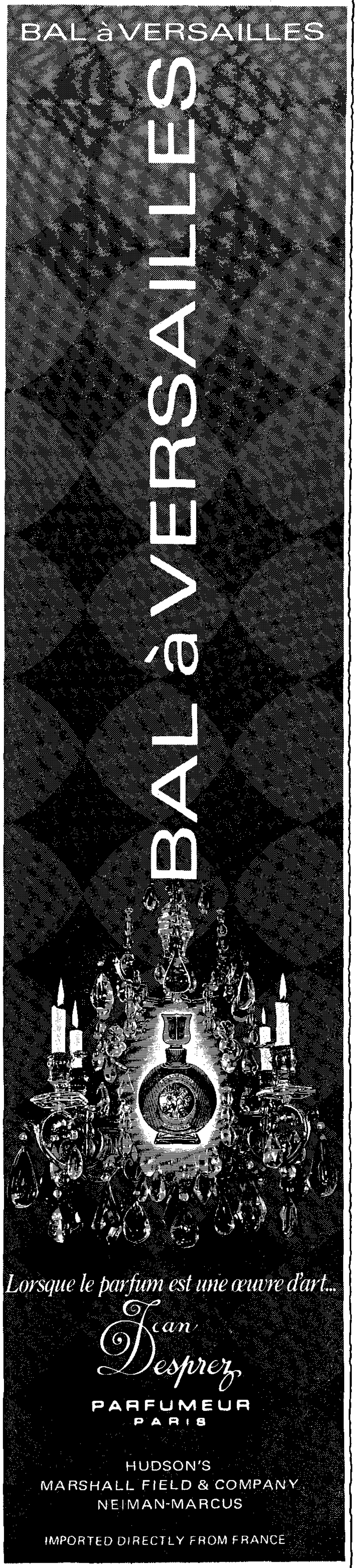

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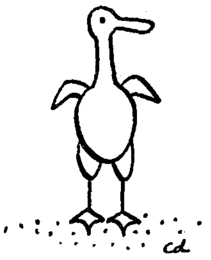
his name—moved to Pikeville. He had taken a job with the A.V.s under the impression that he would be the group's director of training, and was to be paid a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. She went to work for SCEF as a researcher on the coal industry and its effects on the mountain people, at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month. They found a large old frame house for a rental of fifty dollars a month, and on April 2nd they moved in. While Mrs. McSurely was unpacking, McSurely went off to town to get the gas and electricity turned on. During his absence, a visitor arrived at the house—a young man by the name of Gary Bickel, who had recently joined the A.V.s as a temporary consultant on setting up agricultural coöperatives. Bickel struck Mrs. McSurely as being in "a greatly agitated state," and she gathered that he felt some kind of intense competition with McSurely. She talked to him for a few minutes, and then he left, saying he would come back in a couple of days to speak to her husband. The following Saturday morning, Bickel reappeared at the house, and this time McSurely was in. He asked the young man in for coffee and a chat, and before long he learned that Bickel was indeed engaged in some sort of competition with him—principally over some suggestions for various programs that McSurely had sent on to the A.V.s before joining them. Bickel had read the papers, and now he said that he disagreed with McSurely on some fundamental points. "He seemed especially interested in my views on the democratic process—letting the people decide and so on," McSurely has recalled. "He had been to a poor people's meeting and had seen them develop their own bylaws, and thought it was a wonderful process. The bylaws were written by one of the 'people,' all right—an old Socialist union organizer from the thirties. Bickel talked about the 'folks' and the 'poor people' as if they were children. It made me sick and mad." As Bickel got up to go, he mentioned that he had heard a lot of comments about a paper McSurely had written called "A New Political Union," and said that he would like to read it. McSurely gave him a copy of it, and Bickel left.



Later that day, the McSurelys drove to Nashville so that Mrs. McSurely could attend a three-day meeting being held there jointly by SCEF, S.N.C.C., and the Southern Students Organizing Committee. The affair, which was held at the headquarters of the General Board of Evangelism of the Methodist Church, was attended by some eighty officers and members of the three groups, including several clergymen. The participants were kept under constant, and fairly obvious, surveillance by the Nashville police, who may have been rather surprised at the tameness of the meetings and discussions, which always opened and closed with a prayer. All of the meetings were open to the public except a conference at which Stokely Carmichael, one of the emerging leaders of black militants in S.N.C.C., was present. Carmichael had shortly before begun speaking of "black power," and although few people seemed to know what it was supposed to mean, it seemed to frighten just about everybody. Now Carmichael explained what *he* meant by the slogan—that from now on black people should run their own affairs. Blacks should work with blacks, and whites should work with whites, he said, and while members in both groups who agreed on fundamental policies and tactics should coöperate, from this point on black men and women should determine and work for their own goals, while the white people who had been working with them should go out and organize poor whites. "It was very hard for some of the people there to take," Mrs. McSurely said later. "One white man who had spent more than twenty years teaching in a black school in the South asked Stokely if this meant that he had to give up his work now. Very gently and with great sympathy for the man's bewilderment and pain, Stokely said yes, that was what had to be done. He knew how difficult what he was asking was for many of the people there, and he was very calm and sensible. Most of the rank and file of the groups present already had reached the same conclusion—Al and I had—but Stokely was trying to get the old-timers among the directors of our movement to agree. Anyway, there was none of the brimstone nonsense—that black power meant violence and race war—as so many white politicians were saying at the time."

Before the meeting, leaflets were handed out around Nashville announcing that Carmichael was going to speak on "S.N.C.C.—Black Power for Communism" and that the public was welcome. Although the leaflet was obviously fraudulent—it was supposedly written and distributed by SCEF, which was described in it as a Communist-

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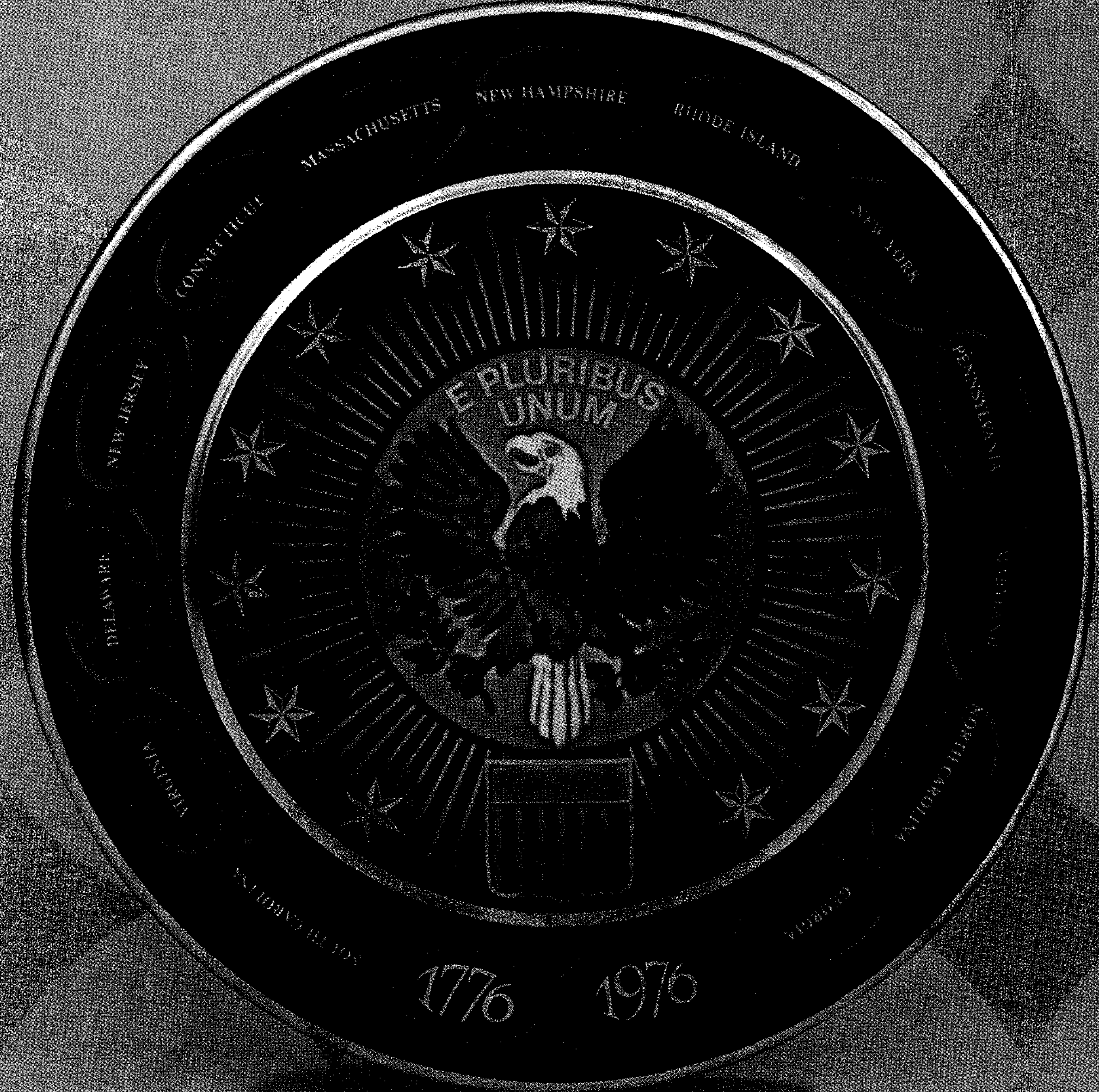
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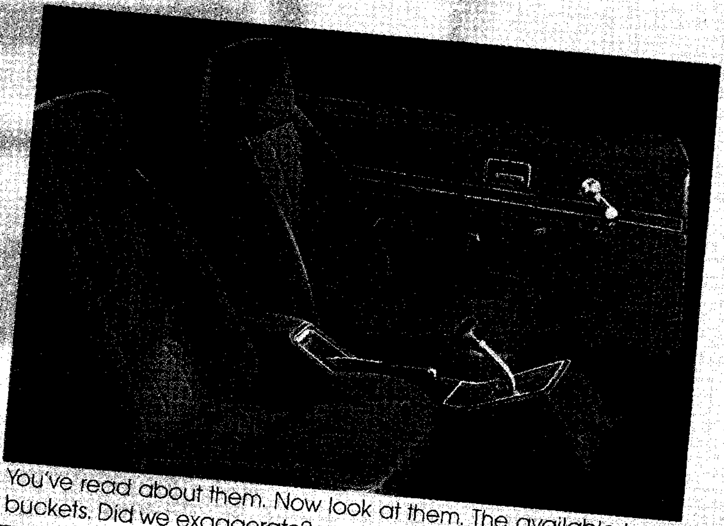

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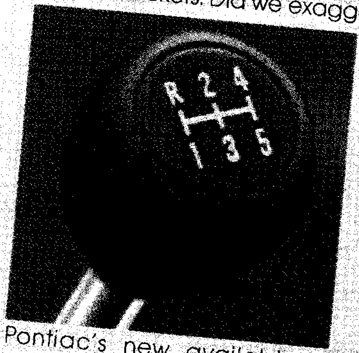

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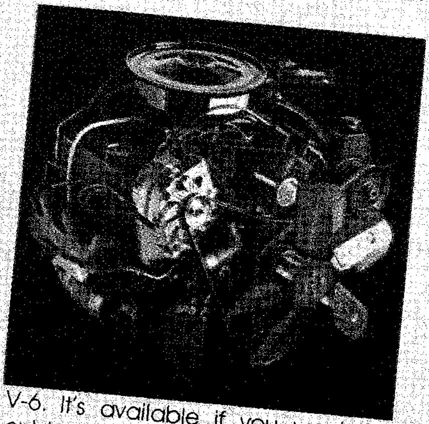

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front group allied with S.N.C.C.—newspaper and television news reports about it stirred up tension in the city. That evening, Carmichael spoke at a public rally held at Tennessee State University, a black school in Nashville, without creating any disturbance, and the next afternoon he spoke at Vanderbilt University. A couple of hours later, when a drunken black soldier was thrown out of a bar, some black students who had often had trouble with the owner of the place picketed it. In time, the police came and tried to disperse them, some rocks and bottles were thrown, the police charged, and some of the participants were arrested. Over the next two days, there was sporadic sniping and arson. Although the National Guard was called out, the affair was a modest kind of riot for that period, with only seventeen people injured and thirty thousand dollars in property damage.

The McSurelys left town shortly after the meeting at which Carmichael explained black power, and drove directly to Knoxville for a staff meeting of the A.V.s. When they arrived, McSurely was met by a friend he had known for years who had worked with him in Gum Springs and was now a field man with the A.V.s, too. "Al, you're in real trouble," the man told him. "Gary Bickel has been Red-baiting you over that paper you gave him, and you're about to get fired."

Bickel, it emerged, had photocopied "A New Political Union" and sent it around to officers and members of the A.V.s, accompanied by a note saying that McSurely was both a Leninist and a Trotskyite and that for the good of the A.V.s he should be fired at once. Most members of the staff, McSurely was stunned to learn, appeared to agree with Bickel; in fact, the outfit's director, a man named Milton Ogle, was said to have been so perturbed by the paper that he had been unable to sleep after reading it. McSurely had written "A New Political Union" back in January, and had sent copies of it to various people he knew around the country, including the friend in the A.V.s who had just warned him. Near the beginning of the paper, McSurely predicted that the 1968 Presidential candidates would be Robert Kennedy and Ronald Reagan. Such a contest, he observed, would be "an intramural football game, arranged by the owners of both teams, to see which team gets to play around with the lives of 96% of American citizens for four years"—a game, he added, that was "sick" and had led more and more people "to see the need for gaining na-

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tional power." Then McSurely wrote, "Taking national power is necessary. Now is the time to begin a new national political union." After discussing whether those who agreed with this view should continue working "within the electoral system" or "without it" in small, well-disciplined cadres of the sort advocated by Lenin, McSurely recommended that this decision be postponed, together with an answer to the question whether the new union should have "strong central leadership and authority" or should "follow the ephemeral whims of the democratic process." Having rhetorically answered the postponed question, McSurely went on to clarify what he proposed: "democratic contractualism, which consists of groups coming to a written agreement on programs and strategies through an educational and democratic process—and then carrying out this contractual agreement through a strong, centrally-controlled organization." Democratic contractualism called for an effort to get young people to vote ("Strategically, we must continue to demonstrate the glaring faults in our 'democratic' system for future nonelectoral strategies"); for transfer of the steel, aluminum, oil, coal, automobile, airplane, train, ship, and highway construction industries to a "worker government" ("These sources of goods and services represent the strongest economic and educational influence on this nation's working class. Therefore, they should be controlled and developed by the working class"); for an end to racism ("National relocation programs and regional re-education programs [would be set up for] discriminatees and discriminators. Any person who claims he has been discriminated against and who wants to move himself and/or his family will be provided free moving and job counseling at his destination. Any person who violates anti-discrimination statutes will be enrolled in mass re-education programs, with emphasis on self-examination and group interaction"); and for a national convention to be held by democratic contractualists that summer to draw up a program for governing the country ("Once a *written* program is accepted and adopted by the National Committee, it serves as the guide for all party organizing and campaigning. . . . No compromises will be allowed. The national newspaper and committee will have to take a very hard stand on this rule. This is what we call democratic contractualism").

Although some people were inclined to call it puerile nonsense, the tumultuous discord of the period led others to

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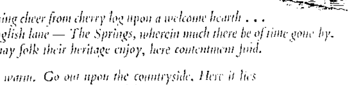

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recoil in terror at any suggestion that something more than reform was necessary to straighten out the country. To some of those who knew McSurely, his proposal seemed to be a fantasy that suggested far less about society's need than about his own need for authority. "Al is the kind of man who has to have a strict theory of existence to keep himself together," one acquaintance of his said. "His outlook is bound to scare some people, but it's all pretty harmless." For his own part, McSurely was hurt and bewildered by the general reaction to what he had written, and later said about his critics, "Instead of reading the ideas, they began to project onto the paper their own fantasies about violence and political theories." In the end, it was difficult to take either side very seriously. "If the A.V.s had been sensible, they would have simply told McSurely to shut up and do his work if he wanted to stay on the payroll," a man who observed the affair said later. "And if McSurely had really hoped to accomplish anything, he would have quietly gone about organizing a few stalwarts to work among the poor in the mountains. All that inflammatory rhetoric left over from the thirties was bound to bring him down, and anybody except a man hellbent on self-destruction would have seen it. Afterward, he claimed that he had been misunderstood. Sure he was misunderstood. What he failed to see was that you can't wave a pistol around, and then complain when you're shot down that it wasn't loaded."

In mid-April, a week after the issue was raised, McSurely was summoned to a staff meeting at the A.V.s' headquarters in Bristol, Tennessee—a six-hour debate on whether or not he should remain on the payroll. The decision was put off. At a large meeting of various anti-poverty groups held in the mountains two weeks later, McSurely delivered a report on various aspects of the A.V.s' training program, and afterward he felt that the report had been well received, that most of the anger had drained out of the opposition, and that he would be made training director after all. Five days later, Ogle summoned McSurely to the Bristol headquarters and fired him. In a description of the episode written later by the A.V.s' former information officer, the dismissal was attributed to an unexpected quarter:

> About the worst you can say of Al McSurely's personal style is that it includes a dash of arrogance and a certain dogmatic conviction about his political

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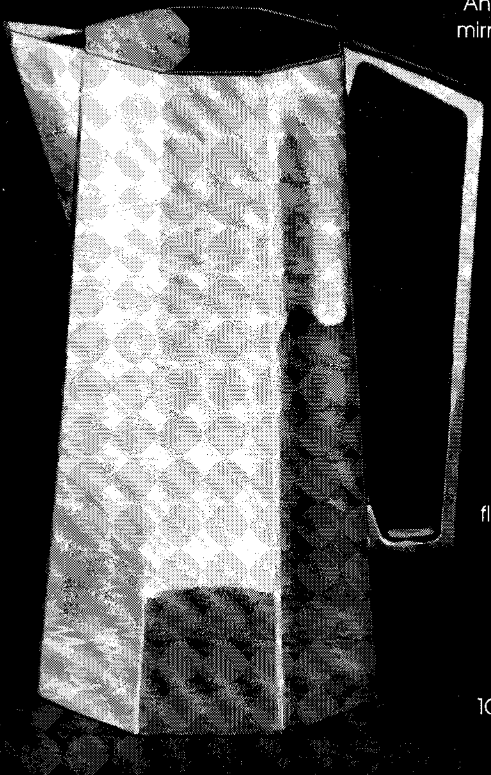

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views. That's not much of a criticism these days, but it was too much for some of the A.V.s; they were gradualists, reformers, uncertain politically, hopeful that somehow people were going to get together and make the system respond; and Al came on a little like a revolutionary.... But the A.V. staff was not as stirred by Al McSurely's thinking as was one of the organization's principal advisers, Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles, who had written admiringly of the Volunteers... and had become one of the organization's big guns because of his close connections with a number of foundations. In 1967 the leaders of the A.V.s were plunging headlong into the foundation-wooing business, and the friendship of Robert Coles was regarded as crucial. His reaction to Al McSurely was ferocious; in a letter to the director of the A.V.s, Coles said that McSurely was "doctrinaire, arrogant, dogmatic, and brutally ideological..." The letter ended with Coles's resignation as an A.V. consultant. There was an immediate reaction from the A.V. leadership: McSurely was fired, and Coles was piped aboard again.

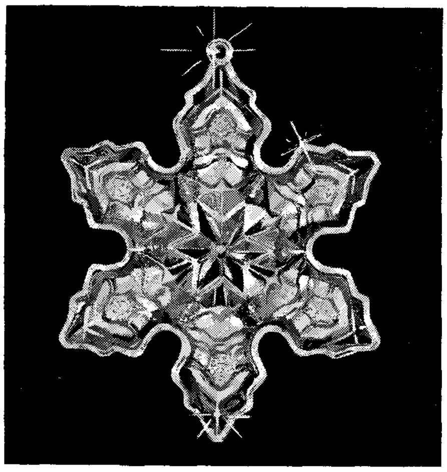
Although McSurely was angered by the dismissal, in time he came to view the event with some detachment. "Coles was spokesman for Robert Kennedy through Sargent Shriver, the director of the O.E.O., and in terms of looking after the government's interests he was right in getting me fired," McSurely said recently. "I guess he read my paper and saw that the A.V. structure was weak and that I would have undue influence. Coles didn't want me to be training VISTAs and the Peace Corpsmen who got training in the mountains before going abroad. But I would have liked to meet Coles, just to see a man who could make such a strong judgment about a person without ever having met or talked to him."

As for Dr. Coles, he recently explained his role in the affair by saying, "I made the judgment not about McSurely but about what he had written. The last thing the working people of Appalachia needed in the nineteen-sixties, or need today, is overblown Marxist rhetoric. I had spent years working with Appalachian families and felt that the kind of ideological language that McSurely was using would confuse the people of the region. The language certainly confused me."

Other critics of McSurely pointed out that it was hardly ethical for him to take money from the government and then use the money to try to overthrow the government; that after twenty years of anti-Communist fear in America it was not entirely reasonable to go around shouting words and phrases of such unmistakably Marxist lineage as McSurely's unless one wanted trouble; that the anti-poverty program was being conducted in an exceedingly hostile environment, in which politics were of primary importance; and, finally, that the likeliest result of McSurely's demagogic approach would be to overthrow not the system but any sensible attempts to make it responsive to the people's needs. As sound as these criticisms may have been, in the end McSurely's opponents on the government's side were far more wrongheaded and self-destructive than he was. For one thing, McSurely had said and done nothing that was in any way illegal, and he was, like any citizen, entitled to the right of free speech. For another thing, his approach to the social problems of the nation was so unrealistic that it was bound to be utterly ineffectual, and it thereby conformed to the limits placed on such behavior by the Supreme Court—that is, if words and acts aren't likely to incite imminent lawless action, they are entirely within the protection of the Constitution. But, most important of all, the attack on McSurely provided exactly the sort of weapon that the true enemies of the war on poverty—businessmen who wanted cheap labor and right-wing politicians who served them—needed to crush it once and for all.

A few weeks after being fired, McSurely went on the SCEF payroll at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month, and continued doing much the same kind of work he had done with the A.V.s. He also went to work, on an irregular basis and at even less money, for the National Conference for New Politics, a disorganized movement on the left that was to founder and collapse within a few months, and for Vietnam Summer, which was one of the earlier attempts to mobilize anti-war sentiment across the country. In mid-July, McSurely's divorce became final, so he and Margaret went off to the next county and got married. By then, she was four months pregnant. She was also becoming more and more unhappy about living in the mountains, largely because she felt that her husband wasn't accomplishing much of anything and that she was accomplishing nothing at all besides keeping house for the two of them. But McSurely was determined to go on fighting. "Whatever happens, Margaret and I are going to stay here," he announced.

Not long after McSurely was fired, Mulloy asked him if he could borrow



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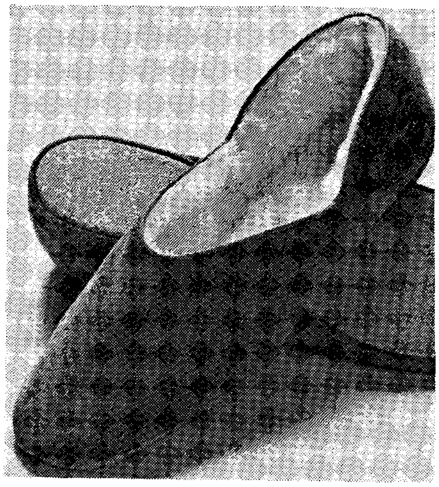
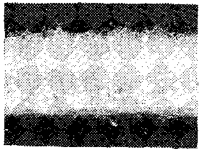
his large house for a week; a group of thirty-two VISTA and Peace Corps trainees was arriving soon for a week-long session, he explained, and there was no other available place in the area that was large enough to accommodate it. Despite what had happened, the McSurelys agreed, and moved into the Mulloys' house while the Mulloys took over theirs. To make sure that the owner of the large house would not object to the arrangement, McSurely and his wife drew up a set of strict rules for the temporary occupants and took it to their landlord, a man named James Madison Compton. Once they showed him the rules and explained that the training session would be much like a religious retreat for laymen, he consented to the plan. And then Mrs. Easterling stopped by to tell Compton that the trainees and some local teenagers who had been recruited to participate in the week-long session would spend a good part of their time working at her Folk School, on Marrowbone Creek, and to assure him that she would make sure they took good care of his house and property. The McSurelys had got along well with Compton and his family. Compton had helped Mrs. McSurely lay out and dig a vegetable garden; she ordinarily baked an extra loaf of bread every other day for him; and one of his sons cut the McSurelys' lawn and tended the yard. Now Mulloy attempted to make Compton even more comfortable about the VISTA and Peace Corps trainees' use of his house by agreeing to buy all groceries for their stay from a nearby general store owned by his son, James Marion Compton. Then Mulloy and Mrs. Easterling invited a number of local officials—including Commonwealth Attorney Ratliff, Chamber of Commerce President Holcomb, and Magistrate Bentley—to drop in during the training session to see what was going on. All of them accepted the invitation, but none of them showed up. Five weeks later, on July 20th, the elder Compton told the McSurelys that they would have to move. He was apologetic, assured them that they had been good tenants, and explained that his daughter needed the house for her family—as it happened, in ten days' time. The only place the McSurelys could find that they could afford on their monthly income of less than two hundred dollars was the ramshackle cottage on Harold's Branch. They asked for a few days' extension of their stay in the large house so they could paint and repair the cottage, and Compton readily agreed. On their last





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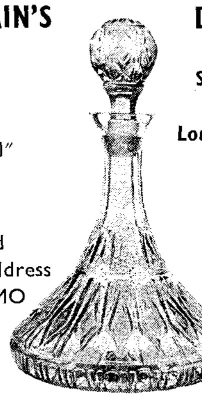

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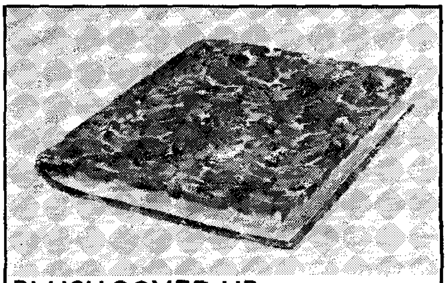

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day there, August 4th, the elder Compton stopped in to tell them how sorry he was to see them leave, and to wish them luck.

Exactly a week later, on August 11th, a group of men met in a room at the Pike County Courthouse. Among them were Pike Quarterly Court Judge Pauley, Commonwealth Attorney Ratliff, Pike County Sheriff Justice, Pike County Attorney Marrs Allen May, five of the county's eight magistrates, Chamber of Commerce President Holcomb, and the two Comptons. After a lengthy discussion, the lawyers in the group drafted the kind of affidavit that is required before a search warrant can be issued. The affidavit stated:

> The affiant, James [Marion] Compton, a reputable citizen of Pike County, Kentucky, who has first been sworn, says that he . . . has reasonable grounds to suspect and believe and that he does suspect and believe that seditious printed matter and printing press or other machinery to print and circulate seditious matter is being kept on the premises of Alan McSurely. . . . That the grounds for his belief or information are as follows: (1) That he knows the following facts: On August 4, 1967, he was informed by James Madison Compton, a reputable citizen of Pike County, Kentucky, that on said August 4, 1967, at approximately 12:00 noon, that the said James Madison Compton did observe certain seditious materials, being pamphlets, films, pictures and articles or equipment used in the teaching of sedition and printing and circulating seditious matter at or on the above described premises.

ON the morning after the raid, Ratliff told reporters that Compton had evicted the McSurelys after seeing their collection of books and "a parade of strange-looking visitors at their house"—apparently the VISTA and Peace Corps trainees. Ratliff went on to say that during the raid on the McSurelys he had found a "Communistic library out of this world," which included instructions for using weapons and fighting guerrilla warfare, and he added, "We are going to do everything we can to get them out of Pike County. We don't approve of using federal money for the purposes they have been using it." Since the McSurelys hadn't had the use of federal money for several months, Ratliff seemed to be referring to the anti-poverty workers in general. "We had reports that these two people were here and that they were Communists," he went on. "This apparently is one of their training grounds. . . . They have been getting real close to our young people. They have what they call the Marrowbone Folk School out in the

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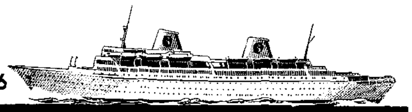

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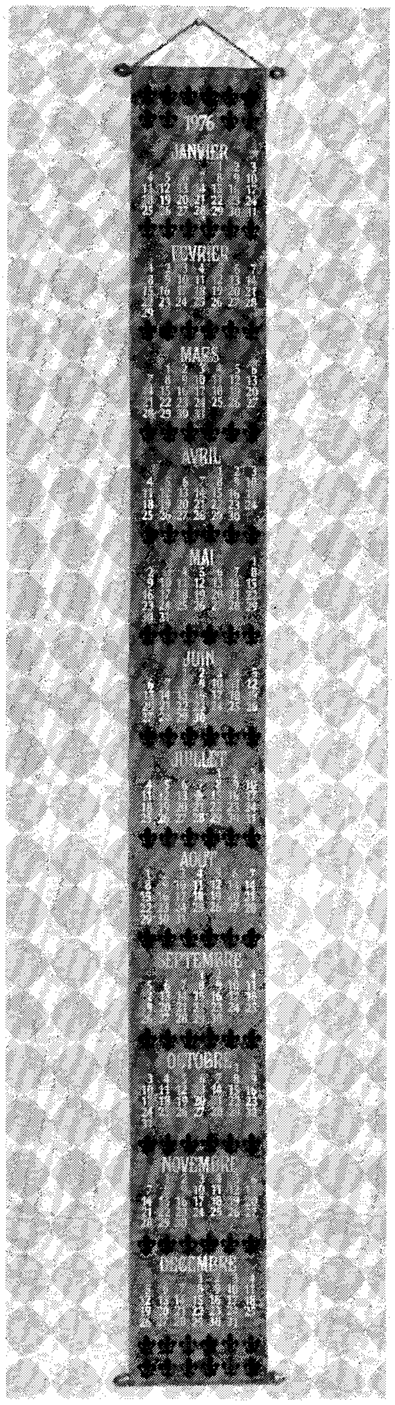

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county, which, I understand, is an indoctrination school. They have helped get boys into the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and they have taken some young people to civil-rights meetings in Chicago and other places." Ratliff said that the McSurelys not only had connections with the A.V.s and VISTA but were working with radicals throughout the United States. "We found names and addresses of people all over the country and various white papers on how best to indoctrinate the mountain people, how they intended to take power in this country, how to exploit the strip-mine issue. . . . Every piece of evidence we have points to just one objective—to stir up dissension and create turmoil among our poor." Ratliff also told the reporters that he would make the material he had seized available to congressional investigators and would demand that the federal government withdraw all anti-poverty funds and all anti-poverty workers from Appalachia at once. A reporter questioned Sheriff Justice about the books he and his men had confiscated and asked for a sample title out of the "Communistic library." Justice answered, " 'Catch-22.' " Robert Holcomb, the head of the local Chamber of Commerce and of the Independent Coal Operators Association, was asked by a reporter what role the latter organization had played in the raids, and Holcomb replied, "You might say we spearheaded the investigation."

For breakfast that morning, each of the inmates in the Pikeville jail was served a cold fried egg, half a slice of bologna, gravy, two pieces of plain white bread, a spoonful of applesauce, and coffee. Not long afterward, the McSurelys and Mulloy were taken to the courthouse for a bail hearing. Dan Jack Combs was there to represent them, and he asked Judge Pauley, who was presiding, to reduce their bail—five thousand dollars apiece for McSurely and Mulloy and two thousand dollars for Mrs. McSurely—but Pauley refused. Later that day, Mulloy was bailed out and released. But the McSurelys couldn't raise their bond money immediately, because the local bondsman refused to touch their case, and then they realized that they were probably safer in jail anyway. The raid the night before had shown them how helpless they were out at Harold's Branch, and had reminded them of all the stories they'd heard since arriving in the mountains about beatings and lynchings of people who got out of line. And Combs had warned them that within hours everyone in Pikeville would have heard about Ratliff's charges and that there was certain to be "some high feeling" against them.

By nightfall, the feeling in the community was high indeed. "When this thing broke, there was mass hysteria here, and a wild kind of paranoia took hold," Combs has said. "A few days after the hearing, I got up one morning and there was a cross burning on my front lawn. Then people started calling on the telephone and threatening me and my family. One man told my wife, 'You better tell Dan Jack to pack his bags when we run these Communists out of town. He is one of them. No one else would defend them. We'll shoot him if he doesn't get out.' I tried to tell people like that that I could represent a rapist or a robber without being a rapist or a robber, and, in fact, that I had even represented Republicans. But I got nowhere. Then the crazy attacks even began infecting me, so I asked Margaret if she and Al were Communists. She said, 'No, they're too conservative.' That helped some, but not a whole lot. A schoolteacher told the class my daughter was in that Dan Jack Combs should be run out of town. Plenty of other people felt that way, and worse. I learned that a contract had been given out on me—to beat me badly but not kill me. I walked looking back over my shoulder for a week or so. But I didn't think I had to be careful even in court. I was leaving there one morning when a fellow came up behind me. He had a knife and was just about to stab me when someone stopped him. Most of all, though, I was scared for the McSurelys. The community was so hysterical anything could have happened."

James Millstone, a top reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, went to Pikeville to cover the story, and talked to several local residents about their fears of a Communist takeover of Pike County. A man who worked in a hardware store told him, "Rumors have been around here that there's two of 'em a-livin' up there on Island Creek. I've heard they go out of a night. If they're what we heard they are, we want 'em out." Millstone pressed the man to explain what these people were supposed to be doing, but all he would say was "They go out of a night." Then a fresh rumor swept through the community—that the McSurelys had already organized a contingent of Red Guards, on the Chinese model, and that it was mobilizing to rescue them. "Word went out there was going to be a riot, that people from up North was going to come down and bust the jail open and get the McSurelys out," a local woman has recalled. "Everybody started getting guns. Somebody even borrowed a shotgun from Dan Jack."

Mrs. McSurely was frightened and dispirited. Most of all, she feared the effects that her experience might have on her unborn child, and asked to see the doctor who had been taking care of her. He visited her and after an examination said that neither she nor the baby would be harmed if she had to stay in jail for a couple of weeks. He was very kind to her and was deeply upset about the behavior of the townspeople. When he left the jail, he was accosted on the street by a man who insulted him for giving medical care to "that Communist slut." The doctor paused long enough to threaten the man with a horsewhipping if he said another word, and then strode on. Mrs. McSurely was also depressed by her surroundings. The cell she was in was small, with dark-gray, stained walls, and contained four bunks that had wooden slabs for springs and thin, filthy mattresses. There were no sheets, and each woman had a single worn blanket. The cell had four windows, three of them entirely without panes and one with a few slivers of glass remaining here and there in its frame. Rain and the cold night air from the mountains blew in, leaving the cell clammy and its occupants shivering. A bare bulb, which had to be screwed in and out to turn it on and off, hung from the middle of the ceiling; in the adjoining bathroom there was no light, no glass in the window, no hot water in the basin, and no water at all in the shower. The food served the prisoners was scarcely enough to support an adult; a typical lunch consisted of half a cup of lukewarm red beans, watery mashed potatoes, and a slice of tomato, and a typical dinner consisted of more red beans, cold macaroni, half a canned peach, and a couple of soggy cookies. Most depressing of all to Mrs. McSurely, though, were her thoughts about the future. She was confident that she and her husband would get out of jail before long and that the sedition charge would ultimately be thrown out, but she was also confident that McSurely would insist on staying in the mountains. And from the time of the raid on their house she had been convinced that if they remained in the mountains they wouldn't accomplish much and sooner or later

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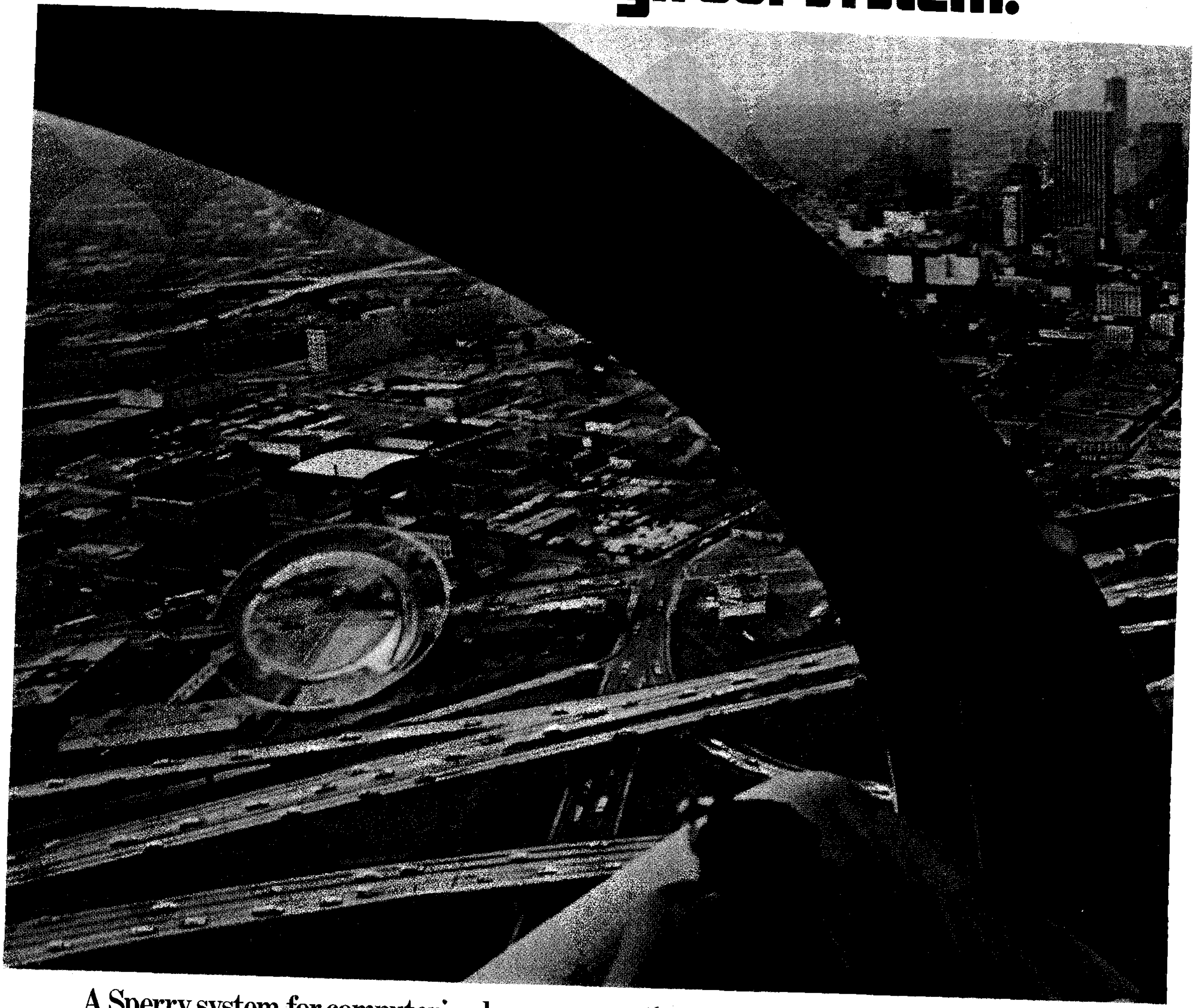

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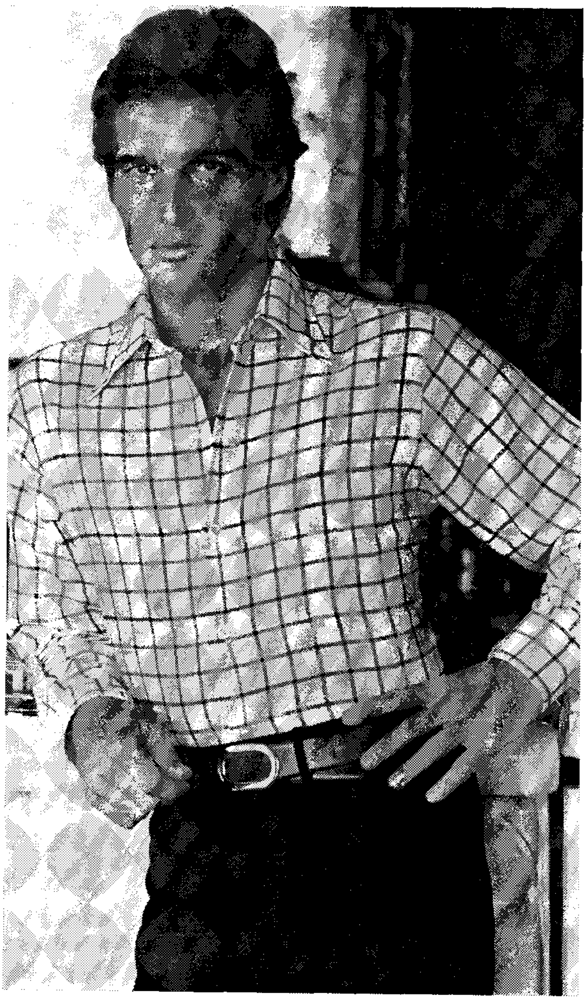
they would probably be killed. To comfort herself, she borrowed some paper and a pencil from a sympathetic jailer and wrote down a few verses from the Gospels that she remembered from her childhood:

> And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, "Blessed are ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.
>
> "Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh.
>
> "Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake.
>
> "Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."

McSurely, on the other hand, was not wholly displeased to be in jail. At the age of thirty-one, he was a decade older than the thousands of idealistic young people who had been locked up around the country for protesting against racism and the war in Vietnam. His main concern at the time was his wife's pregnancy, and he smuggled a letter to her urging that she get in touch with the Bradens and see if they could at least raise her bond money. Once out of jail, he added, she could move back to the cottage if that seemed safe, or she could ask Combs to find her somewhere to live for the time being. He also suggested that she might send some telegrams to people in the Movement asking for money and public support. But these matters were secondary, and, in confirmation of her worst fears, he wrote, "It seems to me that our major problem on getting out is re-establishing ourselves in the Pikeville community. I think we need to . . . explain that our cause is their cause." McSurely also wrote some notes to himself, including a quotation from a speech by James Madison attacking the Sedition Act of 1798: it "turns loose upon us the utmost invention of insatiable malice and ambition, which, in all ages, have debauched morals, depressed liberty, shackled religion, supported despotism, and deluged the scaffold with blood." Before long, McSurely got a message from his wife. "I really feel hung up," she wrote. "I am worried and don't have your good spirits all the time. I need you. The baby moves around a lot. I think [staying here] looks bad, like I don't care about it. But I don't know where I would go if I got out without you." He wrote back to her, "When we get out I will hold you for 3 days straight, and we will frolic and gambol with each other, knowing full well that our freedom is in here—that in our topsy-turvy society the only free ones are those who have engaged it and lost—for the time being." Then he wrote a poem:

> Trying to lock ideas in jail
> Is like trying to stop
> Time by breaking the hands
>   off a clock.
> While our bodies are confined,
> Our ideas fly through the
> Thick wire screens to the people.
> Trying to stop people from
>   reading, writing, and speaking
> Is like trying to stop
>   someone from getting older.
> When will they ever learn?

IMMEDIATELY after the bail hearing, Combs filed a habeas-corpus motion, and on the following Monday, two days later, a hearing on the motion was convened by Judge James Stephenson, of the Pike Circuit Court. Combs argued that under state law an arresting magistrate had to set bond or transfer the authority to set bond to a county judge, and that neither step had been taken in this case; that the arrest warrants did not, as required under law, specify the amount of bond to be set; that the bonds imposed by Judge Pauley were excessive; and that the defense's request at the bail hearing for an immediate hearing to determine whether the case merited being sent to trial had been unjustly denied. For all these reasons, Combs stated, the defendants were being illegally detained and should be released at once. Judge Stephenson denied the motion. Frequently during the hearing, the Judge, who had coal-mine interests, consulted the Commonwealth Attorney on points of law, and when Ratliff told him, in open court, that the jailer had overheard McSurely say over the telephone to a friend who called him from Washington that he "liked being in jail," the Judge said he was infuriated that the hearing was being held at all. Actually, McSurely had told his friend that he and his wife were "proud to be political prisoners, along with our brothers and sisters" who had been jailed for protesting against racism—many of them in the riots that blazed through the country's black slums that summer. And Judge Stephenson became even angrier when Ratliff told him that Mrs. McSurely's parents, who had arrived in Pikeville the day before to help their daughter, had told another judge that they had tried to post her bond but that she had refused to accept it. Combs immediately asked for a recess to discuss the matter with Mrs. McSurely's parents, the Reverend and Mrs. Ralph Herring, who then told him that they hadn't been near a judge



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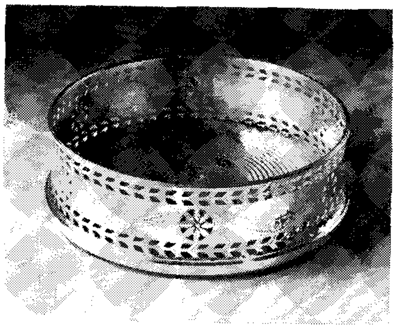

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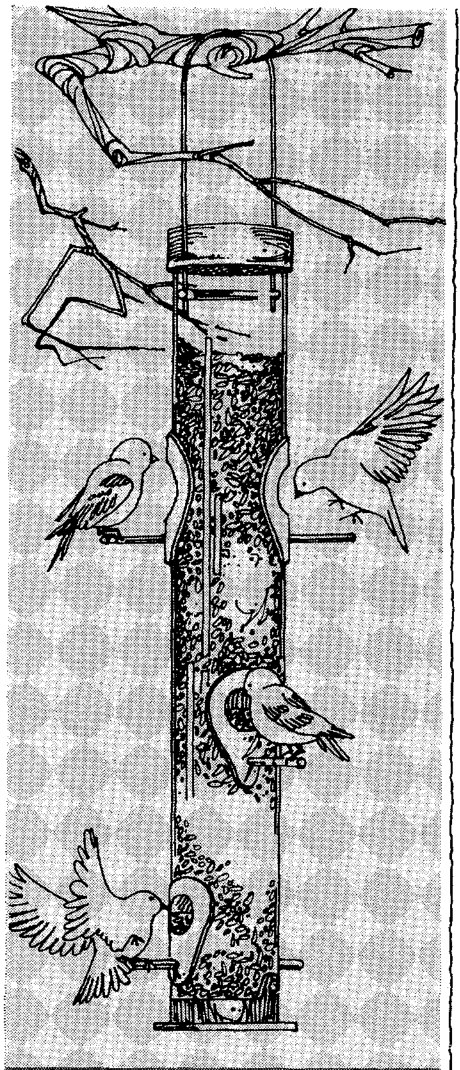

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but that Mr. Herring had mentioned to a fellow Baptist minister in town, whom they consulted, that they would raise the bail money somehow if their daughter was in any danger. When court reconvened, Combs called Mrs. Herring to the stand, but Judge Stephenson refused to allow her to testify. If what Ratliff said was true, he sternly told Combs, then the habeas-corpus hearing was a "farce," which he would not countenance; if it wasn't true, he went on, then Ratliff would "take it back."

In the corridor outside the courtroom afterward, Combs angrily told reporters that Ratliff could "claim a victory in his political ambitions and also a gain for his strip-mine friends." Ratliff, when told what Combs had said about him, expressed shock at the "unjustified and grossly untrue" charge, and then he went on a local radio program to inform the voters that he had been compelled to take time off from his political campaign in order to investigate the sedition case but that he would press on with that work even if it cost him the election. "When I began to investigate these charges, I knew that the McSurelys and the Bradens and their kind would try to harm my candidacy for lieutenant governor," he said. "These are the smear tactics always used by their kind against anyone who opposes them." The O.E.O. made a study of the affair, and in a confidential report to Sargent Shriver it was stated that the arrests of the McSurelys and Mulloy were "the result of a campaign on the part of some local officials, particularly Commonwealth Attorney Thomas Ratliff, to drive the A.V.s out of Pike County," and, in addition, that Ratliff "thinks it is a good campaign issue." According to an F.B.I. agent quoted in the report, Ratliff might lose the sedition case in federal court, but his primary objective of "ridding Pike County of the antipoverty workers" would be accomplished. A little later, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* noted that Ratliff, "a decided underdog in the state-wide November election, is expected to profit handsomely from his association with the case," and added, "Some observers think he is in a good position to upset his Democratic opponent."

At the start of the sedition case, Combs assumed that it would be a straightforward criminal matter in which he would test the legal procedures, the witnesses, and the evidence presented by the prosecutor. While Combs was a capable lawyer, with a successful practice and fairly broad ex-

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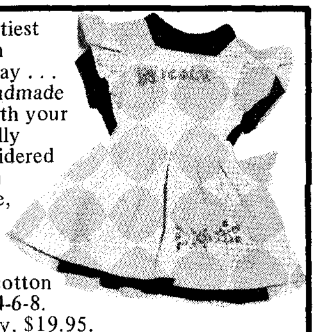

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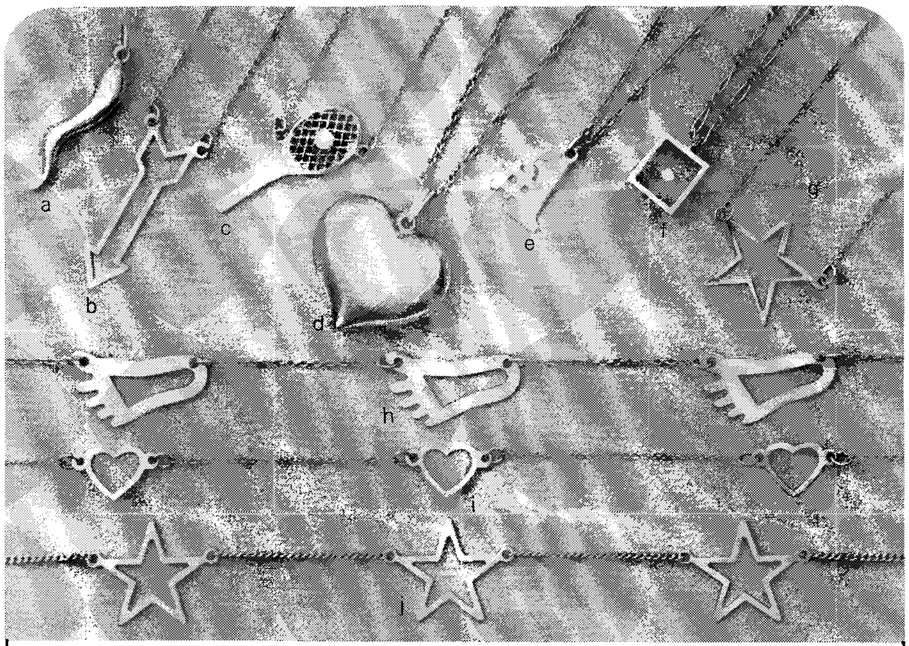
perience in criminal cases, he was not an expert on constitutional law. The social and political discord of the nineteen-sixties produced a good many experts of that sort, and they, in turn, produced a new body of constitutional law in the form of Supreme Court rulings. One of these experts was William Kunstler, who responded to Mrs. Braden's summons that weekend by flying out to Lexington, Kentucky, and taking the first step in what was to be a bitter legal contest that continues to this day. It was obvious to Kunstler that the proper approach to the sedition case at that stage was to be found in a suit that SCEF had been involved in a few years before. In 1963, the Louisiana Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities dispatched its agents to conduct a raid on SCEF's offices in New Orleans. They carted away everything in the place and arrested SCEF's executive director, Dr. James A. Dombrowski, on a charge of violating the Louisiana Subversive Activities and Communist Control Law. Dombrowski sued various officials of the State of Louisiana for violating his constitutional rights, and the issue went to the Supreme Court, which agreed that the state law was unconstitutional. In the decision, handed down in 1965, the Court stated that freedom of expression is "of transcendent value to all society" and that whenever official acts have a "chilling effect upon the exercise of First Amendment rights" and threaten immediate and irreparable harm to an individual, the injured party can go directly to the federal courts for a quick ruling on the matter, and thereby avoid the prolonged delay and additional hardship that state court proceedings often entail. The Supreme Court's purpose in Dombrowski was to stop state prosecutors in the South from harassing civil-rights workers by prosecuting them under clearly unconstitutional state laws, which were certain to be ultimately overturned by federal courts. By tying up civil-rights activists in state and federal courts for months or years, segregationists hoped to sap their time, money, and energies to such a degree that they would finally give up and go home. The Dombrowski case was particularly important in Kentucky, for in the mid-nineteen-fifties Carl Braden, co-director of SCEF, was convicted of sedition against the state after a house that he had sold to a black family in Lexington was blown up; unable to raise his forty-thousand-dollar bail while appealing the verdict, Braden spent eight months in prison. The Kentucky Supreme



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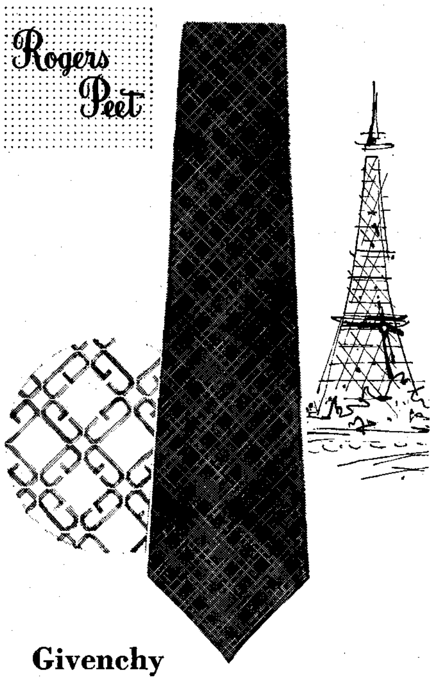
Court reversed his conviction after the United States Supreme Court ruled in Pennsylvania v. Nelson, in 1956, that state sedition laws were preëmpted by a congressional act passed in the nineteen-forties that gave the federal government the job of guaranteeing the states' republican form of government. It was precisely to stop the kind of harassment Braden had suffered that Dombrowski had been formulated.

Although the First Amendment's guarantees of freedom of speech, press, assembly, and religion referred to in Dombrowski seemed to apply less pertinently to the McSurely case than did the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of freedom from "unreasonable search and seizure," the Dombrowski decision—above all, the "chilling effect" it spoke of—was clearly relevant. Accordingly, on August 16th, five days after the raid and arrest, Kunstler filed a motion before the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Kentucky, in Lexington, asking that a three-judge panel be convened, as the Dombrowski rule specifically provided for, to consider the issue of whether Kentucky's sedition law was constitutional; he also asked for a temporary restraining order to prevent further prosecution of the McSurelys by the state on the sedition charge until the issue was settled, and for an order impounding the materials confiscated from their house. District Court Judge Bernard Moynahan, Jr., rejected the last two requests but granted the request for a three-judge panel to hear the case, and sent notice of his decision on to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, across the Ohio River in Cincinnati. On August 28th, Circuit Court Judge Bert Combs, a former Democratic governor of Kentucky (and no relation of Lawyer Combs, as Dan Jack was often called locally), named himself, Moynahan, and District Court Judge James Gordon to serve as members of the special panel. Two days after that, Judge Combs ordered that a hearing on the case be held on the afternoon of September 1st.

DURING the two weeks' time between the request for a federal-court hearing and the hearing, a number of other developments took place. The O.E.O., fearing that it would be politically contaminated by association with McSurely, announced that he had never been connected with it except for serving as a "consultant" to the A.V.s for "a short time;" this left out the fact that he had worked for an O.E.O.-funded organization for the



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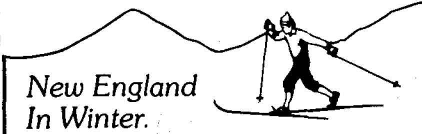

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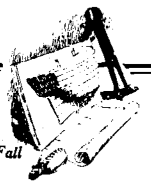

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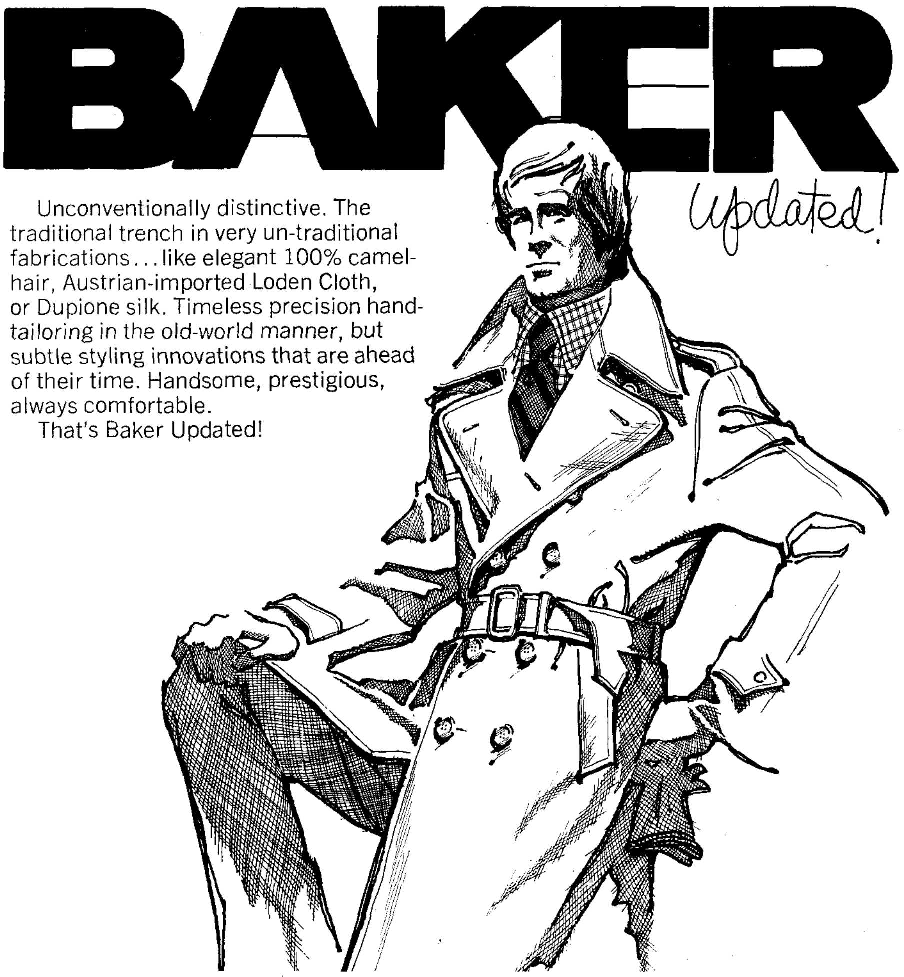
past three years in Washington. Then Shriver and Governor Breathitt, a Democrat, issued a joint statement announcing that all federal funding of the A.V.s in Kentucky was to be cut off as of September 1st; Breathitt publicly commended the move as being "in the best interest of the needy people of Kentucky." On August 18th, a preliminary hearing on the McSurely case was conducted in Pike Quarterly Court to determine whether there was enough evidence supporting the sedition charge to send the case to a grand jury. Judge Pauley presided, and allowed two witnesses to testify. One of them was Sheriff Justice, who described the books by Communists and about Communism that he had seen at the McSurelys' place. (He was something less than an expert witness on the subject of Communist writings, since at the time he had on display in his funeral parlor several copies of "False Witness," by Harvey Matusow, which had been taken from the McSurelys' and which Justice failed to realize described rigged hearings against supposed Communists.) And the other was the younger Compton, who stated that on one of his visits to the McSurelys' he had seen a photograph showing black people and white people together. (The picture was a framed enlargement of a photograph that had appeared in the New York *Times*; it showed Robert F. Kennedy in Mississippi, smiling at a couple of Negro sharecroppers, who were regarding him with the utmost suspicion.) Compton also testified that he had seen a picture of Nikita Khrushchev. (The picture was of Che Guevara.) Then Judge Pauley called a recess to enable him to peruse the materials seized in the raid. He reconvened the court an hour later, and announced that there was ample evidence to justify turning the matter over to a grand jury.

During this period, Mrs. McSurely became increasingly concerned about a matter that she hadn't given much thought to at first—some love letters that Drew Pearson had written her, which she had half hidden at the back of a shelf in her bedroom closet and which had been confiscated by the raiders. She assumed that Ratliff, and probably all the other local officials involved, had read the letters—a thought that made her angry and sick with embarrassment every time it occurred to her—and she was beginning to fear that the letters might be used in some fashion to harm Pearson. She sent word to him about what had happened through a couple of friends in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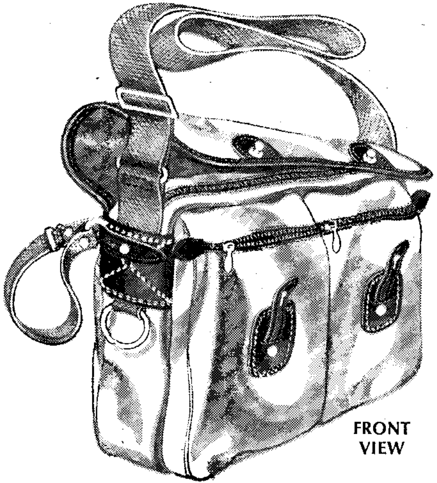

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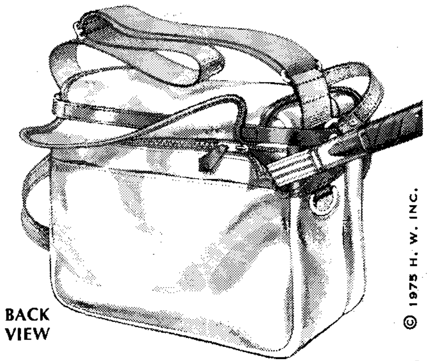

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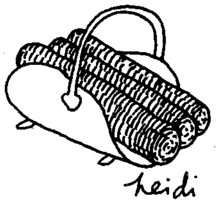
Washington who already knew about her affair with the columnist. Pearson, who had based many of his "Washington Merry-Go-Round" columns on purloined letters, probably knew better than anyone else in the country what could be done with such documents, and he was frantic. But he refused to help. Finally, after a week in jail, the two were bailed out by SCEF, through the Bradens, who had raised security for the bonds by putting up a SCEF office building in Louisville. Then, shortly after being released, Mrs. McSurely wrote Pearson an angry note—on the back of a SCEF press release announcing that a three-judge federal panel had been set up to hear the case:

> DEAR D. P.
>
> Thanks anyway about the bail. It's O.K. But if you had any sense you would do everything you could to get this case into the federal courts immediately and out of the hands of Pike Co. officials who stole everything and will use it. The 3-judge fed. panel must be convened before the grand jury hearing.
>
> MARGARET

The grand-jury hearing was scheduled for September 5th, a week and a half from the time she wrote Pearson. Pearson had wide influence in Democratic Party circles, but whether he used it in this matter is unknown. Under the law, personal letters cannot be published without their author's permission, except by official bodies such as grand juries, courts, and legislative committees that obtain legal possession of them. If the Pearson letters, along with the rest of the McSurelys' papers, were impounded by a federal-court order overruling Moynahan, Pearson would at least have time to work out some other means of getting the letters back or seeing that they were destroyed before they were made public. If they were, he knew that he could be hurt badly, because as a persistent critic of irregular official conduct on the part of public servants he would certainly be subject to criticism for his own irregular conduct as a private citizen. Conceivably, he might even be ruined by publication of the letters, and there were many people in the country who would have liked to see him ruined. In any event, it was a few days after Pearson got Mrs. McSurely's note that Judge Combs set the federal hearing for September 1st—four days before the grand jury was to hear evidence on the state sedition charges. All this is not to say that Judge Combs was influenced, directly or indirectly, by Pearson or his friends. There were other reasons for the Judge to act expeditiously. While he could not be openly active in politics as long as he was on the federal bench, he was one of the most powerful Democrats in Kentucky and had wide influence that could be exerted in ways that would not involve him; at the time, the state Democratic Party was in trouble, and although it expected to lose the governor's chair to the Republicans, it still had a good chance to hold on to the lieutenant governorship against Ratliff, whose part in the sedition case was not helping his Democratic opponent. Judge Combs had another good reason for helping his party: he was not finished with politics and was soon to run for governor again. And, finally, the sole purpose of the Dombrowski rule was to provide quick federal-court remedies for citizens who were unjustly harmed by state actions against them.

Robert Matthews, Attorney General of Kentucky, promised that his office would support Pike County officials in their efforts to stamp out sedition, but he publicly warned that the Supreme Court had set up "some stumbling blocks which might cause pitfalls." Matthews was responsible for defending the state in cases involving it before federal courts, but on September 1st he merely appeared at the three-judge hearing and said nothing. It was Ratliff's case—not to mention Ratliff's political campaign—and he told the court that while Kunstler's brief may have been correct in asserting that the federal government had, as the Supreme Court had ruled in 1956, jurisdiction over subversion against it, the states were not thereby prohibited from defending themselves against local attempts to overthrow them. In conclusion, Ratliff assured the court that there had been no conspiracy on the part of local officials to run the plaintiffs—as the McSurelys and Mulloy were in the federal suit—out of Pike County. When Kunstler's turn came, he contended that the case was identical to Dombrowski, and that the Kentucky sedition law was clearly unconstitutional, since it violated the free-speech, free-press, and free-assembly guarantees of the First Amendment, and that in its "overbreadth" and "vagueness" it violated the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Kunstler then asked the court to enjoin Ratliff from continuing the sedition prosecution until the panel handed down its ruling. At



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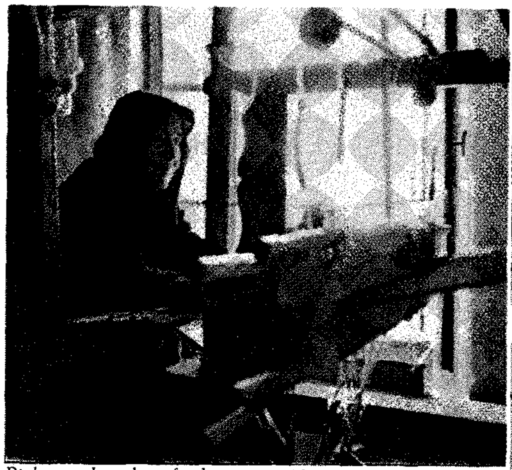

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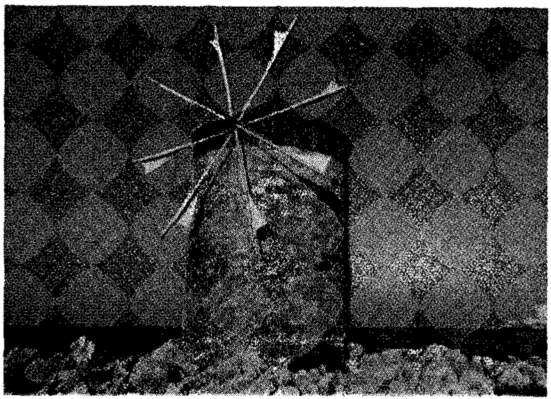

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that, Ratliff quickly assured the court that he would take no further action on the case until the panel came to a decision on the issue at hand. Judge Combs, who presided as chief judge of the panel, accepted the promise and did not issue an official injunction against further proceedings in the state case. To give both sides time to prepare briefs and responses, he set September 14th for pleadings before the panel.

Afterward, Ratliff told reporters that he had nothing against the McSurelys, and added, "We in Pike County, although we may not agree with their philosophy of life, certainly don't want to deny these people their freedom of speech."

Four days later, Circuit Court Judge Stephenson convened the fall-term Pike County grand jury for a hearing on the sedition case, with Lawyer Combs, Ratliff, and Assistant Commonwealth Attorney Herman Dotson present. When the hearing got under way, Ratliff rose and told the Judge, "As you know, there have been proceedings in the federal court on this matter, and I merely wish to advise the court that I agreed not to proceed in this matter as Commonwealth Attorney for this district. Now, I don't presume to impose my views or agreement on this court. I merely advise you of what has been done. No injunction has been issued against this grand jury, this court, or anything else, but I just wanted to advise Your Honor that I agreed as Commonwealth Attorney not to proceed in this matter. We still have the evidence, and the federal authorities do not have it, and we intend to keep it until—"

Combs jumped to his feet and angrily protested that Ratliff had promised the federal court that he wouldn't proceed in the sedition case. Judge Stephenson waved aside the objection, saying, "Mr. Ratliff has stated that he does not intend to proceed. I would expect, then, that the Assistant Commonwealth Attorney would be before the grand jury." Ratliff said that he meant to abide by his promise to the federal court, and added, "But, now, this grand jury I do not control." Judge Stephenson nodded, and asserted that he had no control over it, either. "This grand jury is under no restraint," he said. "I can't tell them what they are going to consider and what they are not going to consider. . . . If the grand jury desires to investigate this matter, if the grand jury desires to hear this evidence, I will see that someone is made available to present this evidence to them." Turning to the grand jurors, he went on,

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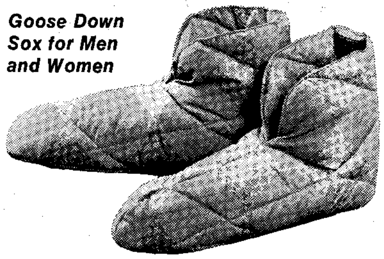

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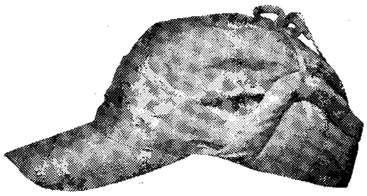

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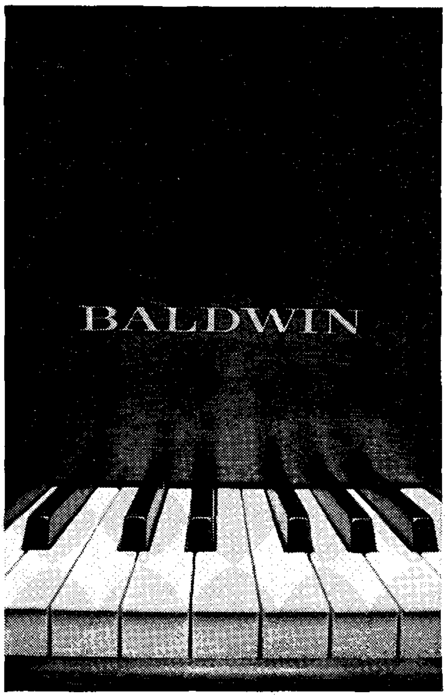
"Now, of course, during your deliberations the Commonwealth Attorney or his assistant will be present to offer you assistance in interrogating the witnesses and advising you on any legal questions that may arise. . . . Should you desire to—and I take it you will—to look into this charge of sedition." Ratliff repeated that he couldn't be involved, and his assistant, Dotson, said that he felt bound by Ratliff's promise to the federal court, too, so Judge Stephenson promised to appoint an outside lawyer to present the facts to the grand jury.

Combs again objected that the federal-court order was being ignored, and Ratliff snapped, "There is no order." Judge Stephenson agreed, and said to Combs, "I have indulged you far enough." Then the Judge said to the grand jurors, "Now, the grand jury is free to look into these matters referred to if they want to, and I take it they want to."

Six days later, the grand jury returned indictments against the McSurelys, Mulloy, and, unexpectedly, the Bradens for "advocating criminal syndicalism or sedition." Accompanying the indictments was a report stating the grand jury's conclusions:

1. That a well organized and well financed effort is being made to promote and spread the communistic theory of the violent and forceful overthrow of the government of Pike County.
2. That communist organizers have been sent to Pike County by radical organizations which have paid them, supported them, furnished them with printed propaganda materials, controlled them and directed their work.
3. That some employees of the Appalachian Volunteers (A.V.) and other federally financed anti-poverty programs have collaborated and cooperated with known communist organizers to help them organize and promote the violent overthrow of the constitutional government of Pike County. The officials of the A.V. knew or should have known that these communist organizers were actively working among the A.V. in Pike County. These organizers were brought to Pike County on the payroll of the A.V. and were fired because of their communist activities.
4. That local officials of the A.V. have cooperated with known communist organizers by allowing them to conduct training sessions among Vista workers, Peace Corps trainees, A.V. workers, and local citizens in which sessions these organizers were allowed to state their views.
5. That local officials of the A.V. have permitted known communists to take part in the writing of editorials in A.V. sponsored community newspapers and in directing schools sponsored and supported by A.V.
6. That A.V. have permitted known communists to infiltrate, influence and take part in community protests and projects when said A.V. knew full well that



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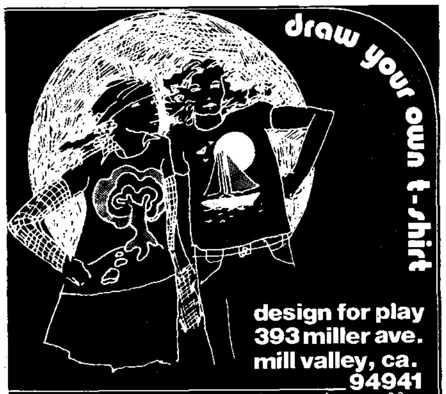

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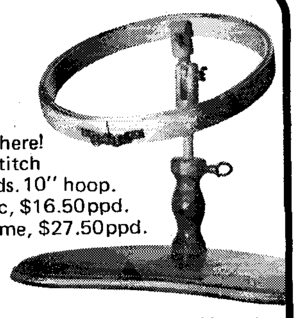

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the purpose of these organizers was to exploit the local people and their cause so as to promote violence against the local government and the local courts.

7. That communist organizers have attempted, without success thus far, to promote their beliefs among our school children by infiltrating our local schools with teachers who believed in the violent overthrow of the local government.

8. That communist organizers are attempting and planning to infiltrate local churches and labor unions in order to cause dissension and to promote their purposes.

9. That communist organizers are attempting to form Community Unions with the eventual purpose of organizing armed groups to be known as "Red Guards" and through which the actual forceful overthrow of the local government would be accomplished.

Toward the end of the report, the grand jury recommended that the federal government's contract with the A.V.s be cancelled throughout the South and that if the state sedition law was found to be unconstitutional, then the state legislature should enact new laws to "control such activities." The report concluded, "This grand jury is made up of twelve citizens of Pike County. We are farmers, housewives, small businessmen and coal miners. We are members of both political parties. It is regrettable that certain persons have used certain newspapers and other news media to question the motives of this Grand Jury, our Courts, our citizens and our public officials who have made and investigated these charges. We found no evidence that these charges were made or prompted because of strip mining or for political purposes."

Not long afterward, Ratliff told a reporter, "I am not a nut on this thing. Frankly, I laughed about these things when I first heard them. Then I got into this material [of the McSurelys'] and I became convinced. After reading two thousand letters and umpteen pamphlets and articles, I believe that these people not only mean business but are doing business in this county." While this statement appeared to be a flat admission on Ratliff's part that he had conducted the raid on the McSurelys, confiscated their possessions, and put them in jail without believing in the legal justification for his acts, he seemed serious about the conclusions he later reached. McSurely, for one, has come to believe in Ratliff's sincerity—on this point, at least. "Most of the things he accused us of were true," McSurely said recently. "Ratliff had a more comprehensive view of us than we had of ourselves. He had read all that stuff we handed out, but we hadn't actually

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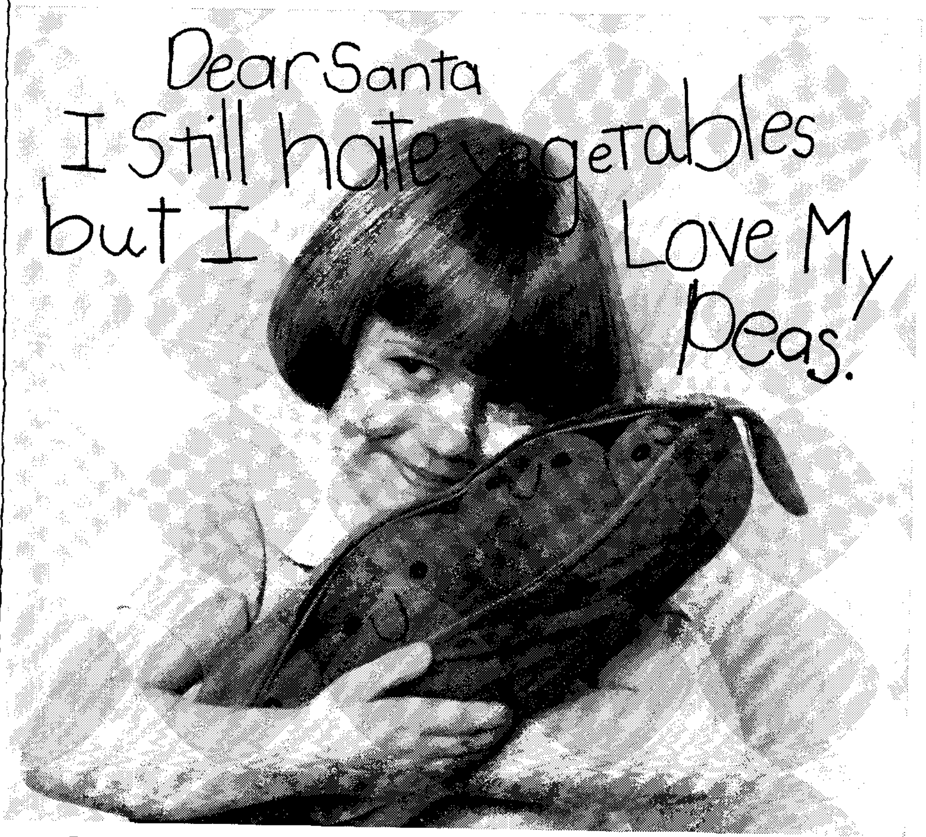

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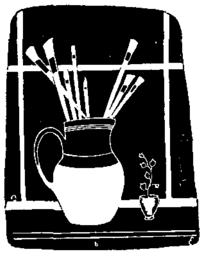
read most of it. We had never sat down and decided what it was that we were trying to do. Ratliff sat down and read all our stuff, and said, 'My God, these people are really serious. They mean it. They're going to start a revolution.' That was certainly the logical result of what we were trying to do. But we have never supported, or worked for, violent overthrow of the government. We merely hoped to bring down the government in Pike County by voting it out of office at the polls and replacing it with a people's government. Although we don't believe in the present system, we believe in what it is falsely claimed to be based on—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights."

The grand-jury report produced another wave of public hysteria in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. Large portions of the report were printed in newspapers throughout the area, and were broadcast on radio and television stations. It soon became clear that the grand jury's conclusions would affect more than the McSurelys' future. "Whether ridiculed or taken seriously, the grand jury's action, following three months of unrest in the backwoods hills and hollows over the ticklish issue of strip mining, carried implications extending far beyond the mountain barrier," the *Post-Dispatch* observed in mid-September. "It brought the nation's anti-poverty program to another crossroads, testing once again whether Americans really want to allow the poor to assert themselves; it injected a strident new campaign issue into the state gubernatorial election and it raised the intensity of the strip-mining controversy." Another effect of the report was that the public fear it generated further stirred up official hysteria. Twenty-four hours after it was released, the Bradens were driving from Louisville to Pikeville to be arraigned on the sedition charges, but their car had a flat tire and they couldn't get to a telephone. The Judge waited awhile, and then angrily issued bench warrants for their arrest. When they arrived at the courthouse and got out of their car, a couple of deputies recognized them, put them under arrest, and led them into court. The Bradens refused to post bond and asked to be released on their own recognizance. The Judge clapped them in jail.

Lawyer Combs demanded that Judge Combs reconvene the three-judge panel and find Ratliff in contempt for violating the agreement reached with the federal panel. There was little likelihood that the request would be granted. Not only had Ratliff kept his word, whatever he did in violation of the spirit of his promise, but there was little reason for the Judge to make him a political martyr who could then claim that he was a victim of a partisan cabal to ruin his election chances. Three days after the grand jury handed up the indictments, the federal panel heard further arguments on the sedition issue, and this time Ratliff specifically demonstrated what he hoped to prove in a state trial—namely, that Mrs. McSurely and the Bradens had attended the April meeting in Nashville at which Stokely Carmichael had spoken and after which there had been a riot; that Mrs. McSurely formerly worked for S.N.C.C.; that the McSurelys were distributing material put out by Vietnam Summer advocating a Vietcong victory in Vietnam; and that they were preaching Communist philosophy to the people of Pike County. During cross-examination of Mrs. McSurely, he took great delight in eliciting from her that she knew H. Rap Brown, which apparently impressed no one else, and then he took great pains, with no success, to prove that the Bradens were "card-carrying" Communists. Afterward, Professor Robert Sedler, of the University of Kentucky Law School, who served as *amicus curiae* for the Kentucky Civil Liberties Union throughout the case, observed that Ratliff's strategy was obviously to brand the Bradens as Communists and then to link the McSurelys with the Bradens and Mulloy with the McSurelys. By these means, Ratliff would be able, in any local trial of the case, to make it appear that all attacks on local and state officials, coal-mine owners and operators, and businessmen who supported them were part of a Communist plot. "It is almost impossible to believe that the jury would not have returned a verdict of guilty," Sedler said. "This would indelibly have branded the anti-poverty workers as 'Communists' in the minds of the people in the area. Assuming that the conviction would later have been reversed, it could be said that this was on a technicality. In other words, if the case were allowed to come to trial, the government officials would have the political victory irrespective of the final result."



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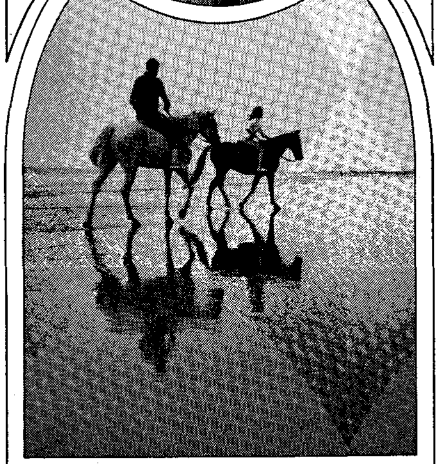

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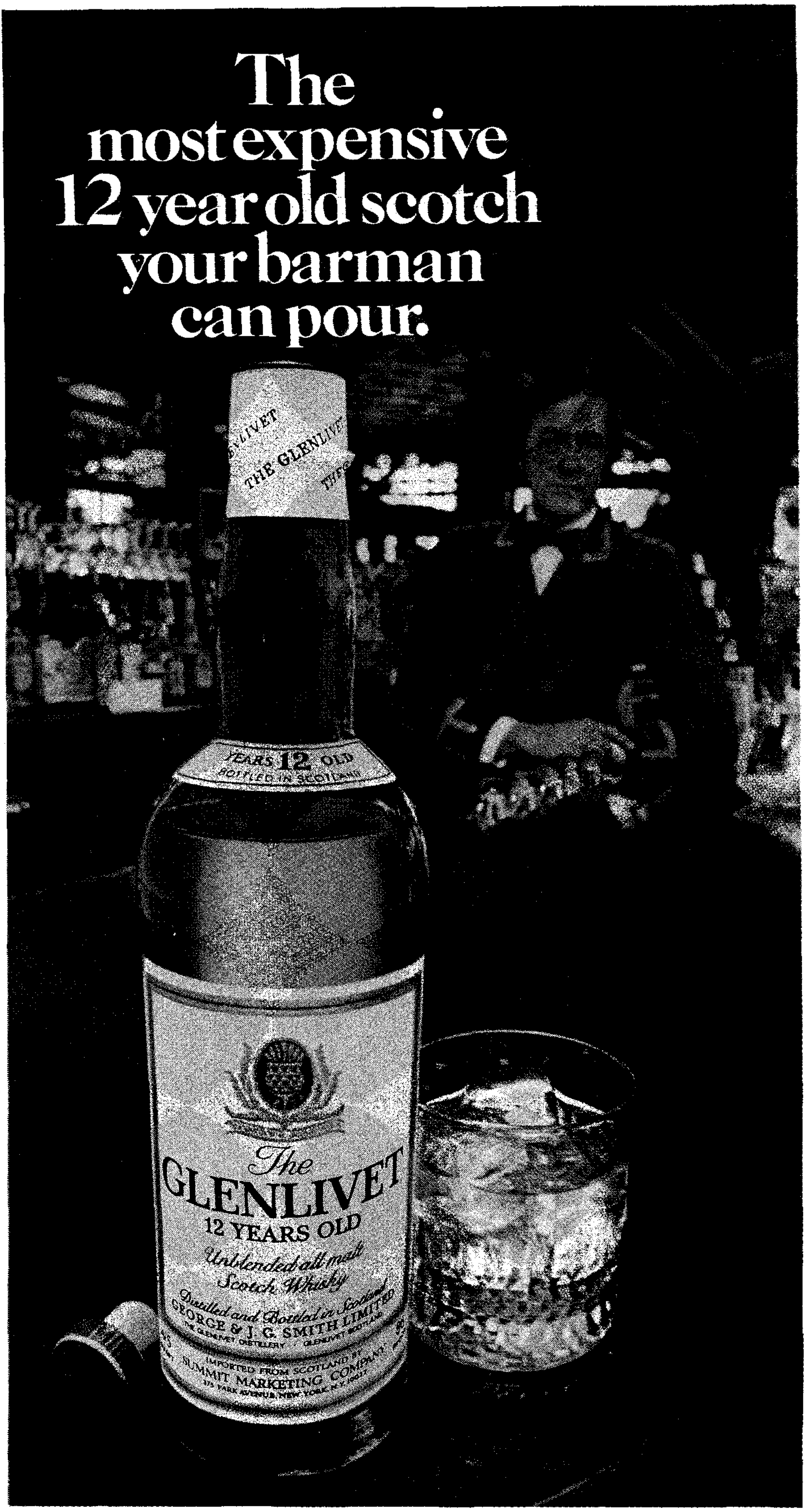
Judge Combs proved to be more than equal to Ratliff's legal and political strategy. At the end of the hearing, to the astonishment of the litigants and their lawyers, the Judge announced the court's findings: the sedition law was "so vague and of such sweeping application" that it was obviously unconstitutional; the Dombrowski rule was applicable; and since the plaintiffs had already suffered irreparable harm, it was "ordered and directed that the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and all courts of the Commonwealth, the defendants herein [Ratliff, the state attorney general, the sheriff, and the jailer], and any and all persons acting in concert and accord with them be and they are hereby enjoined from taking any further action or proceeding in any manner against these plaintiffs under the statute in issue herein." Then Judge Combs ordered that the Bradens, who had been made a party to the suit, be released from jail at once and that all five plaintiffs be freed from state bond, placed under bond to the federal court until any appeal might be settled, and freed on their own recognizance. Finally, he denied the motion to find Ratliff in contempt, and ordered him to serve as custodian of the materials seized in the raids, which were to be held "in safekeeping until final disposition of this case."

Judge Combs was not finished with Ratliff. A few weeks later, just before the statewide election, the federal panel handed down its formal opinion, written by the presiding judge. After describing the passage of the Kentucky sedition law in 1920, during the national hysteria that followed the Bolshevik Revolution, Judge Combs observed, "It was good politics to be against Communism." He went on to recount the events that had brought the current sedition case before the federal court, and then wrote:

> The statute in question is clearly unconstitutional under even the most flexible yardstick. It is too broad and too vague. It contravenes the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States because it unduly prohibits freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and the right of assembly. It fails to distinguish between the advocacy of ideas and the advocacy of action. It makes it a criminal offense merely to possess, with intent to circulate, literature on the subject of sedition. It imposes the penalty of imprisonment for advocating an unpopular political belief. It would turn the courts into a forum for argument of political theories, with imprisonment the penalty for the loser. It contains no requirement of criminal intent. The unwary and the ignorant could be enmeshed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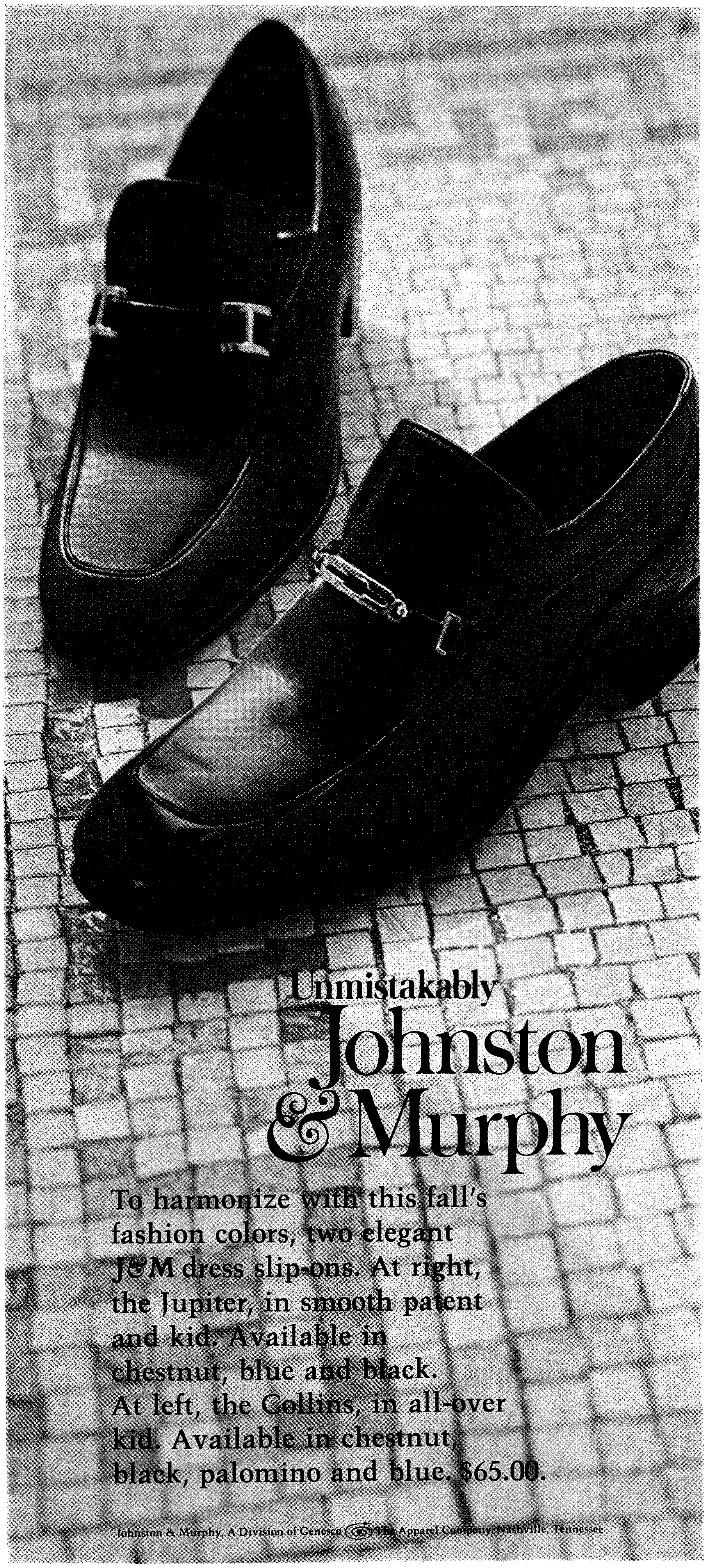

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> in the dragnet as easily as the covert plotter.
>
> One of the definitions of sedition in the 1920 Act is "the advocacy or suggestion by word, act, deed, or writing ... of the change or modification of the government of the United States or of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, or of the constitution or laws of either of them ... by means other than by lawful means...." A person could thus be indicted for suggesting a change in the state or federal constitution "by means other than by lawful means." What is lawful would of necessity have to be decided by the presiding judge. This is a plain violation of the Sixth Amendment to the federal constitution, which guarantees the right of the accused "to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation." Under the Sixth Amendment, a person cannot be charged merely with violating the law; the charge must be more specific....
>
> It is difficult to believe that capable lawyers could seriously contend that this statute is constitutional.... In addition, the conclusion is inescapable that the criminal prosecutions were instituted, at least in part, in order to stop plaintiffs' organizing activities in Pike County. That effort has been successful. Not only has there been the "chilling effect" on freedom of speech referred to in *Dombrowski*, there has been in fact a freezing effect.

The Republican candidate for governor of Kentucky was elected that November, but Ratliff lost his race by a large margin, with even the voters of Pike County rejecting him.

Although it would be difficult to find a court opinion that seemed to dispose of a case with greater finality than Judge Combs' opinion did, the McSurely case was far from over. In fact, it had scarcely begun, because so far neither the lawyers nor the courts had addressed the main issue—the Fourth Amendment, which states, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." To make full use of the Dombrowski rule, Kunstler had concentrated on the unconstitutionality of the sedition law, which clearly violated the rule's prohibitions against official incursions upon the First Amendment's rights of expression and assembly, and up to that point he had paid only cursory attention to possible violations of the "unreasonable searches and seizures" clause of the Fourth Amendment. Actually, this clause lay at the heart of the case and at the heart of what Justice Louis Brandeis called "the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men." In the American Colonies, the British use of writs of assistance, or general warrants, which empowered the king's officers to break into Colonists' homes and businesses and to search and seize whatever they came upon that might be incriminating, has been said to have been the most compelling cause of the American Revolution. The raid on the McSurelys was an astonishing imitation of those ancient transgressions—against what one Colonial enemy of general warrants called "the liberty of every man"—for the affidavit supporting the search warrant and the search warrant itself were utterly unspecific, and the search and seizure were as unreasonable as any conducted by the king's men when they sought out untaxed tea and rum. Yet despite the flagrant disregard of the Fourth Amendment and despite the overturning of the sedition law, the McSurelys were no closer to getting their things back than they had been immediately after the raid. As a matter of fact, they were further away than ever, because the focus of the case suddenly and unexpectedly shifted to a new question: Were they legally entitled to have exclusive possession of their property if it was returned to them? "We never dreamed this question would come up," Mrs. McSurely said recently. "And when it did, we couldn't believe what was happening to us."

ON August 11, 1967—by coincidence, the day of the raid on the McSurelys—the United States Senate approved Resolution 150 of the Ninetieth Congress authorizing the Senate Committee on Government Operations "to make a full and complete study and investigation of riots [which engulfed scores of American cities that summer], violent disturbances of the peace, vandalism, civil and criminal disorders, the commission of crimes in connection therewith, the immediate and longstanding causes." The following day, the committee's chairman, John L. McClellan, Democrat of Arkansas, chose the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, of which he was also chairman, to conduct the investigations authorized by the resolution. The subcommittee had a rather unsavory lineage, having been chaired in the early nineteen-fifties by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, who used it as the principal forum for his demagoguery. McClellan had been chairman since 1955, when the Republicans lost control of the Senate. First elected to the Senate in

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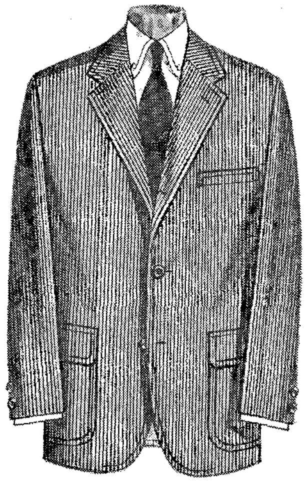

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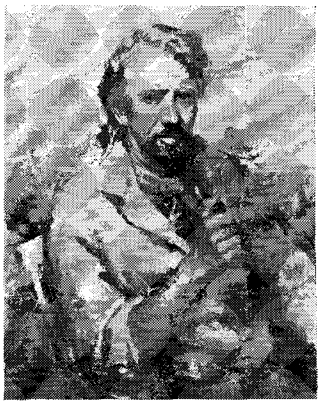

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1942, McClellan was to accumulate an enormous amount of power through seniority by 1967. He used it, with surprisingly little opposition, to oppress black people, to exploit the poor, and above all to protect his own interests.

Over the years, Drew Pearson and his colleague Jack Anderson had repeatedly attacked Senator McClellan on the ground of conflict of interest. The day before Resolution 150 was approved by the Senate, the Pearson-Anderson syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," dealt with McClellan's efforts to get a bill through Congress imposing an eighteen-month moratorium on all copyright-infringement lawsuits against cable television, or C.A.T.V. At the time, performers and writers whose work was being pirated by C.A.T.V. had begun to threaten damage suits, so, according to the column, C.A.T.V. lawyers drafted a bill for a moratorium, and it was introduced by Senator McClellan, who was also chairman of the Judiciary Subcommittee on Patents, Trademarks, and Copyrights. "I will oppose anything I think will destroy C.A.T.V.," McClellan stated on the floor of the Senate. The "Washington Merry-Go-Round" reported, "He has neglected to mention to his colleagues, however, that he holds valuable stock in one of the C.A.T.V. giants—Midwest Video, which has outlets in Mississippi, Missouri, New Mexico, South Dakota, and Texas." The same column also went into McClellan's efforts to protect the banking business, and said, "Probably nothing can get McClellan out of his Senate chair faster . . . than a challenge to the banks. He has bitterly opposed the chartering of new national banks, which would give the old-line banks some competition." After listing some examples of the Senator's attempts to block new charters, the column went on, "In all his fire-and-brimstone attacks on new charters, McClellan never mentioned that he was a stockholder in both the West Memphis Bank and the First National Bank of Little Rock, the two old-line banks fighting the charters. Indeed, McClellan is listed as one of the top 20 stockholders in First National." Still another passage in the column described an attempt, some years earlier, by an oil-company lobbyist to bribe Senator Francis Case, Republican of South Dakota, by handing him a brown-paper bag containing twenty-five hundred dollars in cash just before election time. When Case denounced the man before the Senate, Albert

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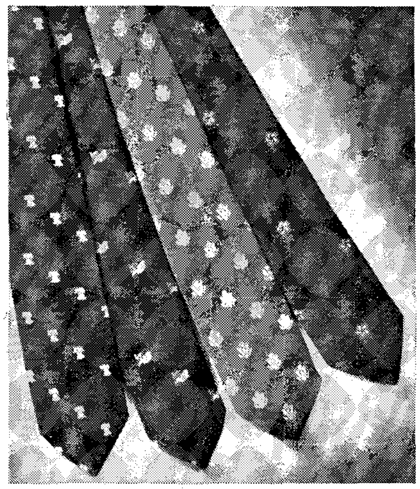

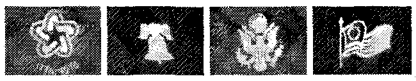

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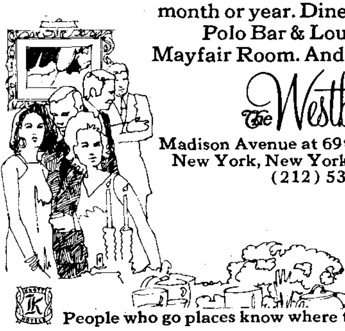

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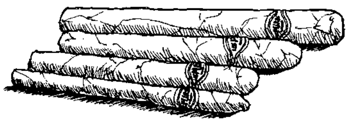

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Gore, chairman of the Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, rose and vowed to investigate the episode. But Lyndon Johnson, then Majority Leader and long a friend of the oil industry, spent ten days persuading him to turn the investigation over to McClellan. Gore finally gave in, McClellan conducted some desultory hearings, and the oil people were absolved of all wrongdoing. "What the public never knew was that McClellan's law firm in Little Rock then represented Standard Oil of New Jersey, Seaboard Oil, Tidewater Associated Oil, and Carter Oil," the column concluded.

Apart from the problem of conflicting interests, it would have been difficult to find a more unsuitable senator than John McClellan to investigate the riots that swept the country that summer. Most of the riots were in the North, and McClellan was a Southerner; almost all of them were in sizable cities, and McClellan came from Sheridan, Arkansas; almost all of them involved blacks, and McClellan had an unblemished record of racism; almost all of the riots demonstrated an overwhelming need for an objective and searching study of the nation's fundamental social and economic inequities, and McClellan was obsessed by the bootstrap theory of life. But McClellan was a powerful senator, and since he wanted the assignment of investigating the series of national calamities, he got it. Even his severest critics held out some hope that he would approach the worst domestic crisis to confront the nation since the Civil War with a little common sense. But these hopes were shattered by his announcement of one of the first hearings to be held by his subcommittee—on the small and comparatively insignificant "riot" that had taken place in Nashville the previous April. The announcement made it clear that McClellan's aim was to confirm his own earlier pronouncements—that the terrible discord tearing at the nation was the work of Communists and their dupes. If he could convince the public on this point, he would, of course, go a long way toward breaking down the civil-rights and anti-poverty movements with one stroke.

Soon after Judge Combs ordered the McSurelys' possessions impounded, an investigator from McClellan's subcommittee telephoned Ratliff in Kentucky and asked if he still had custody of them. He replied that he did, and on October 8th a subcommittee investigator by the name of John Brick flew to Kentucky and registered in

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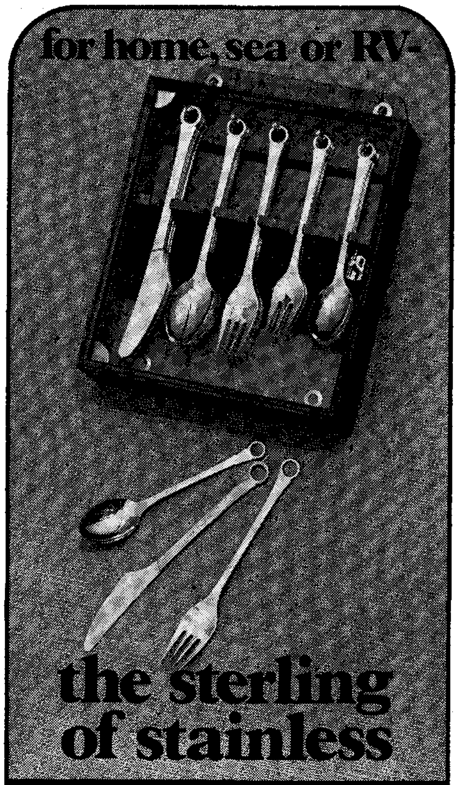
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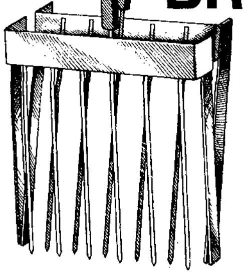

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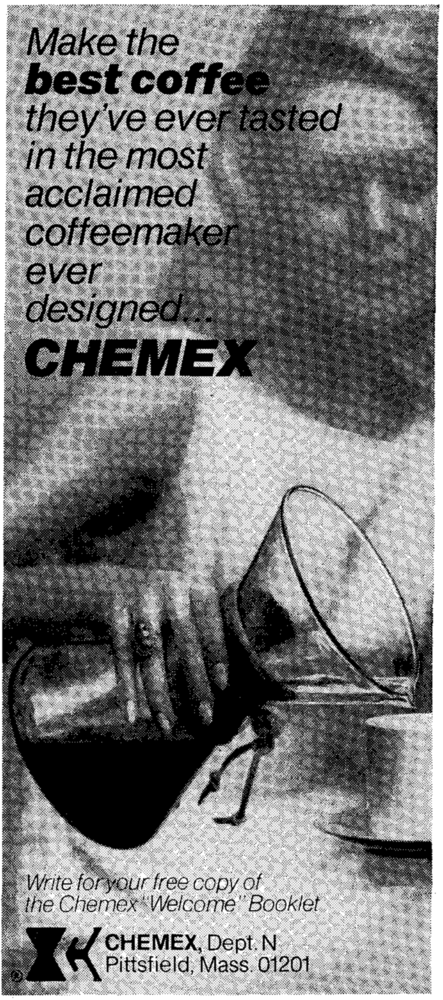
Pikeville at the Landmark Motel, which was owned by Ratliff. That evening, Ratliff and Thaddeus Scott, a detective on his staff, visited Brick in his room. A little later, Ratliff and Scott left, and not long afterward Scott came back alone and delivered a bundle of manila folders to Brick. The folders contained photocopies of some of the McSurelys' documents seized in the raid, and Brick spent a couple of hours examining them. The next morning, Scott drove to the Landmark again, and he and Brick went to the Pike County Courthouse, where Brick was shown into a locked room that contained all of the McSurelys' confiscated possessions. He spent an hour perusing the originals of the papers he was most interested in, and then he left and walked down the street to the post office, where the federal government maintained its local office. Brick inspected the official files on the federal suit, including the decision of the three-judge panel, the order to Ratliff to hold the seized materials "in safekeeping," and an inventory of what was contained in them. Brick returned to Washington briefly and then came back to Pikeville. On October 12th, he spent four hours going through the McSurelys' papers once more, and afterward he flew to Washington with copies of two hundred and thirty-four documents of the McSurelys'. Over the next three days, he conferred several times with McClellan, who, according to Brick's later testimony in court, was particularly interested in a love letter from Pearson to Margaret that began "Dearest Cucumber." According to a source within McClellan's office, the Senator also spent a good deal of time reading, and chuckling over, her diary.

During this period, the time for an appeal from the federal panel's ruling on the sedition case lapsed, and Lawyer Combs informed Ratliff that he would move for an order instructing Ratliff to return the McSurelys' papers to them. Afterward, Ratliff denied that he had been informed of Combs' intention or that he had notified Brick of it. Within a matter of hours, however, Brick, on McClellan's personal instructions, drew up some subpoenas—one for Ratliff and one each for the McSurelys. On the evening of October 16th, Brick flew back to Kentucky to serve Senate subpoenas for the McSurelys' papers.

At a little after eight o'clock the next morning, Brick climbed the steps to the McSurelys' house at Harold's Branch. "There was a knock on the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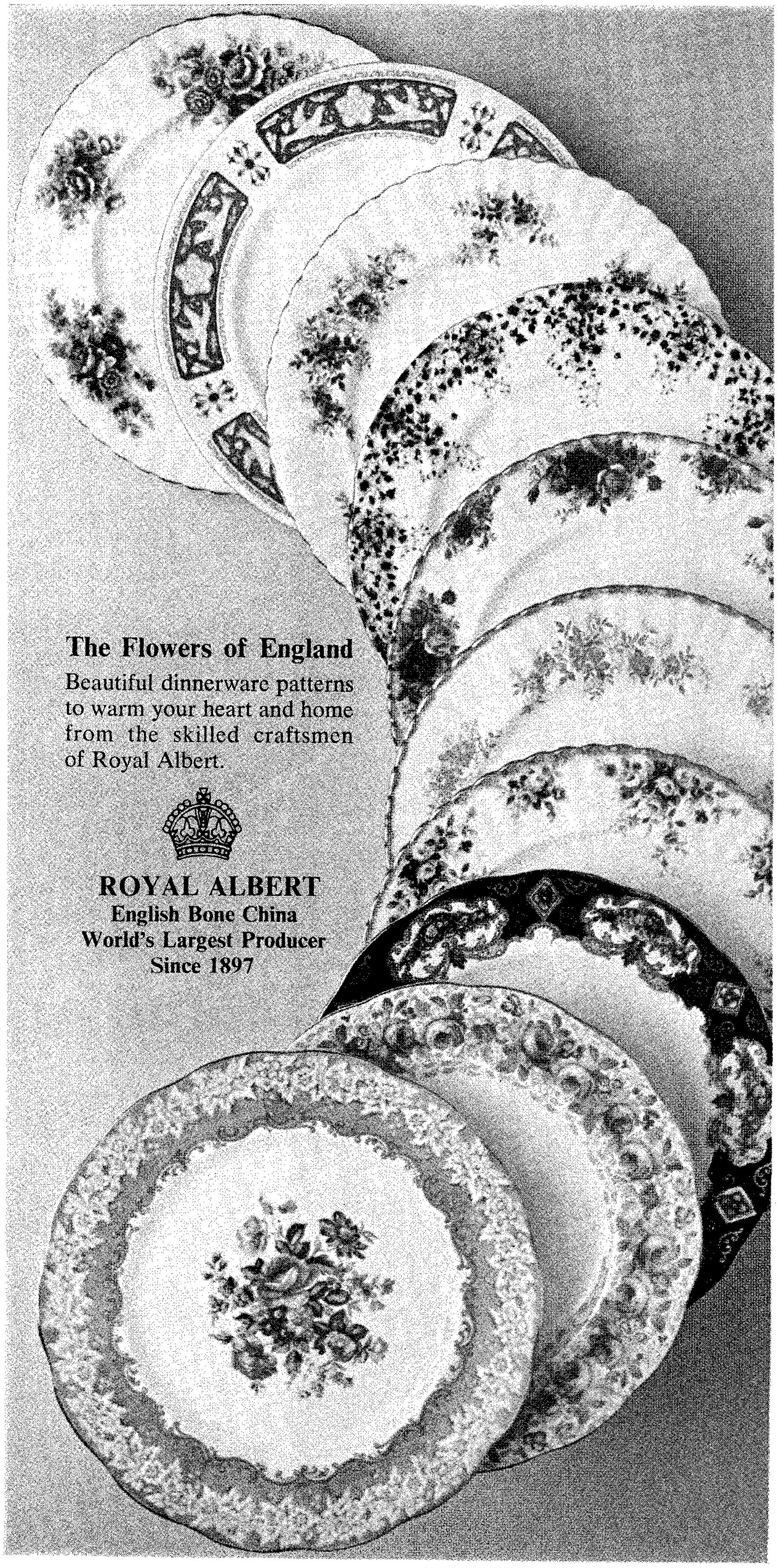
door, and when I opened it a little man was standing there holding a sheaf of papers," Mrs. McSurely recalled. "He asked if this was where Alan and Margaret McSurely lived, and I said, 'Yes, it is.' Then he introduced himself and told me that he had some subpoenas for us from the United States Senate. His hand with the papers was shaking so I thought he was cold, and invited him in for a cup of coffee. I just couldn't believe it about the subpoenas. I had figured we'd win the sedition case all right, even though it might take a couple of years, but I never expected to be subpoenaed by the Senate. Anyway, he came inside, and I introduced him to Al. Then he gave us the subpoenas. I said, 'Let's go into the kitchen. It's warmer in there.' The man was so nervous he wouldn't sit down or take the cup of coffee I poured for him, and once he nearly fell on the floor, it was so slanty. He kept saying, 'I'm just doing my job,' and 'The Senate doesn't want you, it just wants your papers.' He said they were for the subcommittee hearings on the Nashville riot. It was all so fantastic I couldn't believe it was happening. Why would the Senate want our silly papers? I kept wondering. Then suddenly something clicked in my mind about the name Brick. I remembered that when I was so upset during the time my first marriage was breaking up and I was having an affair with Pearson I went to a psychiatrist who had a secretary named Mrs. Brick. It wasn't a common name, so I asked if it might be his wife. He got even more nervous, and said that it was. I asked him how she and their daughters she had talked to me about were, and he said they were fine. Now things were even more fantastic. After about fifteen minutes, Brick left. Once he was gone, I started to worry about Mrs. Brick, because I knew she typed up the doctor's notes on his sessions, and I was sure there had been a lot of stuff taken down about Pearson and me. When I thought of that, I got on the phone immediately and called the psychiatrist and told him what had happened. He said he was certain that Mrs. Brick would never divulge anything she had learned in her work, even to her husband, but he promised to destroy my file just the same."

Stunned as the McSurelys were by the delivery of the subpoenas, they were dumbfounded by their contents, which ordered them to "produce all books, records, correspondence, documents, and other papers which are in the possession and control of Alan McSurely or Margaret McSurely or



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McSurely, for his part, was more upset by the attempt to take away their personal papers—as he put it, "by the ruling class showing how low it would stoop to try and stop us." He telephoned Lawyer Combs, who immediately filed a motion for the return of the papers. Then the couple sat down to discuss what they should do about the Senate subpoenas. "Our friends were at stake," McSurely said. "Our personal lives were at stake. Our work, our privacy were at stake. We decided that we had to fight."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

●

The famed Ninth [Beethoven Symphony] was first performed 150 years ago, when, musical director Fritz Wallenberg says, he was ignorant of what was going on because of his deafness.—*Vestal (N.Y.) News.*

He could have asked.

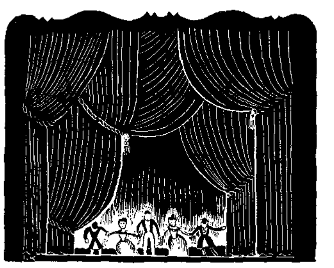
THE THEATRE

OF KINGSHIP AND OTHER MISERIES

THE Acting Company, in local residence for a little while among the blue fauteuils and twinkling prisms of the Harkness, put its best foot forward last week with a brilliant production of Christopher Marlowe's "Edward II." (This week, the Acting Company is performing Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life," and next week it will be performing Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." The calculated brevity of the Company's runs insures that any praise it may receive from this quarter will lack the least taint of utility.) Marlowe wrote his play about the second Edward in or around 1592, when he was in his late twenties; it was a pioneer specimen of the history play that Marlowe's exact contemporary, Shakespeare, was simultaneously beginning to make a specialty of, and even Shakespeare never managed to work actual events, with all their inartistic untidiness, into a plot of greater ingenuity. Thanks no doubt in part to Ellis Rabb's brisk direction, "Edward II" seems an exceptionally well-made melodrama, marching with a continuous increment of passion and a continuous darkening of the palette from its first scene—Edward's coronation, in gorgeous royal plumage, among a host of bowing courtiers—to the scene in which, deposed, imprisoned, and clad only in filthy rags, he meets an especially humiliating death at the hands of hired killers.

Until I saw Marlowe's play, I knew nothing about Edward II except that he was the son of Edward I and the father of Edward III. How much more interesting a figure he is than his place in this genealogical sandwich implies! Like Marlowe himself, he was a homosexual, and, unlike most homosexual monarchs in history, he boldly mingled his private life with his kingly one. No sooner had he inherited the throne than he summoned to court his French lover, Gaveston, whom his father had taken care to banish from England. Edward's barons solved the embarrassment of Gaveston's presence by murdering him; when Edward fought back with the aid of a new favorite, Despenser, the barons, urged on by the Queen and by the Queen's lover, Lord Mortimer, forced Edward from the throne. In a time less permissive sexually than our own, the play could be made to appear little more than a study of the centuries-long conflict in England between the rights of the king and the rights of the nobles sworn to fealty under him. The Acting Company took full advantage of the contemporary appetite for sexual revelation; it pursued with relish every clue that the text provided in respect to Edward's irregular personal life. (Marlowe's own personal life was so irregular that at twenty-nine, serving as a spy in Her Majesty's service, he was stabbed to death in a quarrel in a Deptford tavern. Had he lived, he might have outdistanced the more conventional Shakespeare; certainly he would not have retired in his forties to play the suave-faced sober country gentleman.)

Norman Snow brought much energy to the role of Edward, though his performance was occasionally marred by what I took for ironic inflections in the style of Olivier—an actor one does well never to borrow from. Sam Tsoutsouvas was admirable as the Machiavellian Mortimer, as were David Schramm as Edward's brother and Mary-Joan Negro as his fierce Queen. Peter Dvorsky turned Gaveston into a sort of splendid, gilded bird, as seductive to Edward as he was repellent to the stalwart barons. The scenery, by Douglas Schmidt, consisted largely of ancient-looking hangings, which served to set off the ravishing, richly colored costumes by Nancy Potts; the lighting was by David F. Segal.



KINGSHIP of a different sort was under examination in "The Leaf People," by Dennis J. Reardon, lately at the Booth. (Joseph Papp had hoped that "The Leaf People" would be the first of five new plays by young playwrights to be brought to the Booth this season; for financial reasons, the program has had to be abandoned, and the young playwrights will be manifesting their gifts at the Public Theatre, in the cool Off Broadway precincts where the Pappacy flourishes.) Mr. Reardon's subject was an ambitious one, and so was its execution. The large cast was headed by Tom Aldredge, Raymond J. Barry, Leon Morenzie, Lane Smith, Ted LePlat, and Denise Delapenha; the vivid jungle setting was by John Conklin; and the costumes and the sinister body makeup of the Leaf People were by Randy Barcelo. The plot of the play proved to be neither very important nor very plausible: Somewhere in the Matto Grosso of Brazil, an anthropologist named Shaughnessy searches for and eventually makes contact with a remote tribe of so-called Stone Age natives. Shaughnessy, in turn, is searched for by his son, a rich rock star, who enlists as his guide through the jungle a disreputable resident American trader. Shaughnessy has intended to study the Leaf People without injuring them by the introduction of any trace of Western civilization. It turns out, of course, that no such cultural *cordon sanitaire* is possible; once the rock star and his guide encounter the natives, the Leaf People are doomed. The reigning king suffers a fate as grisly as that of Edward II; the upstart who succeeds him presides over a ruined kingdom. Mr. Reardon appears to have speculated on the probable fate of the Tasaday, the "gentle people" of the Philippines; he appears also to have read the works of the English explorer Robin Hanbury-Tenison, who is an authority on the Matto Grosso and who has recently formed an organization devoted to the preservation of threatened "primitive" cultures throughout the world, as other organizations devote themselves to the preservation of threatened species of animals. Mr. Reardon has made his tall tale funny as well as grim; if it is an imperfect work, it is also a highly promising one.

"YENTL," by Leah Napolin and Isaac Bashevis Singer, is taken from a short story by Mr. Singer. It has come to the Eugene O'Neill Theatre after an earlier run, in a much longer version, at the Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn. The play is greatly improved by having been cut by a third, but I am still of two minds as to whether it ought to have been turned into a play at all; its theme and subject matter are those of folktale, in which any improbability is accepted with scarcely a shrug—is, indeed, all the more delightfully welcome *because* it is improbable. In "Yentl" we are asked to believe that a pretty young girl by that name can pass herself off as a man, pretend to fall in love with another pretty girl, and then actually fall in love with her, or feel sufficient affection for her to propose marriage. They marry, and the "wife" gives every sign of contentment with her role. Eventually, Yentl is driven by personal despair to reveal the truth about her sex. The revelation results in a singular reversal of fortune, by which the man with whom Yentl was originally in love marries the "wife" and has a child by her; as happy parents, they are quick to name the baby after Yentl. Well, Yentl-schmentl! Not a word of this strikes me as playable on a stage, and all the charm of those old-country Jews, with their ritual baths and homely folk sayings, cannot mitigate my incredulity.

Tovah Feldshuh is so winsome as Yentl that it's impossible for me to utter a word against her, except to say that no man ever lived who would mistake her for a man. Also attractive in their roles are John V. Shea, Lynn Ann Leveridge, and Albert M. Ottenheimer. The modest and pleasing scenery is by Karl Eigsti, the costumes are by Carrie F. Robbins, and the lighting is by William Mintzer. The director is Robert Kalfin; his handiwork is immaculate.

"SUMMER BRAVE," at the ANTA, is billed as "the revised version of the Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy 'Picnic,' by William Inge." The revisions of the play, which opened here in 1953, were made by the author a couple of years after it had completed its original run and had been made into a movie. I have the impression that they are to be found mostly in the third act, which is surely longer and more languid and more anticlimactic than it used to be: authors when they revise have an understandable but unfortunate tendency to add words instead of subtracting them. "Summer Brave"—the new title comes from Shakespeare and has nothing else to recommend it—is an old-fashioned comedy about small-town life, and it seemed to me in both theme and language to belong not to the nineteen-fifties but to the nineteen-twenties. It has a softness at its heart that the artistry of the cast, including Alexis Smith, Jill Eikenberry, Sheila K. Adams, Peter Weller, and Ernest Thompson, can do little to conceal. Inge was a sentimental fantasist, and he is slipping away from us into the shadowy country of Tarkington and James Whitcomb Riley.

The realistic Midwestern setting is by Stuart Wurtzel, the conscientiously ugly costumes are by Donald Brooks, and the lighting is by David Segal. The production has been directed by Michael Montel with sympathy and skill.
—BRENDAN GILL

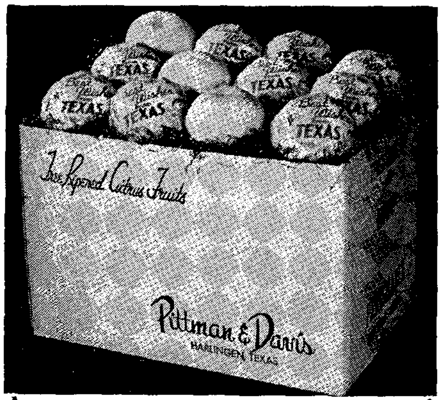
OFF BROADWAY

The Return

JOHN BISHOP'S "The Trip Back Down," which will be running through November 16th at the T. Schreiber Studio, a little Off Off Broadway house on Third Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street, tells the story of a racing-car driver named Bobby Horvath, a persistent winner from the time he started racing, at the track in a small factory town. A restless, volatile, ambitious young man, he has always felt that there must be more for him than the routine of his family and friends—punching the time clock at Westinghouse, union meetings, home to dinner—day after day. He marries a girl who is a cut above him socially and who is at first impressed and excited by his racing and then increasingly annoyed by it. The marriage starts to go wrong sexually and in every other way. He leaves his wife to go on the racing circuit, and is absent for eight years. The story of the play is the story of his homecoming. Everything has gone flat—too many lost races, too many narrow escapes from death or serious accidents, too many drunken brawls in too many bars, too many whores, and much too much loneliness. He decides to quit and go back home to pick up the pieces—which, needless to say, turns out to be impossible, or almost so.

The action is a matter of small scenes—some flashback, some set in the present, and some imagined—all of them well meshed under Mr. Schreiber's understanding direction. The crowded scenes, in barrooms and garages, where tempers flare into fisticuffs and then subside, are certainly impressive on the tiny, postage-stamp stage, but even more impressive are the small ones—the human encounters that deal with the growing despair of an especially inarticulate man. These scenes are the ones that propel the plot and give it its point; by the time the play is over, Bobby Horvath has connected with someone and taken a giant step out of muddle and into clarity.

As the racing driver, a man at the



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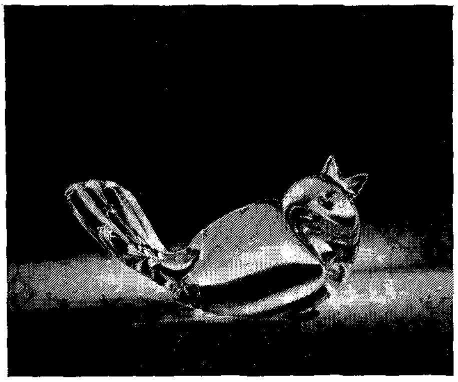

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mercy of his temperament most of the way but starting to master it, Gene Rupert gives a strong, subtle performance. As his loving wife, baffled by and also at the mercy of his temperament, Jill André matches him in subtlety and strength. Ed Seamon as his father, dreaming of the days of F.D.R. and the Second World War, and embittered by the drab present, is particularly good, and so are Ellen Olian-Bate as Bobby's sister-in-law, who is still attracted to him, and Anthony Call as Bobby's raucous, tough, fiercely loyal racing buddy. Everybody does well. One flaw must be mentioned, though—a long soliloquy by a young man who remembers being taken as a child to see Horvath race. This kind of monologue has become a cliché among inexperienced dramatists and is actually an acting-class exercise that snaps the audience out of the play. There was nothing wrong with the way it was delivered; it just shouldn't have been there. Except for that, exactly the right atmosphere was maintained by the actors from beginning to end, and Hal Tine is to be commended for the flexibility of his setting.

—EDITH OLIVER

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

The Department of National Defence, the Emergency Measures Organization and Bell Canada still aren't sure what happened.

The military, however, is certain on one point—it wasn't an attack by a foreign power.

Douglas Hersey, a spokesman for the Emergency Measures Organization said there wasn't anything to worry about. If it had been the real thing, EMO would have placed ads in newspapers and on radio telling people what to do in an emergency.

In a "real" emergency people would know what to do weeks in advance, he said.

What about something like Pearl Harbor? he was asked.

That would be a different kind of emergency and things would happen much faster, he said.

•

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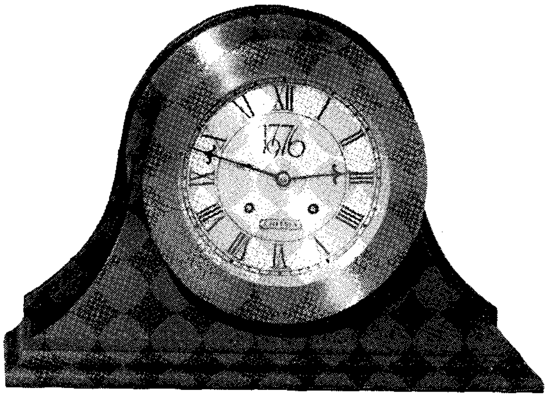
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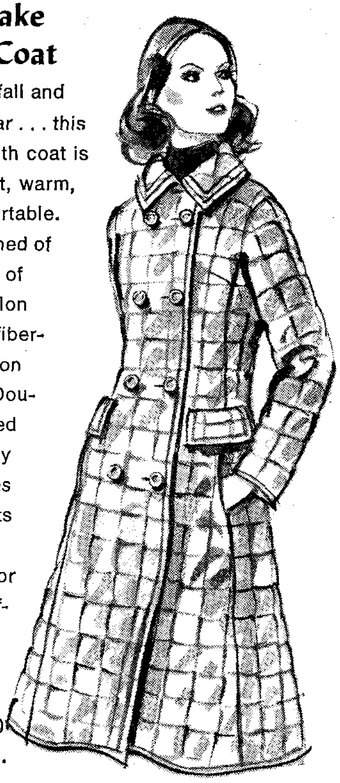

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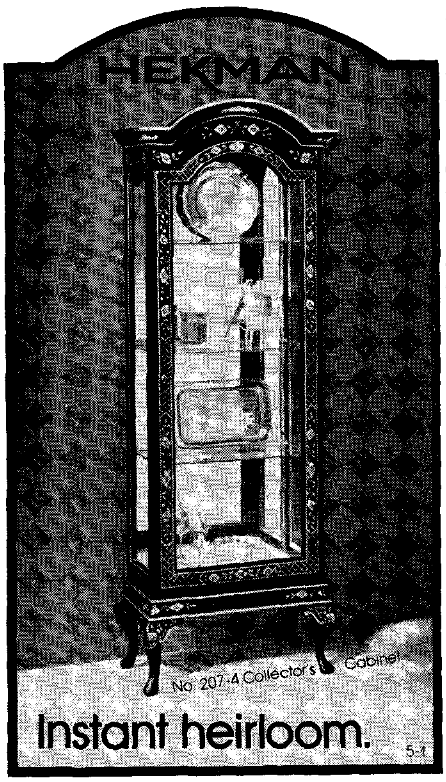

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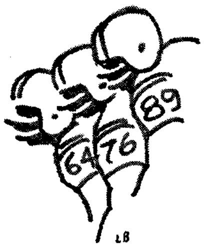
FOOTBALL

Some Topsy, Some Turvy

HARVARD, fitfully attempting to jell during the warmer weather this fall, solidified on Saturday last, and the match with Dartmouth, for years a page-of-history event in New England, looked quite easy, at 24–10. Harvard did, it is true, commit its traditional early-on fumble, and Dartmouth gratefully took the lead, 7–0. Thereafter, the soup was all duck for Harvard, and toward dusk it was sitting all alone on top of the Ivy League, as much to its own surprise as to anyone else's. Item: Harvard's difficulty in transmitting the ball from its five-foot-ten center to its six-foot-three quarterback has been resolved. Item: Dartmouth's pet down-and-out pass play was rewarded with four interceptions. Item: Dartmouth razzle-dazzle tactics, infrequently visible since Blackman resigned the job of coaching at Hanover, didn't work well, either; Brait began a beanbag double reverse that wound up in a noble Brait pass into the end zone, where Harvard's Emper, a demon on defense that afternoon, batted a practically certain touchdown out of reach. Item: A broken play (Kubacki, the Harvard quarterback, rolled out on an option, only to discover that he had no flanker to take a pitchout) resulted in a run of seventy-one yards before Kubacki could be hauled down. From now on, the rest of the League may have to play catch-up ball. Princeton slid off the roof of the League by losing to Pennsylvania, and by losing Douglas Lang (a severe injury) at middle guard; the departure of Lang just as Steven (no relation) Lang, a prize linebacker who had been out of service, returned to form, left a slot through which Pennsylvania's Wixted sifted almost at will. On Saturday, Brown, which the week before had chosen to accept a tie with Dartmouth rather than risk a try for two points and a win, risked a try for two points and a win against Holy Cross, and lost, 21–20. Lest a you-just-can't-win syndrome gather strength in the Brown encampment, it should be pointed out that at least Holy Cross is not in the League. Fencik, this commentator's pet Yalie (he is as sure-handed a receiver as the League can offer), took the ball in for the first touchdown against Cornell on Saturday by running back the opening kickoff eighty-five yards; later on, Fanelli, pride of Cornell and one of the League's finest runners, lost the ball in his own end zone and gave Yale another touchdown. Yale, an uncommonly polite host that day, kept fumbling the ball back to Cornell, which rarely seemed to know what to do with it, and Yale, after a bad scare in the third quarter, made it home to safety, at 20–14. Well, to leave the League for a moment, Dorsett, the year's crack runner in the East (only six college undergraduates have ever lugged the ball farther than he has), dropped the ball twice in the match with Navy, and Pittsburgh went down—a surprise, all right—at 17–0. Hell, nobody's perfect. What at all, though, can be said for Columbia, which, venturing outside the League once again, was put away, 41–0, by Rutgers? Columbia accomplished far less than a hundred yards on the ground, and its handful of passes netted a total of *minus* one yard.



A report from afar implies that Michigan, which just about destroyed Indiana, at 55–7, over the weekend, goes into a single-wing formation of sorts now and then. Single-wing is (and never mind what the coaches think) the prettiest spectator sport ever conceived; let the Michigan revivalists be brought East for an *hors-concours* special meet to show the doubters what football was like in better days. Another report from afar concerns Lawson, this commentator's favorite Air Force man, who set another national record with a forty-one-yard field goal on Saturday. Air Force had gone to Fort Collins—a pleasant Front Range town more celebrated among collectors of Americana for its now vanished Toonerville Trolley system than for being the home base of Colorado State—only to shudder under a hail of field goals (the longest for fifty-three yards) by State's Kemble. The final count: State 47, Air Force 10. That mile-high territory must be a kicker's paradise.

—J. W. L.

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It is the hope of the committee, that as many as possible, will dress as they did 100 years ago.—San Jose (Calif.) First Congregational Church Newsletter.

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JAZZ

New York Notes

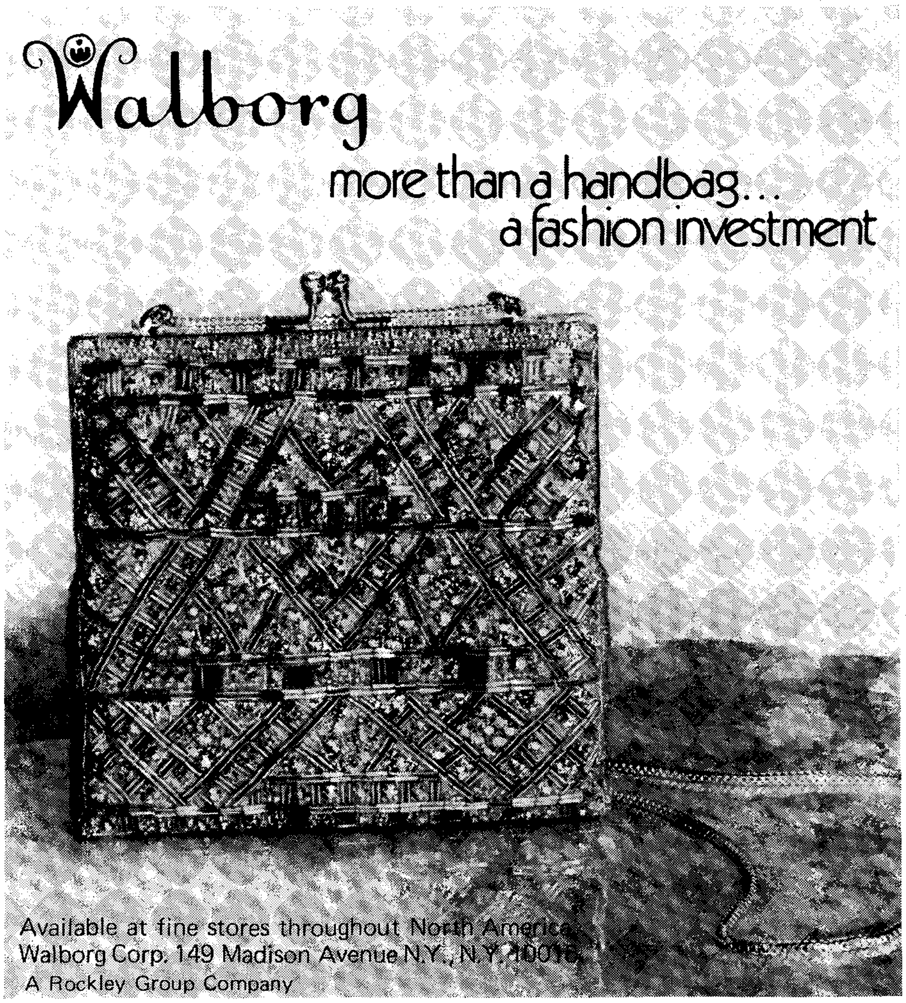
SEPTEMBER 21st: By 1940, the pursuit of American primitivism in this country was well under way (collecting folk art, collecting black jazz musicians, recording Appalachian folksingers, writing dialect novels), and one of its choicest finds was the drummer Zutty Singleton, who died this July, at the age of seventy-seven. Between the late thirties and the early forties, Singleton, steadily visible at Nick's or the Village Vanguard or Jimmy Ryan's, was one of the mascots of the Brooks Brothers set. He played its private parties, and he played the Sunday-afternoon jam sessions at Ryan's, where the tapping of white buck shoes was thunderous. He played a session on the St. Regis Roof that was broadcast to Britain, which was ecstatically told by the announcer, Alistair Cooke, that Singleton was the "greatest colored drummer alive." Singleton was an ingratiating performer. His ceaseless motions were puppetlike. His head rolled from side to side and his eyelids fluttered like butterflies. His arms seesawed, and he lunged to the right or the left for a choked-cymbal stroke or a tomtom beat. He played with a cheerful mock ardor, and the instant he finished a number his broad smile came out like the sun. What chiefly held his admirers were his snare-drum rolls, which were beautiful. They flowed like cream on marble, and he used them everywhere—for background figures with the afterbeat emphasized, for press rolls in slow tempos, and in his solos, which often consisted of an unbroken roll that rose and fell, that shouted and whispered. For all that, Singleton was a patchy drummer who had barely enough technique to get by. He never learned to use a high-hat properly, his time was often unsteady, and his solos were predictable. His style came to a standstill around 1930, and it would have been unkind to compare him, ten years later, with such contemporaries as Sid Catlett and Jo Jones and Chick Webb. But Singleton was a fountainhead, and fountainheads are beyond cavil. He presided over drumming in Chicago during the late twenties and early thirties, when he worked with Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines, and from out of his shadow came drummers like Catlett and Gene Krupa and Lionel Hampton. He was a short, round, beamish man, an ingenuous, pleased country boy whose beginnings now seem Arcadian: "I was born in Bunkie, Louisiana," he once said. "My grandmother worked for a Dr. Hayes there, and when my mother was seventeen my grandmother summoned her up from New Orleans, where she was living with an aunt. My mother used to go to the local grocery store, which was owned by a man named E. E. Singleton. It looked like they got together. It looked like they got together, and that's how I appeared. He must have been in his thirties. I saw him just twice. He came to our house one night when I was six. He'd been hunting, and he had a lot of game. The other time, Viny Monroe, who'd been my midwife, came by and said, 'Come on, boy, I'm going to take you by your daddy's store.' She did, and those were the two times I saw him. Of course, the house we lived in he bought for my mother."

"The Kingsleys were not my idea, they were your idea. Jerry Bestor was my idea."

SEPTEMBER 23rd: The first style primitive artists like Singleton hit on is their single experiment. Their technical limitations prohibit further experimentation and allow only a certain amount of growth, which generally takes the form not of expansion but of an intensification of what they already are. Primitive artists feed on themselves. An excellent instance is Erroll Garner. Garner's career is now thirty years old, and he has been an enormous success. He has become even more lofty than the Modern Jazz Quartet was in its best years. He plays mainly in concert halls, he takes plenty of time off to count his huge royalties from "Misty," long a standard, and he rarely bothers to record anymore. So Columbia has done us a service by restoring to print the old, workaday Garner in "Erroll Garner" (PG 33424). It contains twenty-one numbers made between 1950 and 1956, when Garner was in mint form, and much of it is brilliant.

There are degrees of originality, and Garner's is of the highest. He long ago listened to Art Tatum and Earl Hines and Mary Lou Williams, and some of his long-armed single-note melodic lines go on and on like Bud Powell, but the rest is Garner. (He has never studied his instrument and cannot to this day read music.) His originality has proved irresistible, even to those from whom he once learned and who now learn from him. His style is melodramatic, swinging, emotional, and often startling. No pianist has had a more daring sense of dynamics. Here is what he does with his volume knob on a typical number: He delivers his outrageous, mini-symphonic introduction at a shout, pauses a split second, and drops into a soft, barely audible embellishment of the melody. The El has passed and you can hear the breeze in the ailanthus again. When he reaches the first bridge, he turns the volume up slightly, and turns it down again for the last eight bars. He then lets loose a brief, noisy whirlpool of chords (a satellite that has spun off his introduction), cuts the sound to a whisper, and goes into a full chorus of improvisation that grows gradually louder and ends in a thunderhead of chords. But Garner's dynamics are perverse. His loudest passages are often his least inspired, while his softest are often his most affecting. One has to continually lean into his music to catch its best moments. Garner's style has other refreshing quirks. In place of oompah figures or tenths or clusters of offbeat chords in the left hand, he plays on-the-beat guitar chords—*rump rump rump rump*—that amount to his own rhythm section and that make the bass and drums he invariably carts around superfluous. And he is a remarkable ballad player. He uses a lot of loud pedal and an almost impenetrable foliage of chords and tremolos. Then, just as one is beginning to despair of seeing daylight again, he releases the loud pedal and goes into a sotto-voce, on-the-beat improvisation—a device that surprises the listener, cuts the sugar, and immediately knocks the piece into shape. Like Fats Waller and Tatum, Garner has a strong comic streak. He spoofs certain songs, and occasionally he gets off sharp, funny parodies of other pianists. And, in the mysterious manner of so many Eastern pianists, he cannot take the blues seriously.

The delights of the Columbia reissue include a very fast "Lover," spelled out in astonishingly mellifluous single-note lines, lines that *hustle*; wild, seemingly where-am-I? introductions in "Love for Sale," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," and "Music, Maestro, Please;" a funny "Dancing in the Dark," full of rich, lisping Eddie Duchin chords; a bowling, blowing "Avalon;" a superbly lush (then lean) reading of his ballad "Dreamy;" an eight-minute "Man I Love," in which he extracts all the melodic juice before doubling the tempo and playing a remarkable melody-based improvisation; and a jumping, jolly "Honeysuckle Rose." Most jazz musicians use the composer's work as a stepping-off place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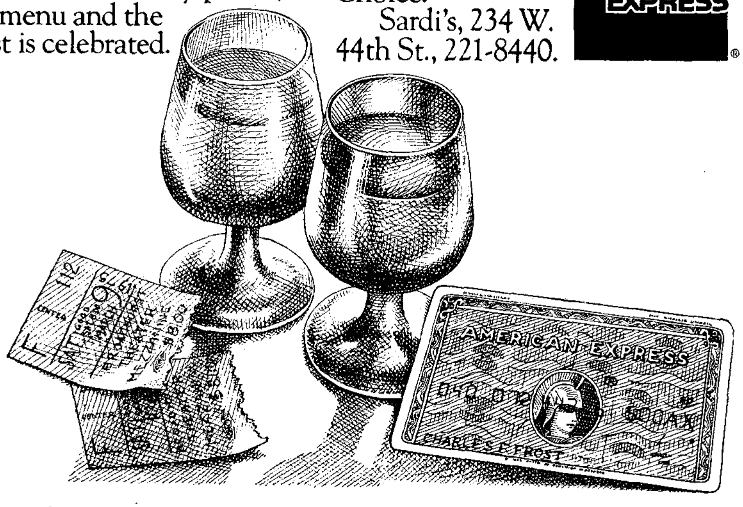
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for what they pray will be an even better composition. But Garner does not. Listen to how he gladdens the melodies of "Man I Love" and "Lover" and "I Never Knew," how he heightens and freshens them and makes them sing.

Garner revealed during his most recent New York appearance, a year and a half ago, that he is following the course of all great primitives. His playing is more intense and prolix. His celebrated introductions often swell into steaming, complete compositions. His dynamics are even more dramatic. His tremolos are veritable hanging gardens, and his single-note lines cascades. But one has a dream about Garner. How fine it would be to hear him with a small band of his choosing, just jamming and lyricing along. It might ease the weight of his crown as well as produce some lightning music.

SEPTEMBER 26TH: Paradox crisscrossed much of Mahalia Jackson's life. She became famous in her last fifteen years by singing black religious music before white secular audiences. She was a great jazz singer who never sang jazz. (One wonders whether she *really* believed that, particularly when the spirit was on her and she stomped up and down the stage, swinging unbelievably hard.) She was a black hero to many whites and a "white" traitor to many blacks. She was a conspicuously charitable woman who never lost her New Orleans "evil." (The New Orleans evil is a local trait, and is commonly found among musicians. It takes the form of outrageous perversity, secrecy, suspicion, and a high clannishness. So: in all the world, only New Orleans musicians are any good.) And now, her jubilant, simple life finished just four years ago, she is the subject of a miasmic, six-hundred-page biography, "Just Mahalia, Baby" (Word Books), which was put together by a New Orleans newspaperwoman named Laurraine Goreau. The author hung around Mahalia for twelve or thirteen years, and she must have jotted down the comings and goings—even from room to room in Mahalia's Chicago house—of every person who came in contact with her. The result is a giant engagement calendar swarming with people who are not always introduced and who do not always have surnames. Whether Laurraine Goreau ever sat down and *interviewed* Mahalia is not clear. Once in a while, Mahalia's own voice comes through, and we think, That must have been the way she

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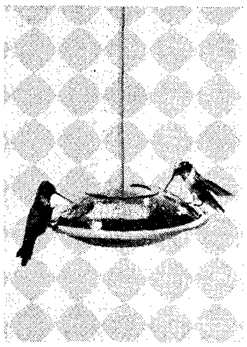

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talked, the way she was—as in this passage about a transatlantic crossing:

> Even though the water made me sick, quite sick, I would find myself all day watching the sea, and the way the water would run. It never ran the same way; sometimes it was like this, and sometimes like that—sometimes like this—and like that. It keeps you interested all day long, watching which way the sea going turn—whether it's going spread out, or whether it's going drop; all these different forms that it takes. And the sounds it makes. There really is a song of the sea.

But much of the time the book drifts in and out of a synthetic voice that is a queer attempt to make it seem as if Mahalia were talking about herself in the third person. Hence:

> Right into running revival at Salem all week. Never mind tired—she promised God. Good she could tell Mildred to bring her singers one night. Let her be a part. Oooh, it's a small bed this week for Halie: Can't invite Rev. Bentley all the way from Philadelphia to preach and not give him the best, her queen-size; she sure wasn't going take Minnis's bed; got Laurraines in Sigma's or she wouldn't mind being in the little girl's. Anyway, Laurraines need to be there 'cause that's the closet where Allen keep the stationery and Laurraines writing the important people for her in India. Halie was ashamed to let it run this long. So *much!* But it was good to have people fill up some this space.

An outline of Mahalia's life eventually rises from the swamp. She was born illegitimate and poor in New Orleans in 1912. Her mother, Charity Clark, was a minister's daughter, who died when Mahalia was five. Her father, Johnny Jackson, was also a preacher, whose attentions warmed in direct proportion to her fame. She was raised by an overbearing aunt, and when she was fifteen she moved to Chicago with another aunt. During the next twenty years, she worked her way up through the doctrinaire, jealous gospel world, changing the music as she went along. She freed it rhythmically, and she made commonplace such devices as blue notes and growls and abrasive shouts. By 1950, she had had her first hit record, and she was on her way. One suspects that she was never at peace for long. She was married twice—to an inveterate gambler and to a blowhard jazz musician—and divorced twice. She became encrusted with hangers-on and bullies and sycophants. Her weight weakened her health, and she was frequently bedridden during the last seven or eight years of her life. But by the time she died she was no longer just a gospel singer. She was a black American superstar. Goreau doesn't tell us whether,

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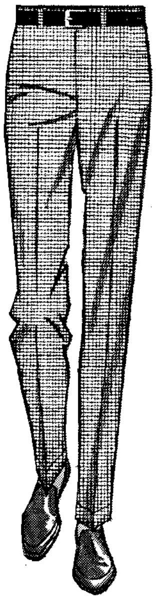

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in reaching that eminence, she considered herself to have risen or fallen.

October 1st: Two concerts: The first, given last night at Carnegie Hall by Oscar Peterson and the guitarist Joe Pass, had nothing to hang on to. Peterson and Pass are virtuosos, and everything they played—separately and together—was fleet, slippery, expert, and cool. There was no content, no heat, no surprises. It was musical shadow play. Peterson's and Pass's idols are Art Tatum and Django Reinhardt. They, too, were occasionally glib, but they never came empty-handed.

The second concert, held tonight in the Loeb Student Center, was billed as a jam session, and on hand were Thad Jones, Red Rodney, Bill Watrous, Frank Wess, Phil Woods, Hank Jones, Ron Carter, and Connie Kay. Woods played with his customary buttonholing passion, and Wess was industrious. Hank Jones was pure, collected, and crystalline. Watrous performed his incredible trombonic feats, and Carter did his relentless, labyrinthine set piece in "Willow Weep for Me." But Thad Jones gave the impression that he had taken his solos out before they were done, and Rodney's work was equally *bleu*. Connie Kay was puzzling. His playing was plodding, but he looked more animated than he has in twenty years.

October 10th: Five important recordings:

It is rare when a recording of a jazz concert bears out what one thought one heard. Generally, the concert turns out to be neither as good nor as bad as it seemed. But the recording of the swan-song concert given by the Modern Jazz Quartet at Avery Fisher last November—"The Last Concert: The Modern Jazz Quartet" (Atlantic SD 2-909)—is an exception. It *was* a classic evening. The recording also proves something that one suspected that night but didn't want to believe: the group, which had actually given its final concert some months before in Sydney and had been defunct since then, was no longer the impeccable machine it had come to be. Indeed, the concert was not so much a celebration of what the group had achieved during its marvellous twenty years as it was a celebration of the new freedom of its four members, and this shows in almost every one of the fourteen numbers brought together on the album, which is an edited version of the original three-hour concert. The

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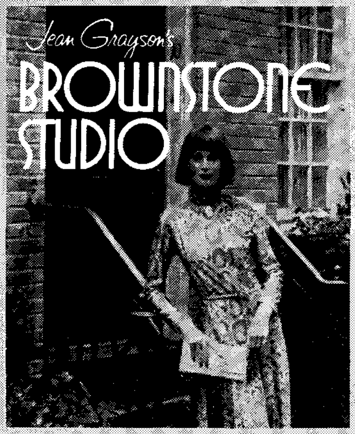

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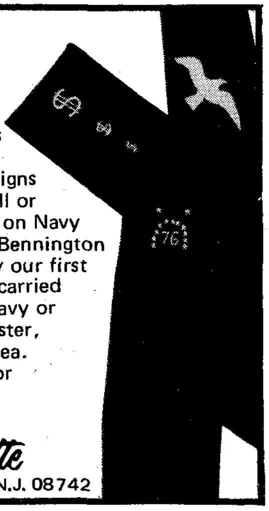

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group's extraordinary counterpoint is pretty much intact ("The Golden Striker," "Summertime"), but the solos, once so carefully balanced with the ensembles, are long and ballooning and almost aggressive. They are also brilliant. Listen to Milt Jackson in "The Cylinder" and "Summertime," and especially in "What's New?" and "Django." It's as if he were consciously knocking the stuffing out of "Django," which came to be an M.J.Q. hymn. And listen to Lewis's lovely ascending opening phrase in his solo in "Summertime" and, midway, to its ringing, floating clusters of high notes. And to his exquisite statement in "Skating in Central Park." Even Percy Heath gets off two notable solos ("Blues in A Minor," "Bags' Groove"), and throughout Kay swings with an almost thundering precision. In due course, "The Last Concert" should take its place alongside Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert, John Hammond's "Spirituals to Swing" concerts, Louis Armstrong's 1947 Symphony Hall concert, and the Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie-Max Roach explosion that took place in Massey Hall, in Toronto, in 1953.

Not long before the late Ben Webster left for Europe, in 1964 (for good, as it sadly turned out), he got together with his old friend Milt Hinton at Hinton's house, in Queens, and the two men made some music. Luckily, Hinton turned on his tape machine, and four of the numbers they played have been brought out on one side of "Here Swings the Judge: Milt Hinton and Friends" (Famous Door Stereo HL-104). Two of the numbers—Webster playing vigorous amateur stride piano—are indulgences, but the other two are invaluable. The first is a stately, very slow version of "Sophisticated Lady," in which Webster plays the melody—a beautifully embellished, subtly altered melody—for one chorus, gives way to a chorus of Hinton, and returns for a chorus of serene and majestic improvisation. Webster never played better, and one reason was the sheer space at hand. There was no one to get in his way—no sluggish drummer, no tin-eared pianist—and he soars. And the same is true of the second selection—a short, fast, wholly graceful "All the Things You Are." What a pity the two men didn't make a whole album! But A. & R. men, their heads stuffed with contrivances, rarely have the right notions at the right time.

During the forties, Lester Young made several dozen recordings for a small West Coast label, Aladdin, and

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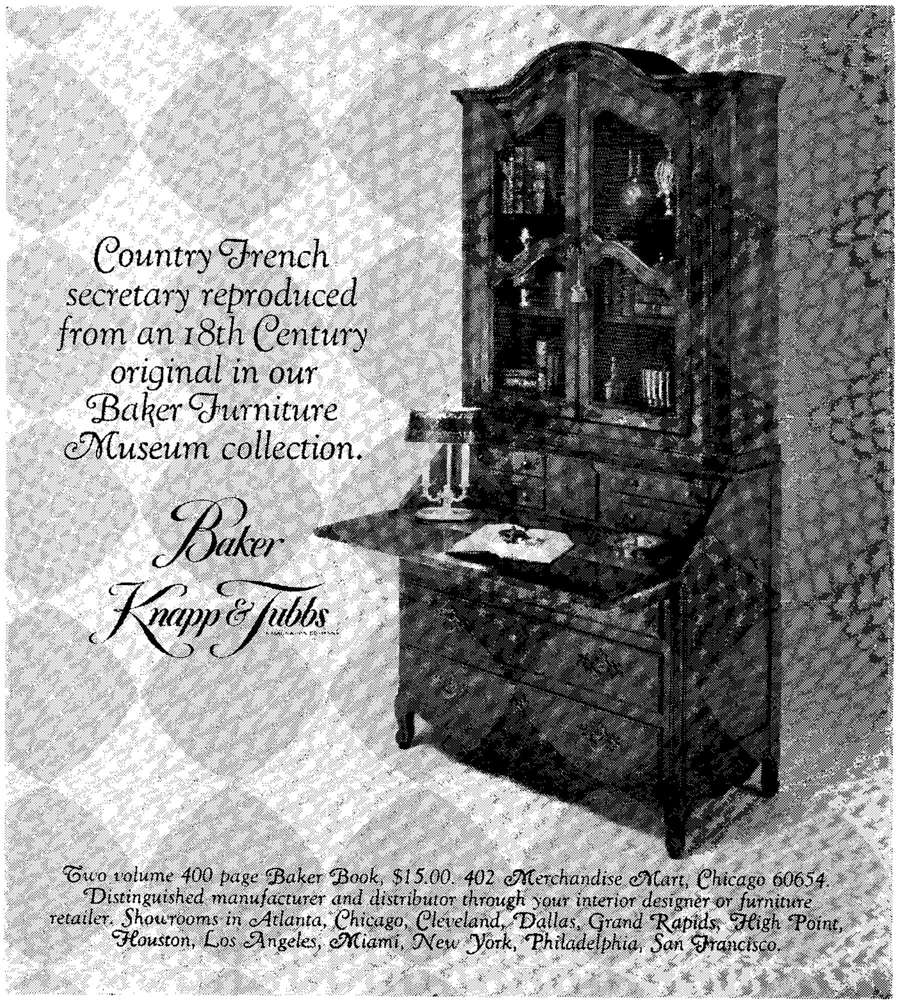

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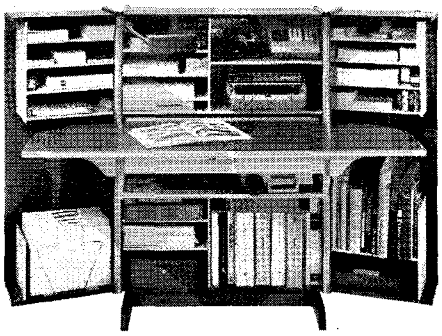

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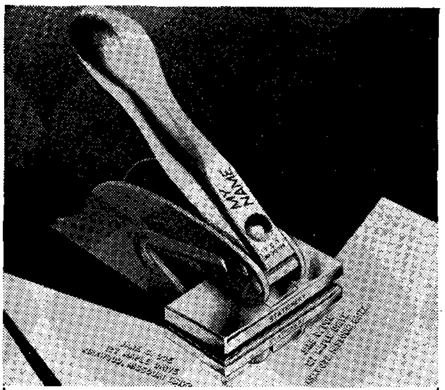

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a good proportion have been brought together in "Lester Young: The Aladdin Sessions" (Blue Note BN-LA456-H2). His long and tortuous disintegration had already begun, but he was still in marvellous form, particularly in such ballads as "These Foolish Things," "It's Only a Paper Moon," "You're Driving Me Crazy," "She's Funny That Way," "Sunny Side of the Street," and "I'm Confessin'." Young doesn't bother with stating the melody. He simply launches into his improvisations, and they are such complete reworkings that sometimes it is impossible to tell what he is playing. He literally creates new and fascinating compositions out of the composer's chords. The album reminds us of how much his squadron of imitators learned from him, and, at the same time, how little.

Jim Hall's first new record in a couple of years, "Jim Hall: Concierto" (CTI 6060 S1), is a subtle, highly lyrical effort in which he is joined by Chet Baker, Paul Desmond (in just two numbers), Roland Hanna, Ron Carter, and the drummer Steve Gadd. There is a long, fast, inquiring version of "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" that is notable for Hall's spare solo, a brief bit of counterpoint between Desmond and Baker, and the first in the album of what turn out to be four quite miraculous Baker solos. Baker has spent much of his career stepping on his own feet and concurrently obscuring the fact that, somewhat in Miles Davis's earlier mode, he is an intelligent, affecting player whose solos are often models of design and inflection and phrasing. They have a latter-day Beiderbecke quality. In addition to "You'd Be So Nice," the first side of the record includes a short rendition of Hall's "Two's Blues" and a longer one of Jane Hall's new and serene ballad "The Answer Is Yes." The second side is a fresh and eloquent study of Joaquin Rodrigo's mournful "Concierto de Aranjuez," which has been run up the flagpole before by Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Quartet. All hands (except the drummer) take forty-two-bar solos, and Baker and Desmond are remarkable. And so is Hall, but his guitar is not favorably recorded. He uses a lot of low, reverberative notes, and they get entangled with the bass player, who is over-recorded, and with the pianist, who, though he plays well, is totally unneeded. Hall, the champion of his instrument, deserves the sort of bony, clear recording one often got in the forties, before progress gave us high fidelity and stereo.

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Anthony Braxton is a thirty-year-old saxophonist, clarinettist, and flutist from Chicago who, through no fault of his own, is being hailed as the new messiah, the new Charlie Parker-John Coltrane-Ornette Coleman. But Parker and Coltrane and Coleman were not nearly as wild-eyed as they first appeared; indeed, they turned out to be two-thirds conservative, one-third rebel, and Braxton is no exception. He is an orderly musician, and he has taken the best of Coleman and Eric Dolphy and Miles Davis and Benny Carter and Paul Desmond and added his own curious, almost arithmetical way of phrasing. But Braxton's music is small and confidential. It lacks Parker's ferocity and declamatory tone, Coleman's heedlessness, and Coltrane's zealotry. It resembles an up-to-date music box. Now he has made his second record on a label of consequence—"Anthony Braxton: Five Pieces 1975" (Arista AL 4064). There are four musicians (Braxton, trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, bassist Dave Holland, and drummer Barry Altshul), and the album consists of a straightforward and altogether admirable reading of "You Stepped Out of a Dream" and four of Braxton's politely shocking creations. These are identified only by mysterious formulas. Thus, the first number on Side 2 is

489 M
70 - 2 - - (TH - B)
M

All four numbers bear a melodic likeness to Coleman's compositions, but they are arranged in a far more calculated manner. In "489 M" there is a long unison statement of the melody, and then Braxton improvises in quick succession on alto and sopranino saxophones, clarinet, flute, and bass clarinet. He plays straight and he moans and wails and makes monster sounds, but in an unagitated way. The third number on Side 1 has a devious, irregular stop-time background and a long section of solos, in which Braxton makes kissing sounds on his alto and Wheeler suggests Rex Stewart. Holland is fashionably huge-toned and lightning-fingered, and Altshul produces a soft array of clicks, silken cymbal sounds, and tap-tapping snare-drum and tomtom beats. He is a bonsai, which must please Braxton.

OCTOBER 22ND: The revival, at the Uris, of Scott Joplin's "opera," "Treemonisha," is an almost altruistic act. "Treemonisha" was written around the turn of the century and was not produced until 1972, and it is

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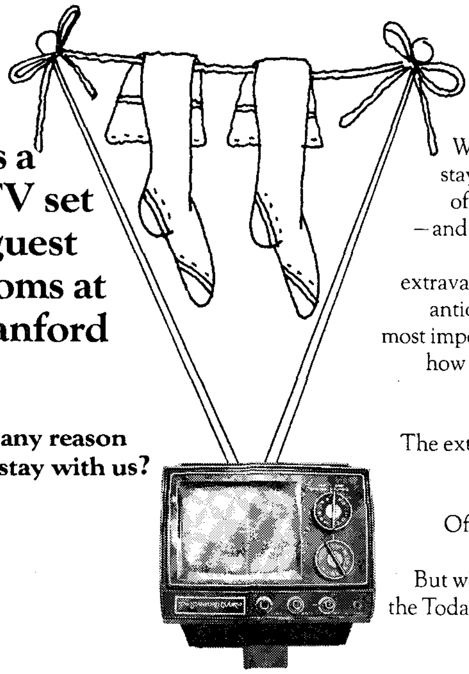

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easy to understand why. It is—with the exception of the next-to-last number, in which Joplin finally surfaces—a dull and synthetic piece of work. It is also a sad one. Joplin, in his rags, was a gifted and often stirring melodist, but he did not know how to write opera. And the production, done by the Houston Grand Opera Association, which put "Treemonisha" on last spring, inadvertently points this up at every turn. What Joplin wrote—a collection of stiff, semi-operatic songs and a halting book that has to do with a black Joan of Arc named Treemonisha—has been obtrusively fattened up with a kind of sub-ballet (choreographed by Louis Johnson, who, oddly, leans on the can-can and the Charleston), a huge chorus, symbolic sets, and so much stage business (mock battles, dancing alligators, dancing swamp grass, weeping, hugging, whispering, leering) that the music becomes almost secondary. But the music gets through it all, and even comes to life once—in "A Real Slow Drag." It is a lyrical and graceful song, and it sounds exactly like a strain from a Joplin rag. Most of the singing is done by Carmen Balthrop, Betty Allen, Curtis Rayam, and Willard White, and they handle Joplin's occasionally jagged melodies well. (The acoustics at the Uris are poor, and whole patches of song are lost.) Gunther Schuller's orchestrations are limber and apt (it was his arrangement of Joplin's "The Entertainer" that Marvin Hamlisch borrowed so heavily from for the score of "The Sting"), and he is also conducting. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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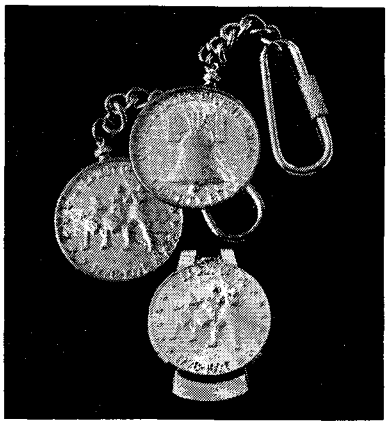

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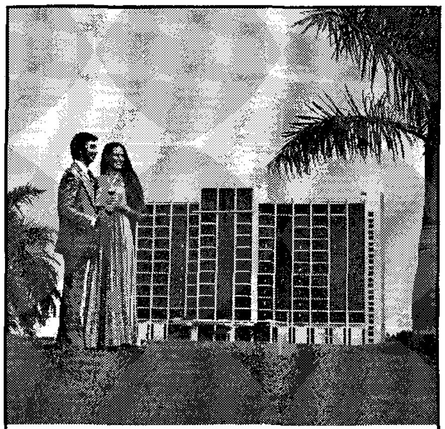

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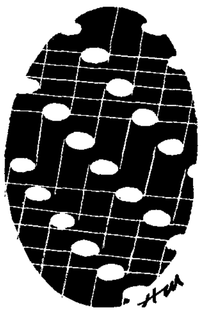
MUSICAL EVENTS

Enchantress

JACOB DRUCKMAN'S "Lamia," a concert scena for soprano and orchestra, was the first new work of the Philharmonic concert season. The title refers neither to the seductive serpent-maid of Philostratus, Burton, and Keats nor to a blood-sucking she-devil; this Lamia is a sorceress, cousin to those tragic heroines—Handel's Alcina, Gluck's Armida, Cherubini's Medea, Wagner's Kundry among them—who have often inspired composers. "Devil's-flower! Herodias wast thou, and what more? Gundryggia there, Kundry here," says Klingsor as he summons Kundry to work the pure Parsifal's destruction. His "What more?" is easily answered: woman as a predatory serpent and vampire—Lilith, Lamia, Mélusine—and woman as a lovely witch—Circe, Alcina—whose charms can transform rational man into a beast but who loses her power when she herself falls in love with a strong man are deep-entrenched in male mythology. The texts of "Lamia" are old conjurations, cries of Medea in words by Ovid and by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini (the librettist of Francesco Cavalli's "Giasone"), a magic spell from Malaysia, and Isolde's fierce apostrophe to winds and wave. And, specifically, "Lamia" is a celebration of the incantatory powers of Jan DeGaetani, the singer for whom it was composed. In a program note, Mr. Druckman recalls an account of his "Animus II," at the 1972 Aspen Music Festival, when Miss DeGaetani "gave a particularly magical performance . . . in which everything that sounded and befell seemed to be the direct result of her will and her powers." "Animus II" Mr. Druckman has described as "the celebration of a sybaritic ritual." It is a piece of music theatre for a woman whose siren song leads, lures, cajoles, and excites two percussionists into eloquent pursuit of her through a concert hall. Miss DeGaetani is an astonishing singer to whom very little seems impossible. She can produce notes that come, like the lament of Keats' Lamia, "as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake." She can sound like a mischievous, merry, untainted child. Except when she clouds it by expressive intention, the timbre is limpid; she can project a pianissimo murmur and make it audible, and sing high C with steady shine. Awkward intervals give her no pitch problems; with chamois certainty she negotiates the trickiest vocal path. At rapid, flickering ornaments, flashing phosphor and sharp sparks, she is adept—also at melting melodies, luting soft.



"Lamia" begins with a spell, "Ramuc ✢ Malin ✢ Fora consummatum est. . . ." The instruments rise like summoned wraiths around the voice, and crash into tutti climax when it cries "In te confeto Satana." The scene in which Ovid's Medea owns that she is passion's slave is divided by three pretty little prayers, by girls of Poitiers, for dreams of their future husbands. Against a misty background, small, bright musical images form and disappear. The dainty, pattering Malaysian charm that follows—a conjuration to call back a human soul that has darted from its body like a little bird—was newly composed for the New York performance; "Lamia" was commissioned by Carl Touhey and the Albany Symphony Orchestra, and when, with Miss DeGaetani, they gave the first performance, last year, the work went straight on to its final section: after a vocalise on magic syllables, brass and organ sound the celebrated E-minor chords of Medea's invocation, "Dell'antro magico," from Cavalli's "Giasone." Soon this is "intercut" with Isolde's exclamations, "Entartet Geschlecht! Unwert der Ahnen!"—words by Wagner, but music newly composed by Mr. Druckman. Isolde, of course, was no sorceress. Winds and wave refused to obey her. Rather as in Handel's "Alcina" the lovelorn heroine's convocation of "Ombre pallide" meets with silence, so in "Lamia" the orchestral climax of Isolde's call collapses into a troubled pianissimo, accompaniment to a muttered spell, and then dies into silence. Although it may suit the dramatic program of the piece that this final Medea-Isolde outburst requires powers that even Miss DeGaetani does not command, it can hardly have been the composer's intention to display by that means the impotence of a sorceress foiled. Nevertheless, the heavy majesty of Medea's "Dell'antro magico," as here scored, seems to call for a Callas or a Nilsson, for a more grandly heroic voice than Miss DeGaetani's, and her cries of Isolde's "Heran zu Kampf und Wettergetös'! Zu tobender Stürme wütendem Wirbel!" did not match the orchestral tempest. Miss DeGaetani was the inspiration of the piece, and it would be hard to match the charm, variety, and subtle virtuosity that she brings to its performance. All the same, it would be interesting to hear Mme. Nilsson or Mme. Caballé essay it. (For Mme. Callas it is probably too late; the only "new" piece she has ever taken part in was Haydn's opera "Orfeo," at its world première. Today's prima donnas, unlike their predecessors, are not eager to interpret, nor are their audiences avid to hear them in, brand-new music.) Mr. Druckman uses a large orchestra divided into two groups, each with its separate conductor. (They were Pierre Boulez and David Gilbert.) The singer's role is dominant, and is meant to be; the orchestra provides background, color, atmosphere, illustration, support, and some interludes. A keen, cruel, perceant, stinging eye, such as, in Keats' poem, discerned that Lamia's pleasure dome was but an insubstantial pageant, might find in the score little beyond a series of striking effects. But striking and effective they are. The work lasts about twenty minutes.

On its summer tour of Europe, the playing of the Philharmonic won some glowing reviews. In the October *Musical Times* one reads of "warm, rich string tone (a cello section to rank with Berlin's), full-bodied, articulate winds (even the E-flat clarinet made lovely noises), brilliant brass (the horn trills in the first ländler [of Mahler's Ninth Symphony] would be the envy of any coloratura soprano) and timpani." It is good to know that the orchestra can sound like this. Perhaps it will in Carnegie Hall, later this season—or next season, in the rebuilt Fisher Hall. But the performance of Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" suite that preceded "Lamia" was ill-balanced and unpolished. Two days later, the violin-and-piano version of the suite was played by Pavel Kogan and Elizaveta Ginsburg, in the dreary auditorium of Hunter College, a place depressing to eye and spirits. At this his New York début, Mr. Kogan, the son of Leonid Kogan, showed himself to be a highly trained and technically accomplished violinist, but there was no charm or fancy in his account of the Stravinsky, and little emotion in his reading of Shostakovich's sombre, resolute Sonata. That he seemed to regard his partner as the merest accompanist, while accepting applause or

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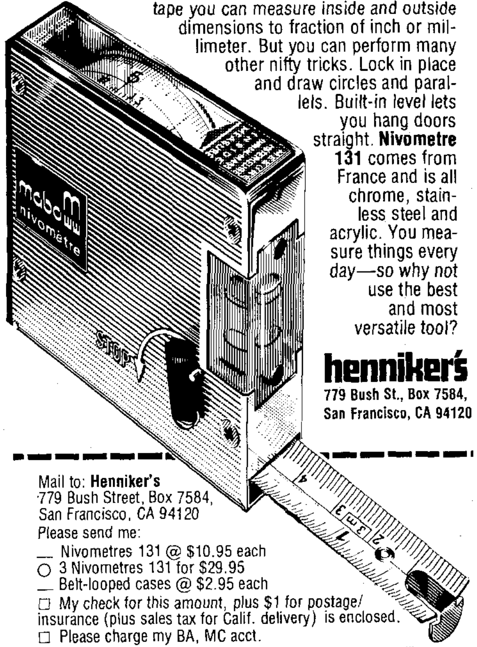

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when walking off in front of her, was merely a matter of platform manners; but during music in which the piano is as important as the violin it amounted to artistic insensitivity.

THEA MUSGRAVE's "Space Play," a chamber concerto, was introduced to New York at the first concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center season, in Alice Tully Hall. It is a musical game for nine players. Flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon are stationed round the platform; violin, viola, cello, and double bass cluster at the center; just behind them, as a kind of referee and genial master of ceremonies, is the horn. The wind players have most of the fun. The oboe stands up to lead the first episode, *andante espressivo, con molto rubato*. Then the horn takes charge, rises, invites the others to emulate his cadenzalike flourishes, and sets the new tempo for a *più-mosso* section, in which the flute and the bassoon play leading roles. The clarinet, silent on the sidelines during these exchanges, comes forward at the close of this, musing on a two-note figure, and proposes a *calmo* episode under his direction. This ends with some skyrockets from the instrument and leads to an altercation with the horn. The latter enlists the flute and the bassoon as his followers; at his summons, they imitate his calls. He turns to the clarinet next, "as if about to lead him in;" the clarinet is stubbornly silent, so the horn "turns pointedly away . . . and toward [the] oboe," who proves more biddable. The clarinet interrupts *furioso*, but the argument is won by the horn, who celebrates victory in a big *declamando* melody. There is an amicable coda, in which the violin is allowed a say of his own.

In a series of recent works—notably the Clarinet, Horn, and Viola Concertos—Miss Musgrave has explored the play of music through space, and dramatic dialogue involving mimicry, parody, and what sounds like straightforward conversation, or quarrel, between instruments. There is a moment in the Viola Concerto when the soloist seems to be giving a master class to the viola section of the orchestra. The soloist of the Clarinet Concerto moves about through the orchestra. "Space Play," which lasts about twenty minutes, is slighter than those works—a happy diversion in which the composer holds an adroit balance between letting the players do what they like and making sure that they do so within bounds that define the piece she has devised. The rules for

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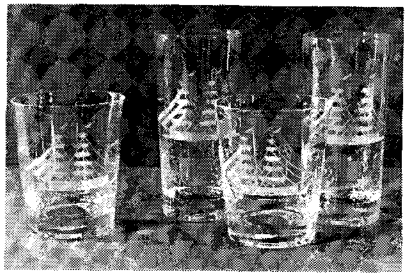

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each stage of the game are cunningly framed. Many of the moves—though not always the speed or volume or pitch level at which they must be executed—are obligatory. The shape of a musical gesture, and often the precise note on which it begins or ends, may be indicated, while inflections are left to the individual's fancy. Only three measures are strictly metered; for the rest, the ensemble takes its cues from whoever happens to be leader at the moment. There is a good deal of twiddle and twirl and flourish, but also—and this, perhaps, is what gives the work its endearing character—a recurrent vein of lyricism, in the form of fully composed melodies. "Space Play," commissioned by the Serge Koussevitzky Music Foundation in the Library of Congress, was first played by the virtuosi of the London Sinfonietta, a year ago. The virtuosi of the Chamber Music Society gave a musically deft performance, just a little inhibited on the "acting" side, which should reinforce the scenario of the score. The "independent musical personalities" that the composer had in mind did not emerge very strongly. "Space Play" is a game that could become popular with ensembles, and their audiences. The score is published by Novello.

For the second half of this concert, at which two of Mozart's "Bible" sonatas for organ and strings were played, the tall screens that usually close off the new organ had been opened. How the position of the screens affects the acoustics I have not been able to determine; but the sound of Dvořák's Piano Quintet, played after the Mozart, did not suggest that anything sonic is lost when the organ stands revealed. Visually, a great deal is gained. The sight of that instrument, with its admirably designed cases and rows of glinting pipes as background to the players on the platform, makes Tully Hall a place cheering to the eye and spirits; it was a rather plain wooden box before the organ arrived.

In the old box formation, the hall welcomed the first of a new series of Saturday "Coffee Concerts," some at noon and some at four in the afternoon. (Free coffee and doughnuts, in paper cups and on paper plates, are served in the foyer afterward, while the performers mingle with the audience.) The series looks attractive, and the first concert was certainly enjoyable. The most enduring product of the Ravel centenary junket is plainly Arbie Orenstein's thorough, if rather pedestrian, study "Ravel: Man and Musician," just pub-

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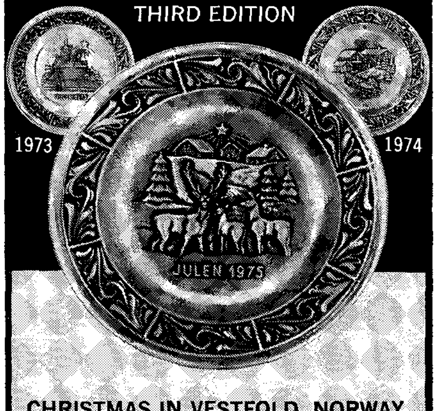

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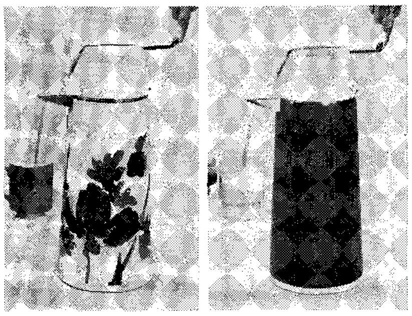

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lished by the Columbia University Press; the most bewitching performance of his music I have encountered this year was the Tokyo Quartet's of his String Quartet, at the Coffee Concert. The violins of this ensemble are in perfect accord; they play octaves as if on a single instrument; in the first paragraph of the Ravel, when they switch roles, their successive statements of the same phrase were almost too much alike. But a more exquisitely wrought account of the work is hard to imagine. The lines of Mozart's D-Major Quartet, K.575, the other piece on the program, were finely drawn. It was not a robust performance, and so not a complete account of the work, but it had a truth of intonation, a supple precision, and a consistent purity of timbre that more passionate interpreters often miss.

CARNEGIE HALL is a civilized place, once the scrum in the narrow lobby has been breached. Its ushers are courteous, smartly caparisoned, and often comely. It serves coffee in cups, with saucers under them. It pleases both the eye and the ear. The hall was packed, last week, for the recital at which Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Alfred Brendel performed Schubert's "Winterreise." Mr. Fischer-Dieskau is a superlatively efficient singer of lieder, with an anaconda appetite. It is hard not to be prejudiced by the knowledge that he tackles so much. He stars in perhaps thirty opera recordings, from Gluck's "Orfeo" to Busoni's "Doktor Faust" and Berg's "Wozzeck," and six of Wagner's, six of Verdi's. Working through collected editions from first page to last, omitting only pieces, such as "Die junge Nonne," unsuited to a male interpreter, he has put on record the complete songs of Schubert, Brahms, and Richard Strauss, most of those by Mozart and Mendelssohn and Wolf, much Schumann, substantial servings of Carl Loewe, Othmar Schoeck, and (most recently) Meyerbeer. Bach, Telemann, Haydn, Fauré, Carl Orff, and Hans Werner Henze fall into his domain. The wonder is that he never gives a perfunctory performance. Most of what he does—everything, perhaps, except the Italian operas—he does better than anyone else around. The words are clearly pronounced and subtly expressed. His timbre is beautiful. His only vice—and in this "Winterreise" he succumbed to it rarely—is a touch of boisterousness, a sudden bang on an accented note, a bouncy marcato, or a crescendo so violent that it can break the scale of a

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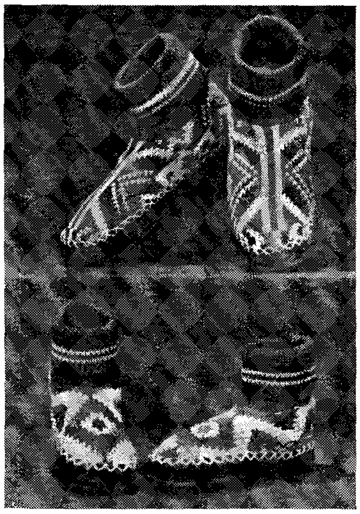

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song. And yet, and yet . . . Why is it that what seems to be perfection, what by any standards must be counted near-perfection, can leave one admiring but unmoved? Is there something lacking, something that Gérard Souzay, Peter Pears, and (to judge by the eight songs from "Winterreise" that she recorded) Elena Gerhardt have brought to performances of the cycle? I leave it as a question, and, if the answer is yes, cannot suggest what that something missing might be. In the detailed song-by-song comparison made possible by the phonograph, Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's insight into the work is at least equal, or often superior, to any other's, and his tonal resources are usually greater. Near the start of his recital, in the third strophe of the first song, he moved me deeply by the beauty of tone and word he brought to the phrase "Die Liebe liebt das Wandern." But by the end of it I hardly felt that, with the poet and the composer, I had made that winter journey; rather, I had noted a hundred exquisite details of execution. In his book "The Grand Tradition," that eloquent and indispensable guide to the singers of our century, J. B. Steane remarks, of Mr. Fischer-Dieskau's later recordings of works he has recorded before, "that, while they generally preserve and develop the earlier insights, they also tend to reduce emphasis, increase the smoothness and beauty of singing, and thus absorb the individual points into the body of the music." The same is true of his live performances. But song can follow upon song almost too effortlessly. Mr. Brendel's perfectly controlled, nearly but not quite understated interpretation of the piano part, sensitive to each shift of harmony, delicately, not obtrusively, pictorial (when the cocks crow, the dogs bark, wind sets the weathervane whirling, or frost lays a leafy tracery on the windowpane), was ideally matched to the singer's interpretation.

—Andrew Porter

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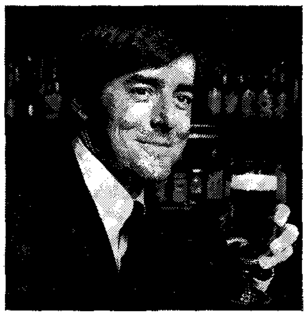

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Horseplay

"Rooster Cogburn," a Western shoot-'em-up produced by Hal Wallis and starring John Wayne and Katharine Hepburn, was filmed in the spectacular scenery of Oregon's Deschutes National Forest and Rogue River area, but it looks as if it had been shot by a tourist with a Brownie. The color, from Universal's back-lot Technicolor lab, is reminiscent of Cinecolor at its most vagrant; the shots don't match, and the long-distance ones are out of focus. This cheesiness might not be so noticeable if the combination of Wayne and Hepburn set up some cross fire, but when they spar it's mortifyingly blunt vaudeville, and their inevitable mutual admiration comes all too coyly soon. He acts the grumpy old dear, and she gives an overeager performance—all arch, anxious charm, and with the resolute, chin-tucked-in, tomboy perkiness made famous by the young Katharine Hepburn and the even younger Shirley Temple. (Her head is wrapped in scarves, as if she had the mumps.) The director, Stuart Millar, can't seem to find a discreet enough distance for the camera: you can tell when Wayne has shifted hairpieces, and for a while he wears one that gives him the inch-and-a-half forehead of a teen-age werewolf.

Wayne wallows in his role, grinning and slopping his big jowls around, and so the character of one-eyed Rooster Cogburn, carried over from "True Grit," loses the bit of tall-tale fantasy it had: the suggestion that Rooster, the United States marshal feared by badmen, was a relic of a mythic era. There was a moment in "True Grit" when the old fighter galloped into battle, twirling his rifle; the rays of the sun flashed off the spinning metal, and he was a comic deity. There's no myth in "Rooster Cogburn;" it's just a belch from the Nixon era. Rooster is stripped of his badge for being too quick on the trigger (he's killed sixty-four suspects), and the whole picture is a vindication of his methods. He talks like a frontier Spiro Agnew, describing his court-appointed deputies as "them lily-livered law-bookers;" they don't show up to help when he is sent on a special mission to bring in the mean varmint Hawk (Richard Jordan), the leader of a gang of robbers who sell liquor to Indians and then murder them. Hawk kills a saintly reverend who has his mission in the Indian settlement; Hepburn, her role lifted bodily from the 1952 "The African Queen," is Eula, the missionary's daughter, who has been teaching the Indian children. (In "The African Queen," when she was forty-four, Hepburn played the missionary's *sister;* the troupe of screenwriters here—including Hal Wallis and his wife, Martha Hyer—who are lumped together under the face-saving pseudonym Martin Julien, seem determined to make her ridiculous.) After Eula's father is murdered, Rooster comes along and takes her with him, and the script forgets all about the orphaned schoolchildren she has shooed off into the tall grass to escape the robbers' gunfire; they may still be there. She and Rooster and a drearily virtuous adolescent Indian boy set off to track down the badmen. Eventually, Wayne and Hepburn get to a perilous river and ride the rapids on their own African Queen—a log raft loaded high with cases of nitroglycerin—while being shot at. Wayne makes goo-goo eyes at her, as the script requires, but you can see what he's really in love with: it's the Gatling gun he's got on the raft. He blasts away with it exultantly—this is lusty man's work. His bluster seems to have got to Richard Jordan, who plays Hawk as a greedy-for-gold mad dog. Popping his eyes, Jordan delivers such beauts as "Nothin's gonna keep me away from that gold! Nothin', ya hear me? Nothin'!" It's an atrocious exhibition from a generally intelligent actor. There are two performers who manage to shine even in this muck. As Breed, an outlaw with a streak of affection for Rooster, Anthony Zerbe is almost as hammy as Jordan at first, but then he pulls in a bit and shows some class. He gives his character a reflective, rueful element that keeps it from getting sticky. But in acting terms the only real hero of the piece is Strother Martin; he's onscreen for just a minute or two, but as the crusty, anti-social old geezer whose raft Rooster commandeers he gives the picture its one burst of vitality. (I began to speculate about what the movie might be like if this old coot were the man Eula was trying to charm. Those girlish wiles wouldn't win *him* over; Hepburn would have to act to hold her own with Strother Martin.) At the end, Rooster and Eula—the lovebirds—make their farewells, giving us to understand that they will soon resume their courting, though these two are hardly at a time of life to postpone romance.

The two principal subjects of the script's attempts at humor are Wayne's gut and Hepburn's age, which is to say that the film tries to make jokes of what it can't hide. This insult badinage would sit a whole lot better if the film weren't at the same time trying to cover for the debilities of the stars. Wayne is supposed to be the match for any gang of outlaws, but when he lurches toward his horse the scene cuts away just as he should be swinging up into the saddle. Hepburn is playing a steely-eyed crack markswoman, but she looks lost—frightened—and she hops about weightlessly, twittering. As it is difficult for her to remain still, or to be seen listening, Wayne is given stale jokes chiding women's talkativeness. We know what John Wayne is doing here; this role is just a further step in the career of a movie star who was never an actor. Once upon a time, he had a great, rugged, photogenic body, and his transparency as an actor—his inability to convey any but the simplest emotions—gave him a frank, American-hero manner. We got used to his gruffness and his sameness; since he's always got by on "naturalness," recently he's been trying to turn his bulk to account, using his huge, puffy face as a Wallace Beery comic mug, and going for softhearted slob effects. There's probably nothing left for him to do but this horseplay. What, however, is Katharine Hepburn doing in this movie—in essentially the same relationship to Rooster Cogburn as the little girl in "True Grit"? Hepburn's ravaged beauty doesn't connect with John Wayne's broad-beamed affability. She was once a defiantly odd actress—curt one moment, exposed the next—and not always popular; now she plays up her oddness. When she goes all breathless with determination to speak her piece and then tells Wayne he's "a credit to the whole male sex," she's drawing upon her reserves of good will, asking us to admire Katharine Hepburn no matter what she's doing.

One wants to believe that in the right roles this great actress could still surprise us—Gladys Cooper found parts that were appropriate. But it's possible that Hepburn is so mannered by now that there's nothing she can play but her younger self. Because of how she looks in "Rooster Cogburn"—

shiveringly thin, with that face, which was always tight-skinned over the fine bones, now gone beyond gauntness into some form of gallantry—her performance suggests a bewildered self-parody.

Are people going to accept this movie as a happy low comedy? I suppose some will. There are films that get by because they give people a secure feeling, and people can take in "Rooster Cogburn" the way they take in TV movies—inattentively, satisfied that everything's going according to plan. What they're seeing on the screen is the saga of two rich, world-famous people who are still competing in a popularity contest. If you don't mind seeing indomitable old stars go through their most infantile tricks—snuggling into your favor at whatever cost—you can enjoy "Rooster Cogburn." The demoralization seems to have gone very far: shouldn't the studio that produced this picture have paid a little attention to how it was mounted? When Eula pleads Rooster's case in a court hearing at the end (and persuades the judge to exonerate him for not taking any prisoners), couldn't Universal afford a few extras, so there'd be some people in the courtroom? There's practically nobody in the whole movie, and if there were, with Universal's color processing you couldn't see them anyway.

If there was any reason for Barry England's play "Conduct Unbecoming" to be filmed, I couldn't discover it in Michael Anderson's movie. The play was a hit in London and had a moderate run on Broadway, in 1970, probably because it has the contrived tautness of a sealed-in courtroom situation, with big themes lurking around; every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked military hypocrisy, or corruption of colonialism, or subterranean sex perversion. The setting is a cavalry outpost in India, in 1878. At the opening, there are troops parading, but that's just for production values; we're really at a play, and the story starts when two characters enter, let us know who they are, and then wait for the next characters to come in the doors. Millington (James Faulkner), a newly arrived junior officer—a dark, long-lashed wastrel who looks a little like Jean Simmons—is bored and wants to be sent home. He makes advances to Mrs. Scarlett (Susannah York), the promiscuous widow of a regimental hero, thinking that that will get him a discharge, but when she is sexually brutalized she says that he did it, and he's in serious trouble. His

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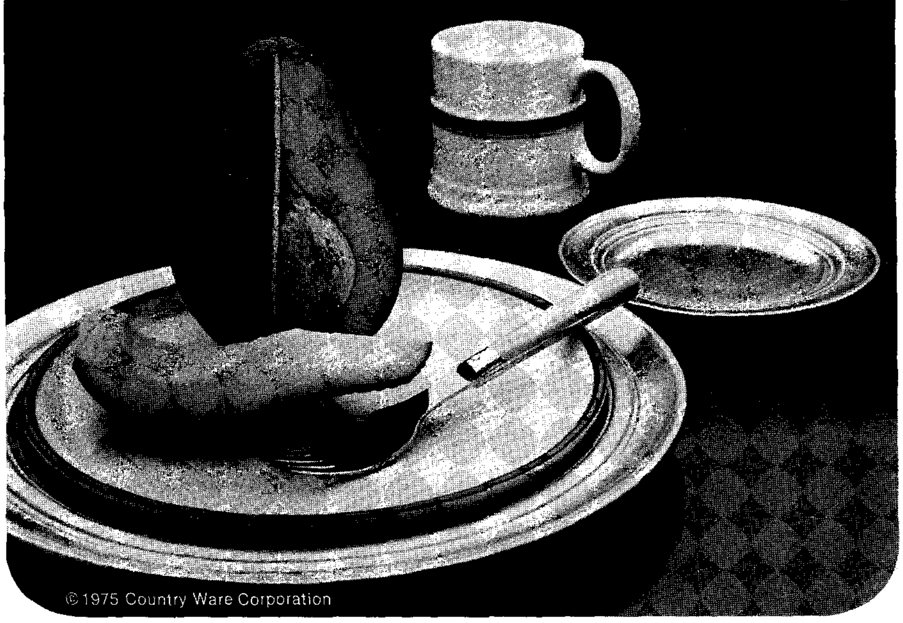

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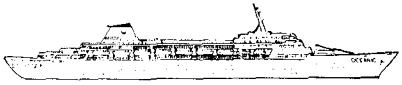

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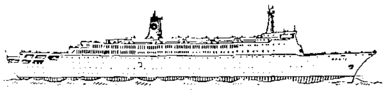

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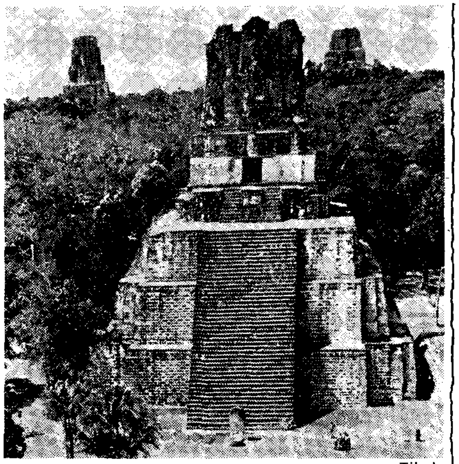

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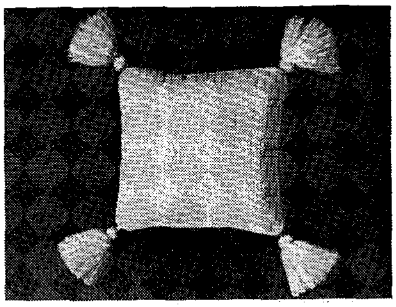

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trial is held in secret so the scandal won't leak out and damage the honor of the regiment. Drake (Michael York), also a new arrival but an exemplary soldier, who has grown up idolizing this regiment, is ordered to defend him and told to make no more than a perfunctory defense. Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, Stacy Keach, Richard Attenborough, James Donald, and Michael Culver are in the cast, and this may suggest that the film is impressive, but actually it's a convenience to have all these famous people playing the officers, because you couldn't tell the characters apart if you didn't recognize the actors. Enunciating their stage dialogue in professional, letter-perfect fashion, they keep the film at a tolerable level, but there's not a new performance from any of them. Anderson's staging is barely functional, and the actors keep stoking the plot. It turns out that the assault was uglier than we had at first supposed. The officers have a sport—pigsticking a stuffed pig on wheels—and it seems that Mrs. Scarlett, and another regimental widow, have been jabbed with a saber as if they were the pig. We wait to find out who the assailant really was, and why Mrs. Scarlett is protecting him by accusing Millington.

Eventually, Millington is cleared, and he undergoes a character change (as people used to do in well-made plays). He's transformed from a ne'er-do-well cynic to an officer proud to be accepted by the other men, while Drake, his courageous defender (and the central character), loses his innocence about regimental honor and, clearheaded, resigns his commission. Is anybody really interested in this kind of neat dramaturgy? In "Conduct Unbecoming," the neatness is fake anyway. We've never had a clue as to why Millington took such a cynically bored view to start with, and what exactly has soured Drake, since justice did win out? Because nothing basic about the military is actually revealed in the trial, his resignation seems no more than a wounded idealist's pique. And when Stacy Keach, as the captain in charge of the trial, shifts from heavy villainy of the no-neck, powerful-malignity variety to confused good intentions, it's as if Keach had flipped a page in the script and suddenly discovered he'd got the character all wrong. The big letdown of the film is that when, after much hocus-pocus and hushed talk and dimming of lamps, we find out who the pervert really is, we can't see why the women didn't name him to start

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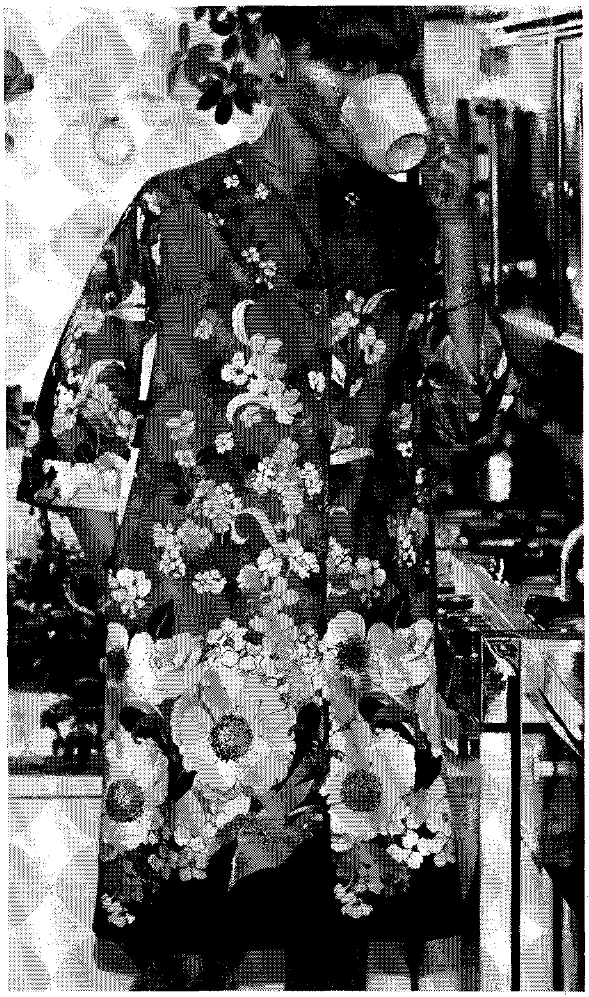
with, or why he gave the trial testimony that he did. The only thing that held us was the promise of a logical solution, and we've been betrayed.

So what is the point? Is the attack on Mrs. Scarlett an illuminating metaphor for the rot of imperialism, or is it just a kinked-up gimmick for a courtroom-chat drama? Susannah York gives one of her lewd-mouthed, flirty performances; the invitation "You can get dirty with me" is spelled out in her lipwetting smiles. During the court-martial, she pushes a women's-lib button, crying out that all the men in the regiment treat women like pigs, but this doesn't relate to anything that we can observe. The final explanation of why the psychopath has attacked her is so farfetched Gothic (involving schizophrenia and "possession" by a dead man) that it can hardly be politicized. "Conduct Unbecoming" doesn't begin to know what it's about.

"LET'S DO IT AGAIN" is like a black child's version of "The Sting"—an innocent, cheerful farce about an Atlanta milkman (Sidney Poitier) and a factory worker (Bill Cosby) who go to New Orleans and pull off a great scam. They outwit the black mobsters (John Amos, Julius Harris, and Calvin Lockhart) and win enough money for their lodge back home, The Sons and Daughters of Shaka, to put up a new meeting hall. Nobody is hurt, and everybody who deserves a comeuppance gets it. Their con involves hypnotizing a spindly prizefighter, played by Jimmie Walker, of TV's "Good Times," in his first screen role. The elder of their lodge (it's their church, too—as if it were the Benevolent and Protective Order of Muslim Elks) is played by Ossie Davis; and the cast also includes such well-known black performers as Mel Stewart, playing the fighter's manager, Denise Nicholas and Lee Chamberlin, as the heroes' wives, and George Foreman. The film was scored by Curtis Mayfield, and the rather patchy script was written by a black scenarist, Richard Wesley.

It's apparent why Sidney Poitier set this project in motion and directed it: he's making films for black audiences that aren't exploitation films. "Let's Do It Again" is a warm, throwaway slapstick, and the two leads are conceived as black versions of Bing Crosby and Bob Hope in the "Road" series. Poitier is trying to make it possible for ordinary, lower-middle-class black people to see themselves on the screen and have a good time. The only thing that makes the film remarkable is that Poi-



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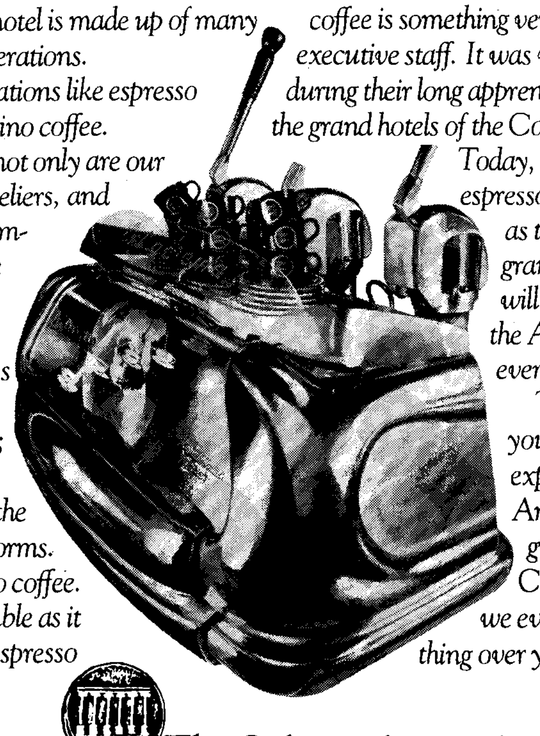

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tier—who has been such a confident actor in the dozens of roles he has played under other people's direction since his first film, in 1949—gives an embarrassed, inhibited performance. As casual, lighthearted straight man to Bill Cosby, he is trying to be something alien to his nature. He has too much pride and too much reserve for low comedy.

Clearly Poitier is doing something that he profoundly believes in, and there can't be any doubt that he is giving the black audience entertainment that it wants and has never had before. Probably there was no one else who was in a position to accomplish this. One cannot simply say that he is wrong to do it. Many groups have been demanding fantasies in their own image, and if this often seems a demand for a debased pop culture, still it comes out of a sense of deprivation. But for an actor of Sidney Poitier's intensity and grace to provide this kind of entertainment is the sacrifice of a major screen artist. In a larger sense, he's doing what the milkman is doing in the movie: swindling like a Robin Hood, for the good of his lodge, his church. But it's himself Poitier is robbing. For Bill Cosby, snug in a beard, there's no sacrifice. Cosby doesn't feel that the hipster he's playing is a degrading stereotype, and so the way he plays it it isn't. He has to be a family-picture hipster, but Cosby is spaced out on his own innocent amiability anyway. He's so little-boy antsy that when he stands still he can't resist mugging; it's all right, though, because he's floating along. The format here is too repressive for him to fly, but Poitier lets him run away with the show; maybe he's allowed to be a little too disarming, too droll—which is always a danger for Cosby. As a director, Poitier is overly generous with the actors: he isn't skilled enough to shape sequences so that the actors can benefit from their closeups (nobody could benefit from all those tacky reaction shots). Jimmie Walker is used unimaginatively, but he's well cast—you can't help wanting him to win his fights, and he has a Muhammad Ali routine in his dressing room, shouting "I am the champ," that is very funny. Ossie Davis has one lush moment: at the feast celebrating the opening of the new meeting hall, he eats his chicken with ceremonial pleasure, and in his great rumbling basso announces, "I tell you, I knew this bird from another life."

It's not a disgraceful movie—I liked the people on the screen better than I liked the people in "The Sting"—but what I can't get out of my head is the

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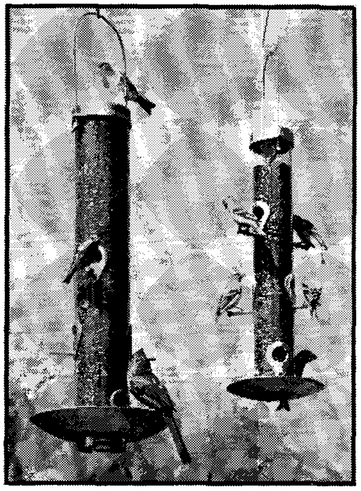
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image of Sidney Poitier doing primitive-fear double takes, like Willie Best in the old days, only more woodenly. For the fact is that black audiences roar in delight at the very same stereotypes that have been denounced in recent years. It's true that the context is different in these movies, but the frozen, saucer-eyed expressions when Poitier and Cosby are caught doing something naughty or something they can't explain go right back to little Farina in the "Our Gang" comedies. "Let's Do It Again" isn't the first of Poitier's two-black-buddies features: he also directed and appeared in "Buck and the Preacher" and "Uptown Saturday Night." It amounts to a doggedly persistent skewering of his own talent. What a strange phenomenon it is that the actor who rose through sheer skill and became as elegant as a black Cary Grant should now, out of his deepest conviction, be playing a milkman, bug-eyed with comic terror, hanging outside a window by a sheet. And looking sick with humiliation. If Ralph Ellison were to found a new, black-oriented *Saturday Evening Post* and write innocuous stories for it, he might find that he had less talent for light fiction than dozens of writers who couldn't write anything else. Poitier is fighting what he's doing with every muscle of his body; he's fighting his own actor's instinct, which is telling him that this cartoon role is all wrong for him.

Poitier has always had drama going on under the surface of his roles—you could sense the pressures, the intelligence, and the tension of self-control in his characters; that's part of why he became the idealized representative of black people. Now he's trying to make himself an ordinary black man, in comic fantasies for black audiences. But in low comedy you have to abandon yourself and be totally what you are; you can't have a sense of responsibility under the character—or banked fires, either—and be funny. And so this vivid, beautiful actor casts himself as the square, because he knows that in slapstick he comes across unhip. He can't even hold the screen: he loses the dynamism that made him a star. Sidney Poitier, who was able to bring new, angry dignity to black screen acting because of the angry dignity inside him, is violating his very essence as a gift to his people.

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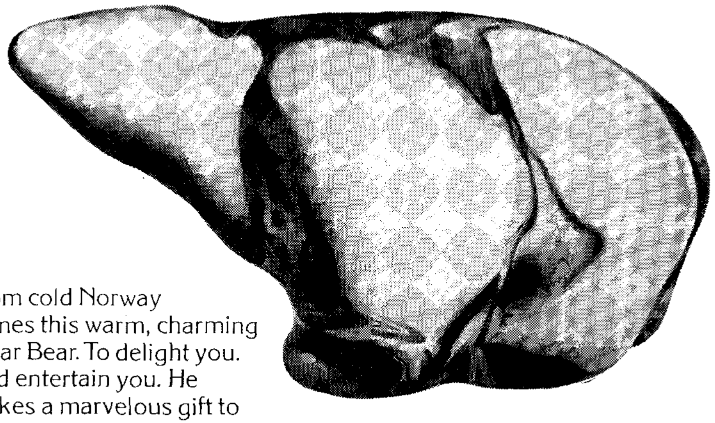

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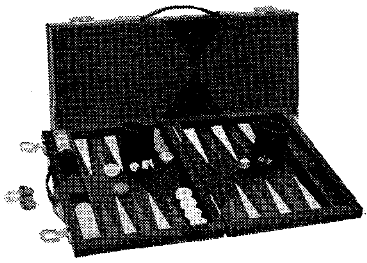

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THE RACE TRACK

Pace Makes Waste

GROUP PLAN beat Wajima by a neck for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park last Saturday in the most thrilling race for that coveted trophy I can remember. For a mile and five furlongs of the two miles, Bobby Murcer, a speedster who set the early pace in the Man o' War a fortnight before, went head-and-head with Wajima, as though they were in a six-furlong sprint. Then, as they swung into the homestretch, Group Plan stormed past them and Bobby Murcer dropped back, to finish last of the four starters, but Wajima, as game as his champion sumo-wrestler namesake, went on. At least three times in the drive to the winning post Wajima got his head in front, only to be passed again by Group Plan. Outdoors finished third, ten lengths behind. For some time, Allen Jerkens, who trains Group Plan and the other Hobeau Farm horses for Jack Dreyfus, Jr., has been known as the Giant Killer, because so many of his charges have beaten short-priced favorites in important races. But he wasn't the real killer this time. In my opinion, those responsible were Bobby Murcer, who set the pace, and Baeza, who rode Wajima and is noted for not always knowing how fast a race that he is in is being run. When I saw on the teletimer on the odds board that Bobby Murcer and Wajima had run the first mile over the sloppy and slightly holding track in 1:39⅕, I wondered how long they could keep it up and how much of that priceless energy needed for the last furlong Wajima would have left. As a matter of fact, the second mile was a tick off five seconds slower than the first one. Group Plan, who ran third to Forego in the Gold Cup a year ago, ran well, but it is only fair to say that he also had racing luck.

The defeat of Wajima wasn't the only stunner at Belmont last week. On Wednesday, Forego worked a mile in 1:36, which impressed the horse-watchers and pleased his stable, but on Friday morning it was found that he had developed a swelling and inflammation in his left foreleg, near the sesamoid, a delicate part of a horse's anatomy, where he had had trouble before, because of his great size. After further examination, and consultation with veterinarians, Sherrill Ward, his trainer, declared him out of the Gold Cup and announced that the animal was through racing this year. Whether he will come back next season after a long rest only time will tell. Horsemen think it is doubtful. Even if he does, he won't have his old trainer, for Ward, who has been in poor health for some time, is resigning from the Lazy F Ranch Stable, which owns Forego.

Forego has never been physically sound, but Ward developed him into the top handicap horse in this country—winner of sixteen stakes races and $1,163,516 in prize money. Both will be missed.

For days before the Jockey Club Gold Cup was run, it was said that the scheduled meeting of Forego and Wajima in that engagement would settle which would be the Horse of the Year. Well, Forego didn't run, and Wajima was beaten. All along, my vote has been for Ruffian.

THE Guess of the Week, Wrong Horse Harry suggests, was whether Allez France, Europe's great race mare, and Wajima would run in the $350,000 National Thoroughbred Championship on the dirt track at Santa Anita on November 1st or in the $150,000 Washington, D.C., International over the turf at Laurel on the eighth. They've been invited to both, but Allez France has never raced on a dirt track, and Wajima has never raced on the grass. As of this writing, no decision has been reached. Foolish Pleasure was going to California, but the other day John L. Greer announced that his colt was through for the season. After a stay at Bertram Firestone's farm in Virginia, Foolish Pleasure will go to Florida and begin training for his campaign next year. Curiously, he has not finished first in a race since that disastrous match with Ruffian in July.

AS everybody had expected, Mrs. Bertram Firestone's Optimistic Gal was an easy winner of the Selima Stakes, a mile-and-a-sixteenth race for two-year-old fillies, at Laurel last Saturday. Eased back off the early pace, she went round the leaders three furlongs from home to win by a couple of lengths from Artfully. Free Journey was third.

—AUDAX MINOR

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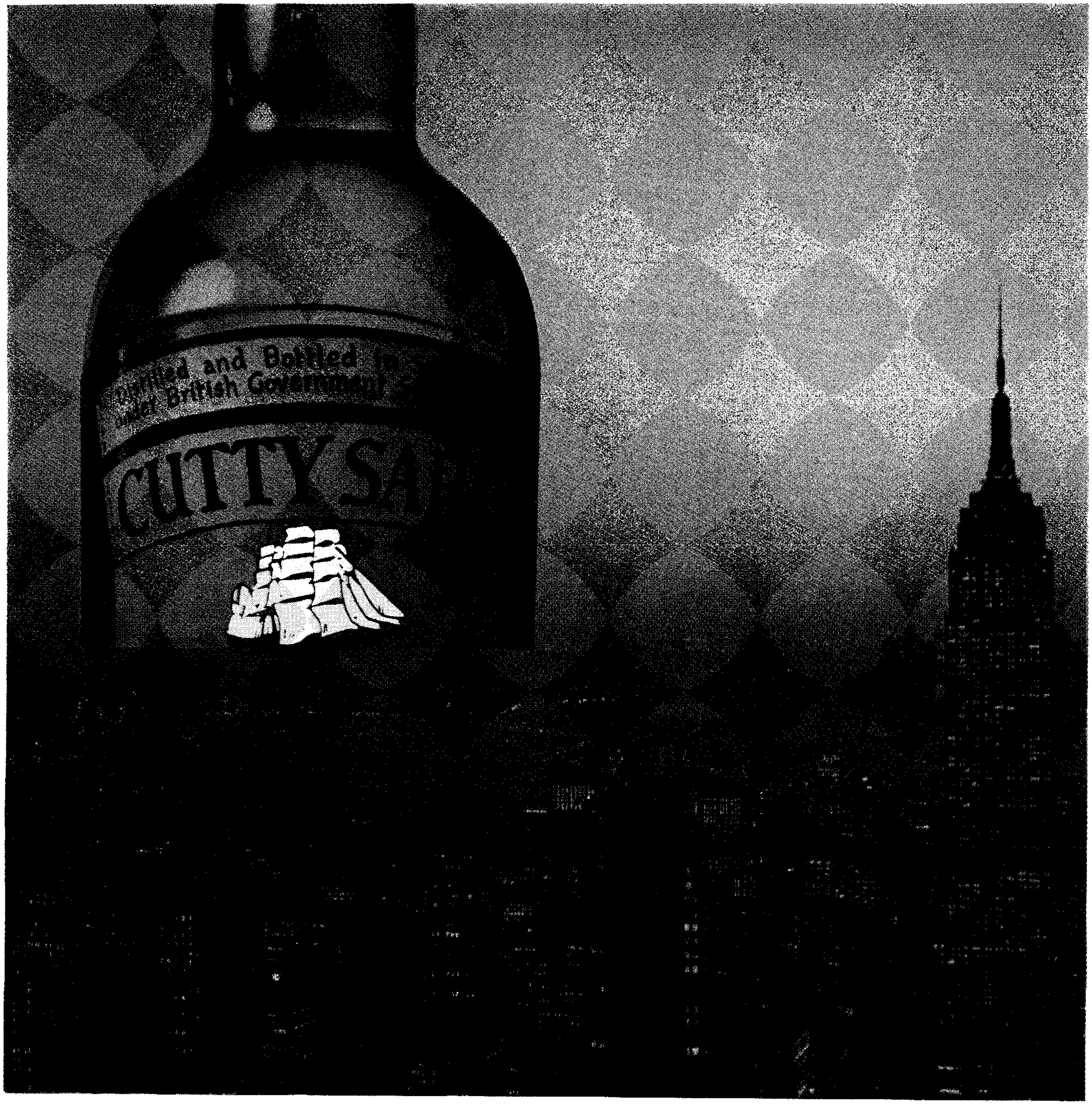
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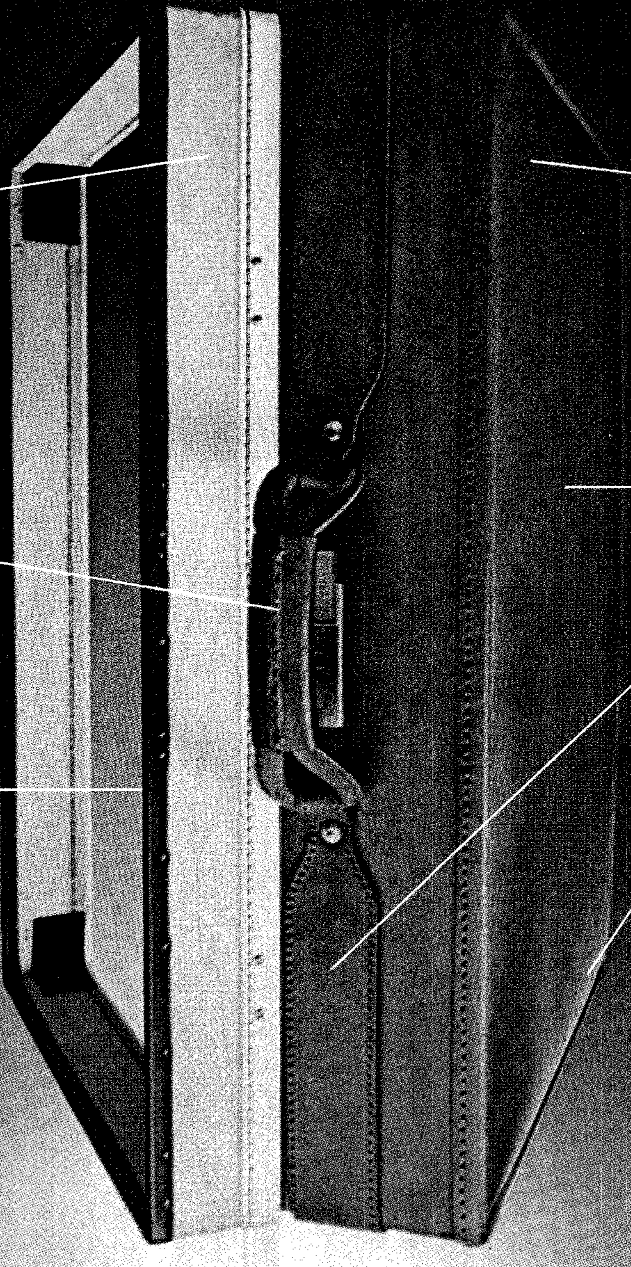

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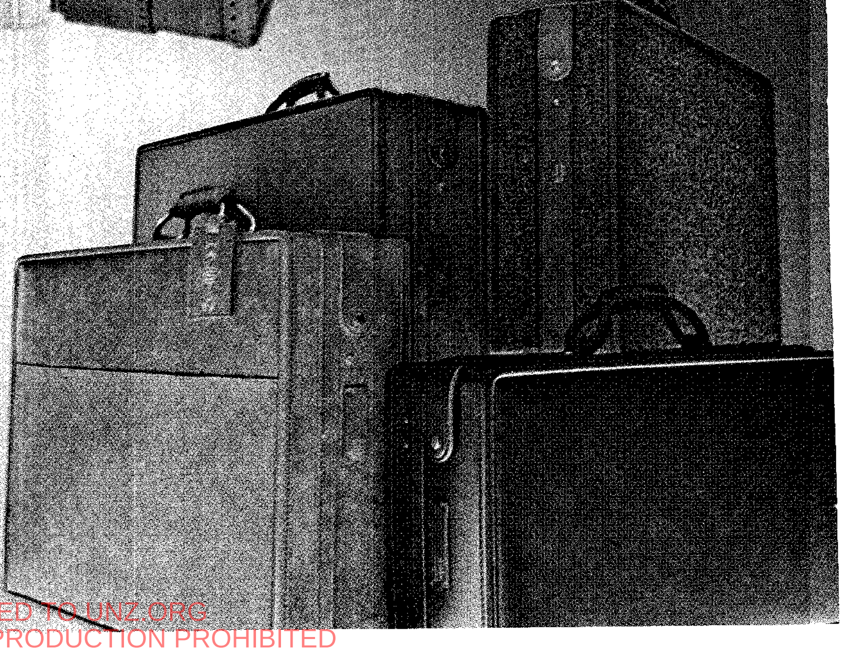

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DANCING

Backfire

ELIOT FELD as Hermes in American Ballet Theatre's "Helen of Troy" gave one of the funniest performances I have seen on the ballet stage, but as a choreographer he doesn't seem to know what funny is or where to put it. "Excursions," four dances set to Samuel Barber's 1944 piano suite on folk and pop themes, is loaded with tics, mannerisms, deliberate gaucheries that don't seem to belong to the dancers who perform them, even though the whole sense of the piece is that of character comedy, with the dancers cutting loose, getting sent by the music or else sending it up, and in general simply being their carefree, droll selves. The quirks—gestures like scratching, punching the air, winding up to throw a ball, parading like a beauty queen—look arbitrarily selected, and they're given the weight and emphasis not of pantomime but of dance steps. By not making these dance *shticks* specific to the dancer-characters of his piece and by keeping the pressure so high, Feld perhaps wanted to test out a new order of lunacy in dance comedy, but I'm only guessing. The piece doesn't come over as lunatic in performance, and although it looks like the sort of thing that must have been amusing to rehearse, it is hardly ever funny. Most of the time, it's offensively cute, and the humor, when it does crack through, is obtuse when it should be brilliantly unobvious.

"Excursions" bobs about the Public stage in continual self-contradiction; it's like an airless bubble. One reason it doesn't work as comedy is that there's nothing for the jokes to score off—no figurative background, no source for the jest. The vacuum creates confusion—comedy's deadliest enemy. When the dancers gaze out at the horizon and quiveringly exhale lungfuls of air, they could be pioneers in a folk ballet; they could also be Jimmy Durante. Christine Sarry has the key part, and there is a section that looks like a parody of a ballet she used to perform with Ballet Theatre, "Rodeo." But Sarry appears miscast. The way Feld wants her to be a lively stage character doesn't match the way she looks and behaves; there seems to be a gap between his understanding of her as a dancer and his understanding of her as a theatrical presence. Feld has never used Sarry as a type; he's cast her for speed, sharpness, and musical accuracy, and never minded about the two-dimensional stick figure and the prim, foxy, skull-boned face. It's a face that implies a poke bonnet. Nor had Feld ever cast Sarry *against* type. Now he seems to have done just that in a ballet that should have enclosed and explained the kind of idiomatic appeal that Sarry can possess (it is, after all, the reason audiences like her even in her tiara parts). Sarry's "personality" in "Excursions" is that of an invincible, experienced, magnetic charmer; she doesn't play on our sympathy (as she did in "Rodeo")—she plays on our readiness to adore her. Feld doesn't let her capture us; he assumes she's captivating the moment she comes onstage. I'm not sure this works even for Sarry's fans. In what could have been a star-making role, Sarry just looks self-infatuated. She's intensely proficient, as she always is, and we might assume this to be the object of her infatuation, but in a piece so weak in cause and effect there's no basis for the assumption. "Excursions" is a theatrical backfire.

Feld has had theatrical backfires before. During the two Elizabeth Lee-John Sowinski duets in "Intermezzo," people laughed when they weren't supposed to, so Feld reset the timing and for some years now the duets have been inviting the laughs they get. I never watch these passages in Feld's loveliest ballet without thinking how much better they were before and how much better balanced "Intermezzo" was as a whole. In the Lee-Sowinski duets, something finely eccentric which stabbed at the essence of romanticism was exchanged for the ribaldry eccentricity can sometimes provoke. Sowinski, in the little moonstruck dance where he shades his eyes, used to look charming, lightly bemused; now he's maniacal. And in the brushing-away-the-mists dance, the staccato lurches are an unbelievable assault on mood and music. The three couples who form the cast are now coarsely differentiated—the romantic couple, the foolish couple, the brilliant couple—and while this does give the piece balance of a sort, it destroys texture. The old "Intermezzo," in which these differentiations were merely adumbrated, achieved balance on a much higher plane. The original audience for the piece found nothing in it to laugh at. It was only when the audience got larger that the hilarity began (I can still remember the odd sound of it coming from high up in the Brooklyn

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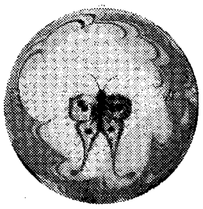
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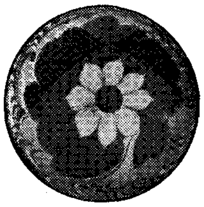
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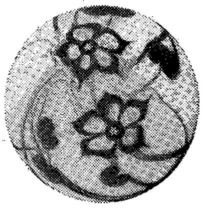
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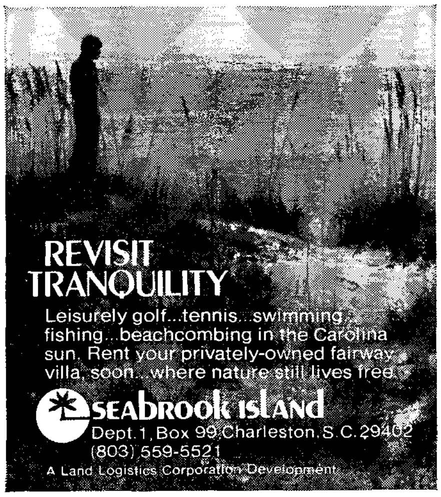
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Academy), and it may be that for big audiences in big houses Feld decided to translate the ballet's romantic intimacy into romantic idiocy. I wish he had preserved the unity of his world—and Brahms'. Now that he's established in a small theatre, I wish he would restore it.

Naomi Sorkin in the solo is very different from anyone who has performed it before; with her broad, deep chest and Picasso arms, she makes it almost a study in port de bras. But this seems to me a legitimate change to have crept into the ballet, and the new duet added this year for her and George Montalbano is a further illustration of the gift Feld exhibits all during the piece—the gift of making each dance take an individual shape and of controlling that shape right through to the end. The new Sorkin-Montalbano duet has a pendulum lift that recurs again and again without ever losing its fascination and relevance. Having said that, I have to admit that I see nothing of this quality in the other new dance that Feld has inserted, just before the Lullaby. Like the Lullaby, it's an ensemble waltz in slow tempo, and it doesn't seem to make a bit of difference.

The ability to create clusters of dance shapes that stand apart from one another may be Feld's prime strength; it's why he excels in the suite form. In the days of "Intermezzo" and "Early Songs" (1969-70), his musical sense was more porous and his phrase more supple than it is in "Mazurka," another new suite. And there's an air of relaxation and freedom about the earlier pieces that one no longer finds in Feld's work. The dance phrase is measured in fatal parallels to the musical one and tends to be packed rigid with steps. "Mazurka," a Chopin ballet, contains some of the worst musical literalism since Doris Humphrey, and the busiest choreography since Rudolf Nureyev. Feld's style is becoming increasingly tense and driven; his rhythm in the mazurkas has no swing. And his dancers are wound up tight enough to snap. They're so concerned with plastic precision—with molding their backs and arms, with giving needlelike penetration to qualities of *full* and *deep* and *out* and *up*—that they look joyless. Feld's is the most disciplined company in New York, but it's the kind of discipline that bleeds dancing dry.

AT the Joffrey, Gerald Arpino is ladling out his latest batch of slumgullion to the complete works of Stephen Foster as arranged and or-

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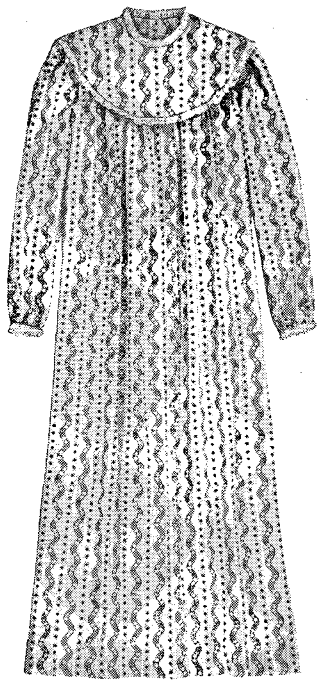

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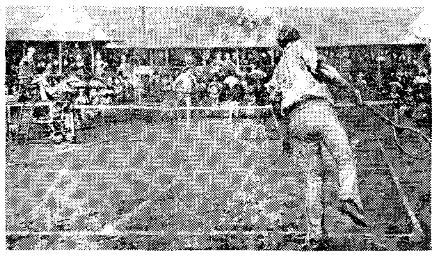

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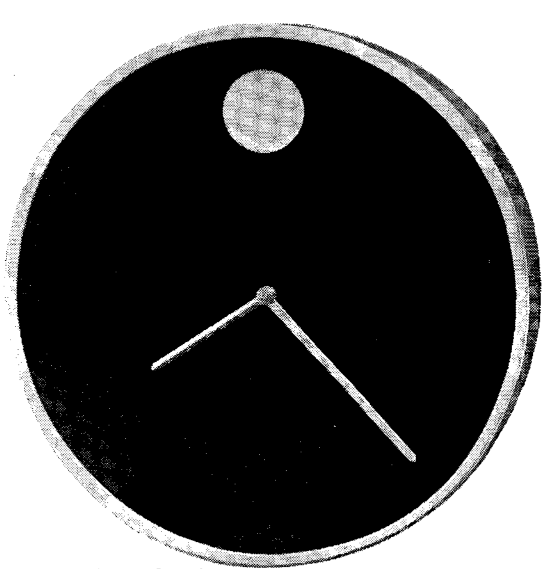
chestrated by Peter Link. Good Foster is scrambled with bad Foster, and the tunes that are good to dance to are served along with the tunes that are not. In spite of what Jussi Bjoerling and Spike Jones once did for "Jeanie with the Light-Brown Hair," the ballads, for me, have never lost their atmosphere of spittoons and sawdust-covered floors, but as Arpino and Link have handled them they don't have even this much romance. Songs like "Open Thy Lattice, Love" and "I Will Be True to Thee" don't benefit from such gaseous homage; songs like "Jeanie" and "Beautiful Dreamer" don't need it. "Camptown Races," the greatest of the dance songs, is better orchestrated (by Hershy Kay) and staged (by Ruthanna Boris) in the Gottschalk ballet "Cakewalk" than it is here; in fact, "Cakewalk" is better in "Cakewalk" than it is here. Arpino's choreography—fast, glib, and empty—is to the developed classical phrase what patter is to rhetoric, and in this ballet (which is called "Drums, Dreams and Banjos") he's excessively long-winded. His organization of the material seems to have been governed by commercial breaks. When he starts punching, though, he never lets up, and the finale is so biff-bam helter-skelter it makes you want to hit something yourself. Perhaps that's why so many in the audience spend minutes afterward slapping their hands together.

The two revivals of the Joffrey season are of ballets patterned after other ballets. Antony Tudor's "Offenbach in the Underworld" uses the same ingredients as Massine's "Gaîté Parisienne" in much the same way; Tudor even brings back his central character at the end to the music that Massine used to bring back *his*. The Tudor is the better ballet, but the ways in which it is better don't really matter. Tudor appears to have composed in cold blood; it's a ballet without much *bouffe* to it. (Not that Massine's ballet stands as any example; that wasn't *ballet bouffe*, that was dance-o-mania.) And it is marked by the anonymity that seems to have pursued Tudor through the fifties and sixties. The liveliest portion of it is the cancan, which has a Cockney accent, like the drunks in "Undertow." John Cranko's "Opus I" is derived from the heart of Balanchine's darkness; "Ivesiana" and "Episodes" are the models that come to mind, with perhaps something also of "Opus 34." Still, "Opus I" is not to be taken for anyone's work but Cranko's; it is among the two or three best things he did, and the occa-



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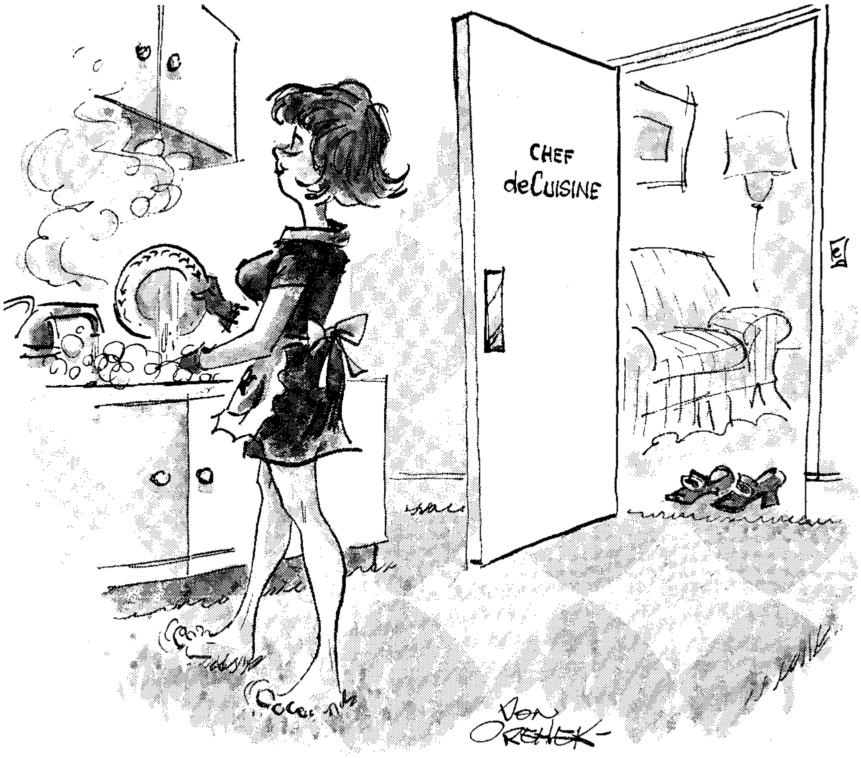

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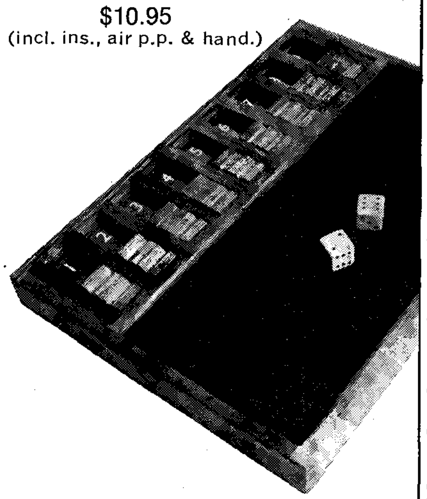

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sional brutalisms are offset by his command of drama, which is stronger here than in his story ballets. The images are on the dull side—they don't force your imagination; and the shoulder lifts at the end are overcherished. But the sweep of incident and the steadiness of its relation to the score (Webern's "Passacaglia") are impressive.

Louis Johnson's dances in "Treemonisha" are not exactly right but they are right enough, and they do a great deal for the production of Scott Joplin's opera now at the Uris. The overtures are choreographed so as to fill out our picture of the plantation where Treemonisha lives and of the evils that grip the black community; the choreography is in Joplin's spirit of unpatronizing didacticism. Everywhere else it is as simple and unpretentious as commercial choreography can be. In "The Frolic of the Bears," Johnson creates a scene of minor menace and discord in the style of the *danse infernale* in "Firebird;" his plantation jigs in "The Corn-Huskers" and "Aunt Dinah Has Blowed de Horn" are true to the era Joplin commemorates (the eighteen-eighties). And in the finale, "A Real Slow Drag," we emerge into Joplin's own era with a suave cakewalk that is this production's lyrical equivalent to the Emancipation Proclamation. "Treemonisha," which was first heard in 1915, is the pleasantest dance show to be seen on Broadway since the revival of "No, No, Nanette," first produced in 1925. At this rate of progressive regress, I expect great things of "The Black Crook," which should be along any time now.

—Arlene Croce

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Computer Errs

Due to a failure of United Press International to properly program its computers, or a computer malfunction in New York, the percentage column in the year-end stock lists which appeared in the Wednesday Rocky Mountain News didn't reflect proper percentage changes in the stocks listed.

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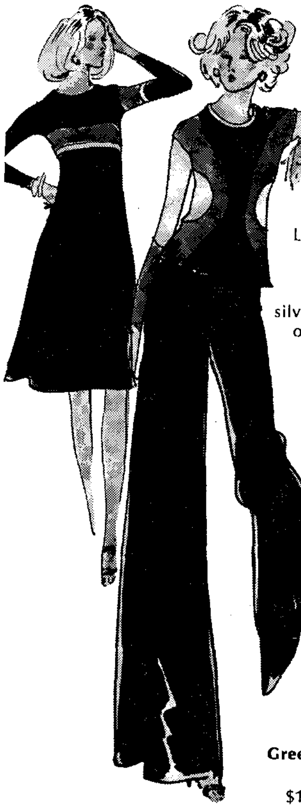

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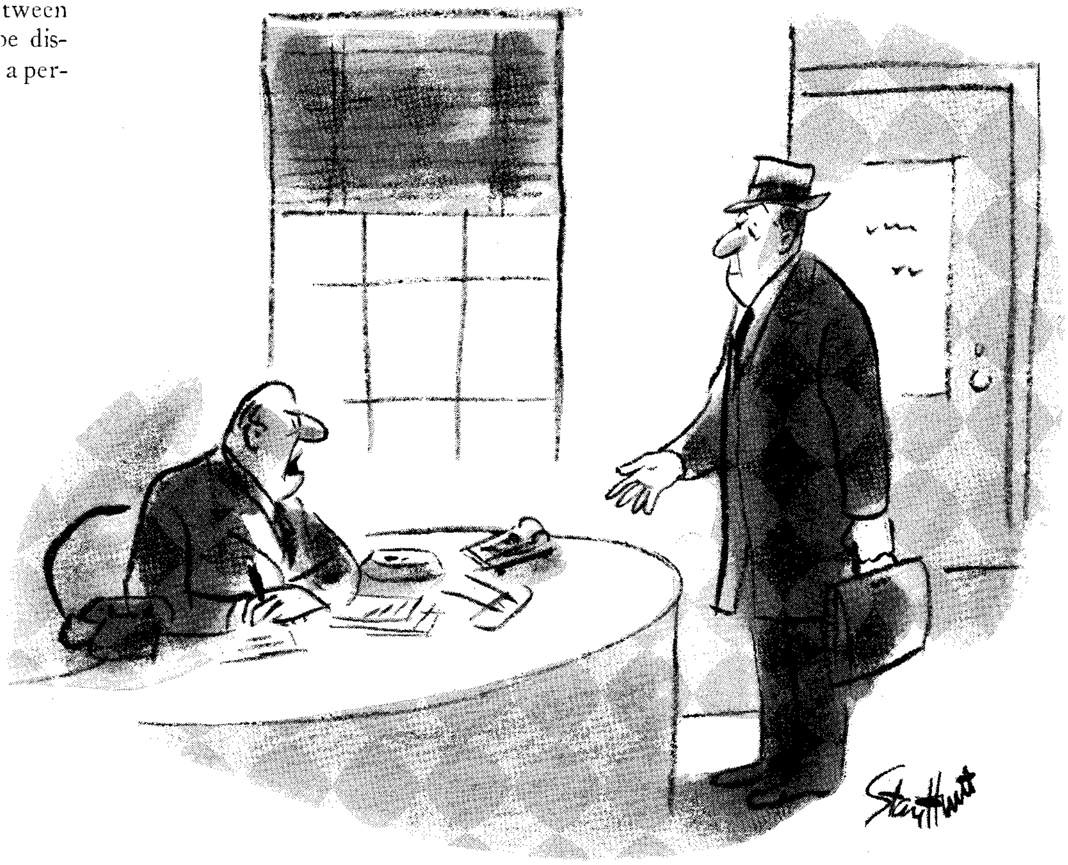
SQUATTERS

At times, the phenomenon of urban squatters seems to be a common, even accepted part of English life—made routine, the way rock music and troubles with the pound have been made routine, by routine mention in the press and routine handling by the appropriate unit of government. According to the most widely used estimates, London, where British squatting is concentrated, now has twenty to thirty thousand squatters, and twenty to thirty thousand people united by any activity are bound to accumulate institutional trappings. There are squatters' organizations and squatters' newsletters and people who are telephoned by newspapers when the squatters' view on some issue is required. There are lawyers who specialize in the problems of squatters, and companies that contract to get rid of squatters, and insurance policies to cover the bills. Handbooks are available for those squatters who want to know how to protect their rights or how to hook up the electricity or how to pacify the neighbors. Unlike the United States, Great Britain has no criminal statute against trespass, so legal efforts to evict squatters have, for the most part, been not dramatic courtroom battles featuring people who defy the law of the land but tedious civil actions between two parties who could as easily be discussing a mortgage foreclosure or a personal-injury case. In London, "squat" is now used regularly as a noun and as a transitive verb, so that people can be said to be living in a classy squat or to have squatted three houses in Paddington. In many ways, squatting seems to be taken for granted as an understandable by-product of the chronic British housing shortage; for several years, after all, there have been a few thousand "legal squatters" in London—people licensed by local councils to remain temporarily in council-owned buildings scheduled for eventual renovation or demolition. But when Londoners begin to discuss squatting, talk of its routine aspects—the points of civil law, the background of the housing shortage—often seems to melt away, to be replaced by talk of anarchy and vigilantes and bizarre, futuristic thuggery. "Of the many strange and frightening features of contemporary British life," began an editorial this summer in the conservative *Daily Telegraph*, a paper that finds many features of contemporary British life strange and frightening, "none carries a more obvious and direct threat to society's survival than the growing phenomenon of squatting."

The squatting movement that alarms the *Daily Telegraph* began in the late sixties, but there were probably as many squatters in Great Britain in 1945 as there are today. Frustrated by the horrible shortage of housing just after the war, a few ex-servicemen began moving homeless families into flats that, for one reason or another, were not being used. Then thousands of people moved onto abandoned military bases and refugee camps and other government installations. There was widespread public sympathy, and the government chose to avert its eyes from the unauthorized use of public property. Then, in 1946, some rather expensive private dwellings in London that had been requisitioned by the government during the war and not yet returned to their owners were occupied. The government did not avert its eyes. Its official statement said, "Unless steps are taken to check lawless measures of this sort, the rights of the ordinary law-abiding citizens are endangered and anarchy may result." Court orders were quickly obtained, and the squatters were removed. The government said that the London incident had been instigated by the Communist Party. Apparently, a number of squatters remained on military bases for years, but for most of the public the end of the postwar squatting movement came with the indictment of five Communists for "conspiring together with other persons to incite persons to trespass."

The present wave of squatting also started out with wide public sympathy, since the housing situation in 1968 seemed to many to be as frustrating as it had been just after the war. After years of government efforts to provide housing, there were thousands of people living in wretched hostels for the homeless or in council-supported bed-and-breakfast accommodations or in overcrowded flats, crammed with three or four generations of a family. At the same time, even more thousands of houses stood empty—ten empty houses for every homeless family, by an estimate that has continued to be widely used. In the late sixties, local councils were still concentrating on what amounted to mass urban-renewal projects, which left acres of houses empty



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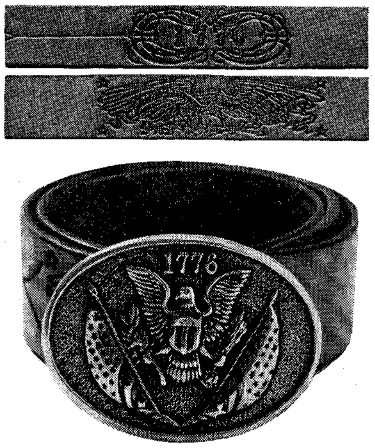

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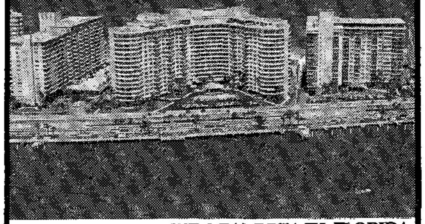

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during the laborious process of resettling every resident before demolition could begin. In the private market, some of the factors that became acute during the property boom a few years later were already encouraging owners to keep houses empty—rent-control laws that made it difficult to get rid of tenants once they were installed, inflation that was rapidly forcing property values up, and the remarkable fact that no real-estate tax had to be paid on buildings that were not occupied. The squatting of the late sixties began with what amounted to sit-ins—led by some more or less nonsectarian radicals who had been active in the nuclear-disarmament movement—to demonstrate that the bureaucratic clumsiness and rigidity of local councils caused usable housing to stand empty while families went homeless. After a couple of nasty confrontations with local councils—including some pitched battles between squatters and private security forces hired to throw them out—the point seemed to be made. Eventually, half the boroughs in Greater London negotiated agreements that permitted squatting organizations to manage "short-life property" for squatters who agreed to leave when the council building project actually began. "For property to be standing empty at a time and in a place where there are many thousands of homeless must seem an affront to common sense and humanity," the London *Times* wrote in a 1969 editorial supporting the practice that became known as legal squatting. "If the squatters force more authorities to adopt that type of practice it will be all to the good."

Although the squatting demonstrations of the late sixties were successful in changing housing policies, the more ambitious goal of the organizers—to inspire thousands of ordinary families to the sort of mass direct action that took place after the war—was never realized. The symbol of squatting at the beginning of 1969 was Maggie O'Shannon, a poor Irishwoman with two children, whose family had been the first to squat permanently rather than as part of a demonstration, having been moved by housing activists into a house in Notting Hill that was scheduled for demolition. But by the autumn of 1969 the much more publicized symbol was an assortment of hippies and street freaks who had staged a sort of commune-squat-happening in a privately owned building at 144 Piccadilly until they were finally ejected by a mass police raid—a raid that, according to an item in the *Guardian* at the time, so impressed Ronald Lyon, a

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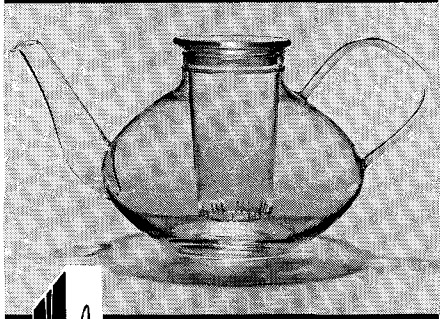

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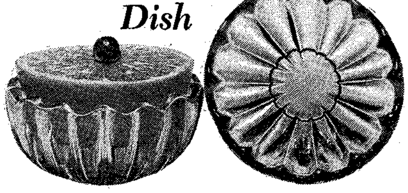

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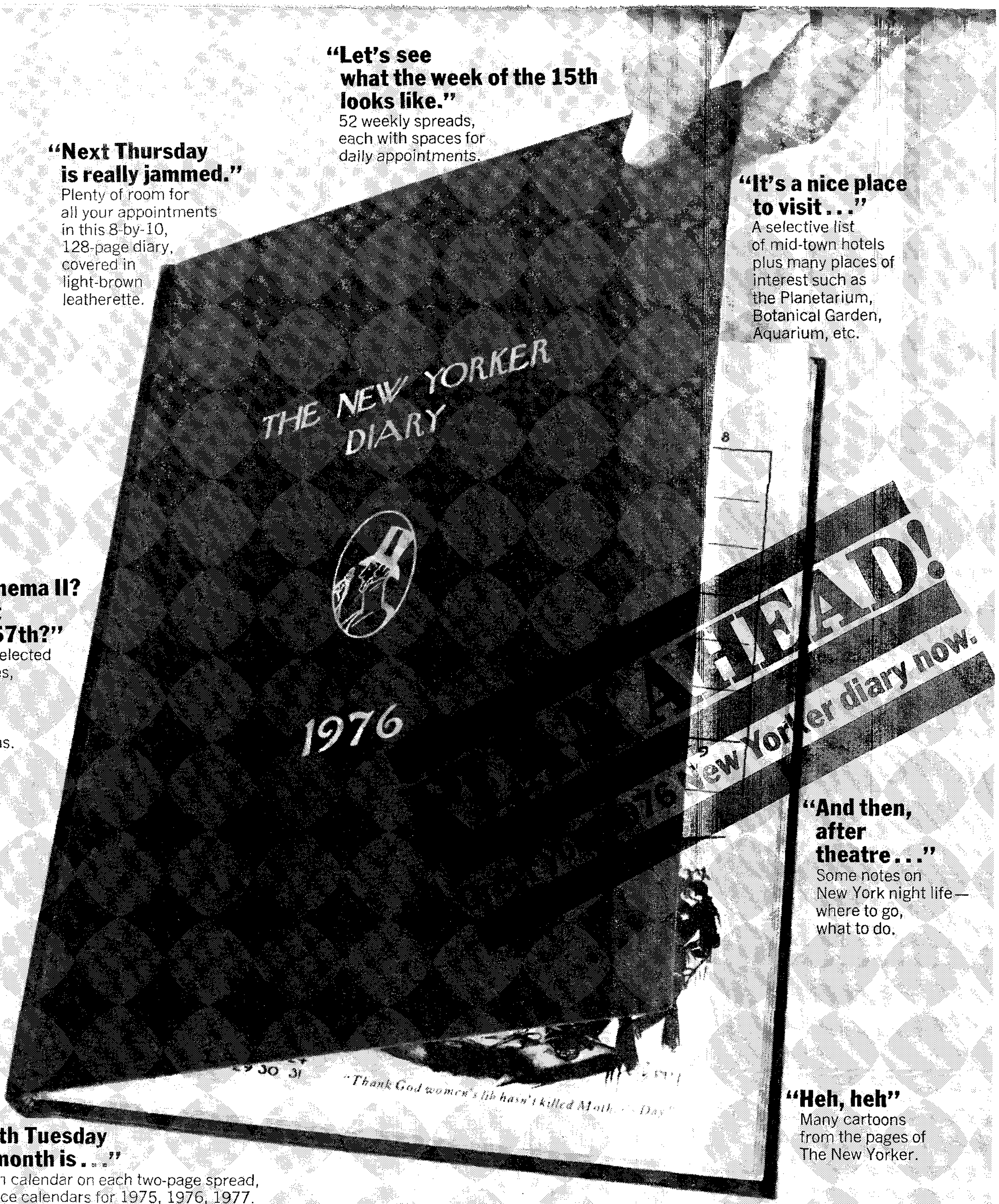

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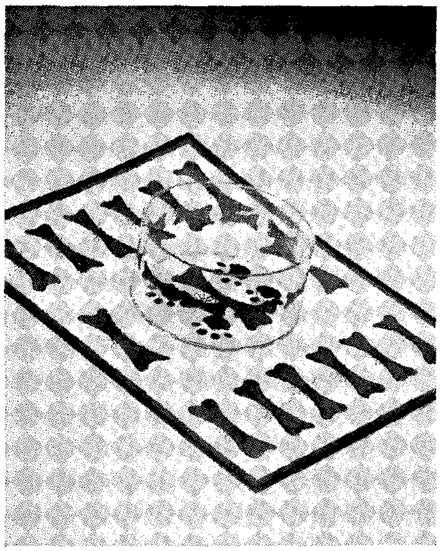

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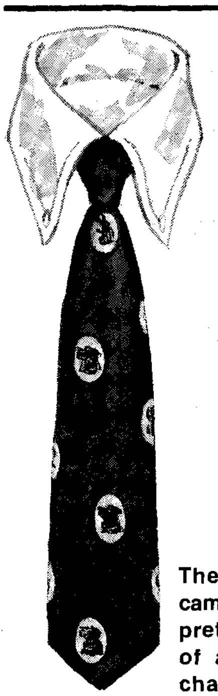
property developer, that he walked into the West End Central Police Station and wrote a check for a thousand pounds for the Police Benevolent Fund. After the siege of 144 Piccadilly, squatting—and particularly publicity about squatting—seemed gradually to become dominated by young single people with at least a mild inclination toward the counterculture and, often, enough education to make them well versed in the laws of trespass.

To the extent that the squatting movement has remained political and remained a movement—and it is clearly much less political and much more diffused than it once was—it has moved to the left. A year or so ago, when some licensed squatters in Paddington refused the council's request to move so that a building project could be started, those who argued that the agreement to move out should be honored were rebuffed at a meeting of the affected squatters. Since then, the public spokesmen for squatting have become people who dismiss specific reforms by saying "Property is theft" or "Housing for all." The late-sixties activists are now dismissed as "merely militant reformists" who were willing to help the local councils and the property speculators perpetuate a futile system that contains "inbuilt homelessness." It is generally agreed, though, that most squatters are not even political enough to be enthusiastic about shouting slogans. A significant minority of squatters are still the sort of families who were encouraged to squat by the early organizers—many of them families that, for one reason or another, would have difficulty finding housing through the normal channels. Most of the young single people who may look like the political activists of the sixties are apparently interested not in making a political point or organizing their neighbors but in taking care of their own housing needs in the cheapest and most agreeable way.

PARTICULARLY in the past year or so, relations have been deteriorating between squatters and even those left-wing borough councils that were considered sympathetic to squatting. Council housing committees say that projects designed for people in genuine need are being held up by the expensive and time-consuming legal process of evicting squatters. There has been an increase in what has become known as "smash-and-grab squatting"—the occupation not of an unrenovated building that may have been standing empty for months but of a flat that the council has just renovated for the use



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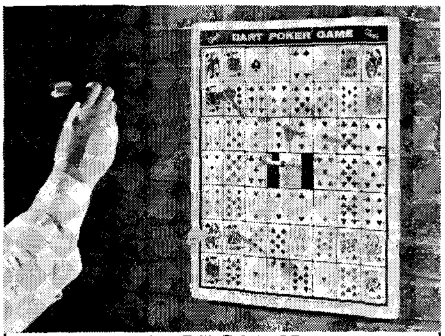

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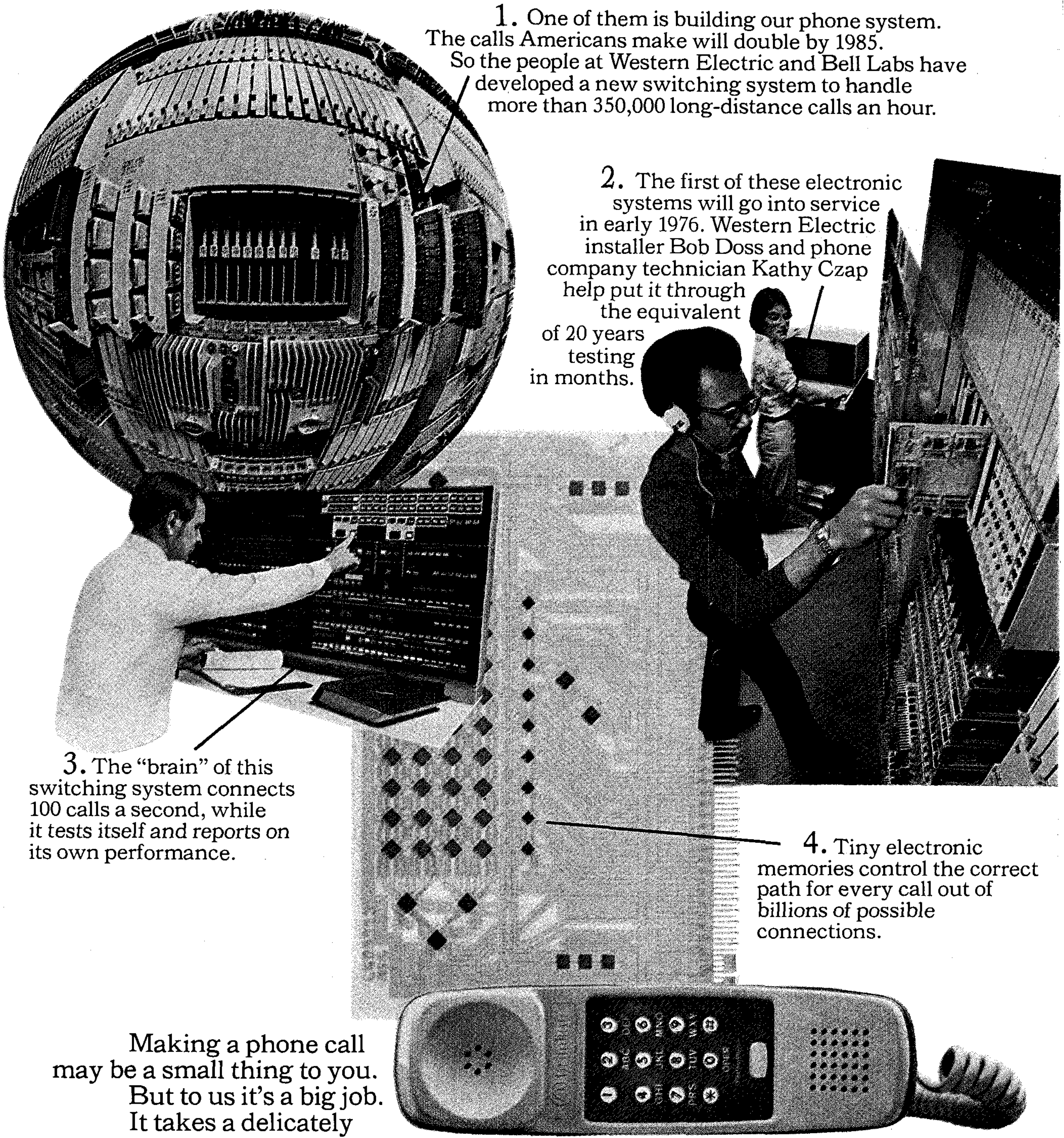

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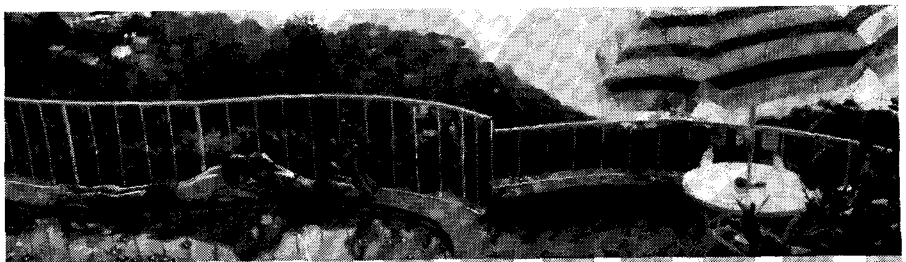
of a specific family in need of shelter. It is now apparent that many "legal squatters" have no intention of moving when councils declare their buildings ready for renovation. The sheer number of squatters that many councils have to deal with has become an increasing irritant. Some housing specialists believe that there are now twice as many squatters in London as there were a few years ago, and the newcomers tend to be young people of the type who are described by social scientists as having an alternative life style and by the *Daily Telegraph* as "thugs, layabouts and revolutionary fanatics." Local councillors talk about increasing anti-squatting pressures from working-class constituents, whose accusations against squatters range from jumping the queue for public housing to playing loud music late at night, and about the increasing possibility that the violent eviction of squatters by local vigilantes, which has already happened occasionally, could become a dangerous commonplace.

"In the beginning, I had a lot of sympathy for squatters," the chairman of a borough housing committee in central London said recently. "The local councils were clearly inefficient and the private landlords were clearly nasty. Because of squatters, councils began to take a better look at their housing policies. But squatters have ceased to be a progressive force; now they're a reactionary force, holding up projects designed for people who are in greater need than they are. Squatters started out to express sympathy with the oppressed; now they've come to think of themselves as the oppressed." The Borough Council of Islington, a central-London borough that has been a favorite of young single squatters, has talked about trying to have gas and electricity service shut off in squats. The chairman of the Greater London Council's housing-management committee has complained about squatters who are not homeless families but "worthless articulate scroungers."

Fear of squatters by owners of private homes has usually concerned the possibility that a house will be squatted between the time it is put up for sale and the time the new owner either moves in or begins renovation—something that has happened often enough to make knowing real-estate agents wary of putting up signs that say "Sold." In theory, a homeowner cannot break into his own home or forcibly eject squatters without risking prosecution, but nobody really believes that a jury would convict anyone in such circumstances. Several court deci-



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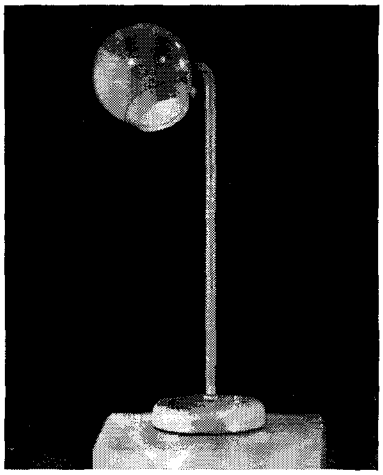

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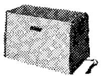

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sions have reduced the time it should take a homeowner to regain possession by civil suit to about a week or ten days. Many private homeowners would probably dismiss squatting as a problem for the council bureaucrats or the large property developers to worry about, except for a letter printed in the London *Times* this July, at about the same time the penny press was running pieces on squatting with headlines like "Smashed by the Grabbers" and "Life in a Layabout's Paradise." The letter, which was signed Elisabeth Harper, reported the horrors of returning from holiday to find her house occupied by a rude and destructive crew of squatters—and to find the local police unwilling to interfere in what was legally a civil rather than a criminal matter, no evidence of breaking and entering having been discovered. After a series of letters and a stern editorial—"The new generation of squatters are not by any test poor (or if they are, they need not be), they are usually articulate and sophisticated, and their motives are often cynical in the extreme"—the *Times* finally printed a letter from the solicitor of the Metropolitan Police exposing the Harper letter as more or less a fraud. Despite that—and despite the fact that everyone with any experience in the matter agrees that incidents of houses being squatted while the owners are on holiday have been virtually nonexistent—a lot of what has been written about squatters and discussed about squatters in London since July has as its premise the possibility that a respectable family might go off for a weekend in Brighton and return to find its house occupied by the cast of "A Clockwork Orange." It is a vision that has an impact considerably greater than any argument about whether some council housing project is or is not being delayed by squatters.

Squatters, maintaining that they are a symptom rather than a cause of the society's inability to provide housing for all, see the recent wave of anti-squatting publicity as an attempt to create scapegoats that distract attention from the inefficiencies of the councils and the excesses of property speculators. They claim that councils take pains to publicize smash-and-grabbing and vandalism, which represent only a fringe of squatting. Some of them see the Harper letter and the juicy exposés of layabouts as part of a conspiracy to force through a criminal-trespass law that could also be used against student and labor demonstrators. Any law, of course, is partly what public opinion holds it to be. After the con-

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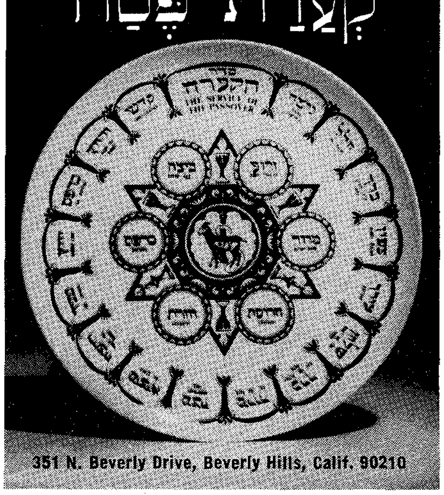

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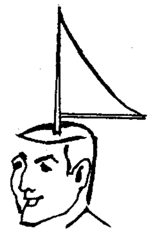

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troversy caused by the Harper letter, the chief of the Metropolitan Police formally assured the public that the department's policy was in fact to assist "lawful occupiers of furnished residential accommodation" to put out squatters—although there is no reason to believe that squatting in a private "furnished residential accommodation" differs under the law from squatting in an empty building owned by a local council. It is doubtful whether even if there had been a criminal-trespass law three or four years ago, any council in the boroughs where squatters are concentrated would have used it; in a country where thousands of people have had a serious and sometimes desperate housing problem, public officials are normally not eager to be in the position of evicting anyone from anywhere. Now it appears that a growing number of public officials would be happy to be in the position of evicting squatters.

THERE is some question about how much the phenomenon of squatting—and the public response to it—has to do with the housing shortage. Certainly there are people who see squatting as a symbol of British society's failure to solve even the elementary problem of providing shelter. But there are probably many more who believe it to be a symbol of rude and arrogant young people who grab what they want instead of playing by the rules—obviously a threat to a society that has always valued the rules and placed considerable emphasis on civility. If society has periods of "moral panic" that require "folk devils"—as a British social scientist named Stanley Cohen suggested in a study of public response to the Mods and Rockers—the folk devil required by British society today may be the "worthless articulate scrounger," just as it may have been the Communist Party organizer in 1946. It is true, of course, that Communist Party organizers were involved in the London squat of 1946; it is also true that almost all of today's squatters are young and a lot of them are articulate and, particularly when they are asked to leave, many of them are rude. The press stories about parasitic layabouts and young thugs ready to barricade their doors with electrified bedsprings have undoubtedly magnified the extent to which squatters are rude and are unwilling to play by the rules and are articulate—articulateness being read in the British press to mean that they are middle-class, or at least educated, and so not the deserving, working-class poor. But a similar vision of

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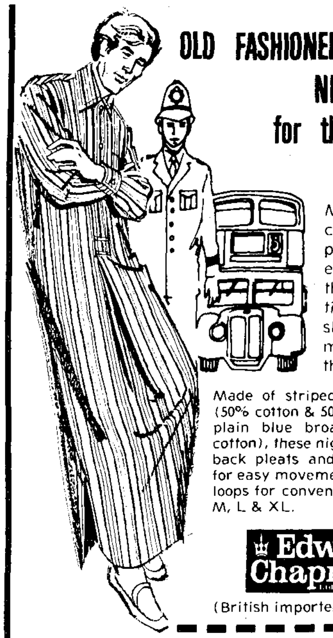

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squatters is now held by many people on the left—at least the part of the left that still holds out some hope for an orderly Socialist attempt to solve social problems in Great Britain. If housing is a free-for-all, they argue, the race will go to the young or the swift or the ruthless, just as it would in free enterprise. "Squatters break the social contract," a Labour member of a local council said recently. "Any committed Socialist has to be against them."

Squatting does not occur predictably when the housing shortage grows exceptionally acute—or when the situation becomes, as one Londoner said not long ago, "unbearable instead of merely intolerable." For many families, the housing situation is less desperate today than it was in the early sixties, when tenants had little protection against being forced out by harassment techniques—and squatting was then virtually unknown. It is true that the increase in the number of people who now have security of tenure—because they are in a council house or in a flat protected by rent-control laws—has narrowed the private market for those who do not. The private market is the only market available to, say, a young single man, since the council's housing obligation is basically toward families. For young people, and particularly young single people, squatting does have something to do with the difficulty of finding accommodations, but it probably has more to do with their unwillingness to put up with what they are likely to find.

"If all the single squatters in London did nothing but search for accommodations for, say, three weeks, most of them could find something," an expert on London housing said recently. "But it would probably be a grotty one-room bed-sit on the edge of London, with high rent and a snoopy landlady. In a squat, they're likely to have a lot of room, companionship of people like themselves in the same house, a chance to fix things up to their own taste, a location in central London, and no rent. They don't feel any moral strictures about it, and the worst thing that can happen to them for squatting is to be made to stop—or to move to another squat." A squatter interviewed by the *Observer* this winter in some Nash terrace houses in Regent's Park, which are considered the poshest squat in London, said, "Of course, it's possible to be respectable if you spend all you earn on rent, food, fares, and nothing else—it's possible if you crave after it sufficiently. But what's the point?"

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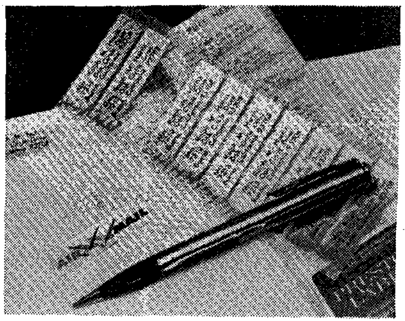

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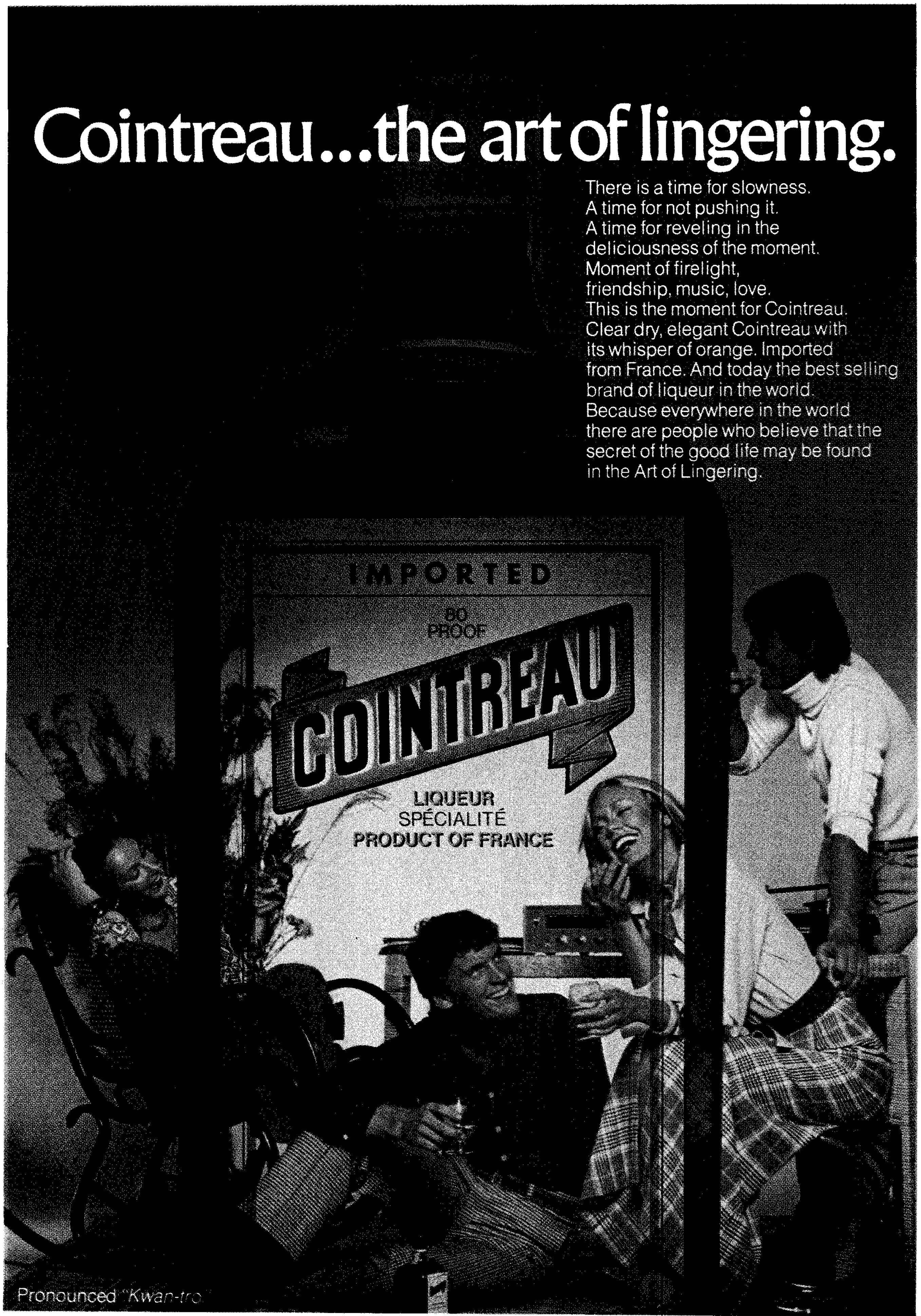
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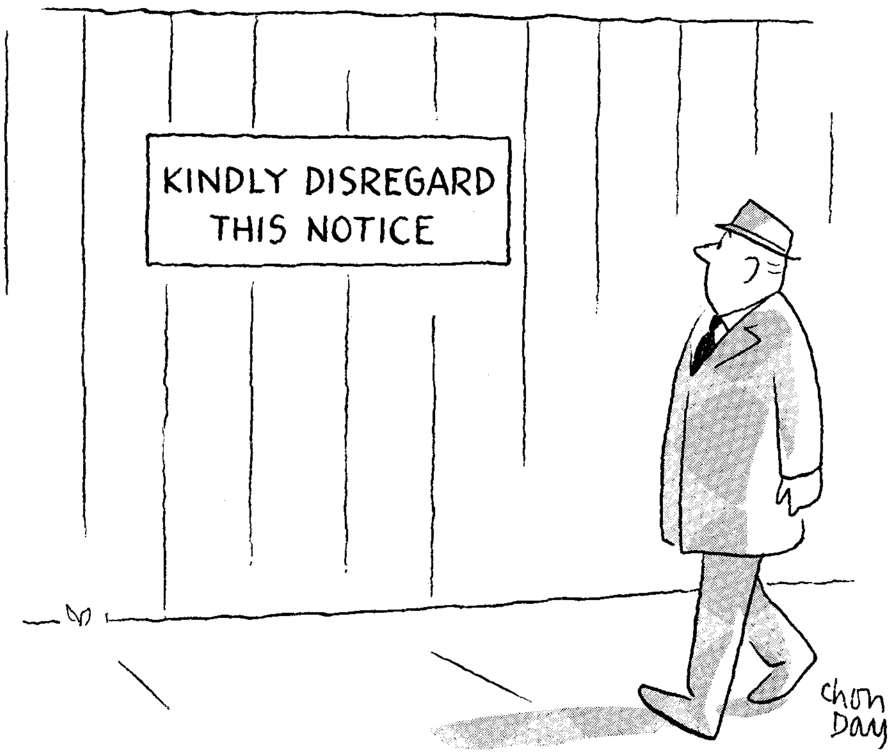
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 25

THE Senate Select Committee on Intelligence has been at work for almost ten months, and its staff of more than one hundred has accumulated files and records that are said to be greater in bulk than those of any Senate investigating committee in the past. On the subject of assassination alone, the pages of testimony are estimated to approach in number those recorded during the Watergate hearings. The corresponding House committee, which has a staff of thirty, seems likely to set records of its own. Large staffs and bulging files do not, of course, testify to the justification for an investigation or to its usefulness; if they did, the late and unlamented House Committee on Internal Security—formerly the Committee on Un-American Activities—could legitimately have boasted of a large contribution to the general enlightenment. In terms of education, though, which Woodrow Wilson held to be the most important function of congressional investigations, the committees chaired by Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, and Representative Otis Pike, of New York, seem to have performed most admirably. Not only the public but leaders of the intelligence community itself, including the President and the past and present heads of the clandestine and semi-clandestine agencies now under scrutiny, have been learning far more of what has been done, particularly in the field of covert operations, than they ever knew before—probably more than some of them care to know, and certainly more than they wanted outsiders to know. Although what has been made public thus far can be only a minute fraction of what is being withheld, it has been damaging and compromising enough to bring from the leaders and defenders of the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation anguished assertions to the effect that national security has been imperilled and that it may be years before our intelligence agents can function as "effectively" as they are said to have done in the past.

The fact that these agencies and others—among them, notably, the Internal Revenue Service—are now widely known to have acted in defiance of the law, the Constitution, and Presidential directives seems certain to have some restraining effect, at least temporarily. But it appears quite unlikely that the agencies can be curbed by any kind of legislation or regulation while the current mood of Congress and the public remains what it is. At present, it seems, opinion here and across the country is against imposed restraint, and even against further exposure. On October 1st, the House voted decisively, 267 to 147, against requiring the C.I.A. to disclose, without itemization, its annual expenditures—a figure that would have to be known in order to begin to appraise the value, or "cost effectiveness," of the services rendered. Whenever there is a majority of that size in the House, it is safe to assume that the legislators are not defying public opinion but reflecting it, and this seems amply confirmed by the mail the congressional investigators are receiving, which is running very heavily against airing any further secrets before the world. Since the Watergate inquiries produced relatively little such opposition—except in the earliest days, when many Americans simply could not believe the depredations of the Nixon Administration—some people have suspected that the intelligence community has organized and coördinated a letter-writing campaign. But this does not seem to be the case. The Nixon people were, after all, particularly skillful at running such campaigns; the intelligence people, resourceful as they are in so many estimable and deplorable ways, have never shown such aptitude. The tendency here is to believe that the outpouring of opposition is, on the whole, genuine and spontaneous. People seem to feel that the clandestine agencies are—*de facto*, if not *de jure*—engaged in a series of wars against foreign, and perhaps some domestic, enemies and are thus entitled to operate under the rules of warfare, in which ends always justify means.

Defenders of the decision not to make public what the C.I.A. gets and spends did not, of course, maintain that the American people had no right to such information. The rationale, as it was put by Robert Sikes, a Florida Democrat who has served in the House since 1941, was that disclosing the C.I.A.'s budget would in time lead to "full disclosure of anything and everything we've tried to keep secret from our enemies." Sikes and some of his colleagues may see this as a good and sufficient reason for concealment, but it is doubtful whether the leaders of the intelligence community are as worried about what our "enemies"—presumably the Soviet Union and some of its satellites—may find out (apart from the workings of some of our electronic equipment) as they are worried about the changes in American opinion that would be almost certain to develop if anything like a detailed accounting for specific undertakings became public knowledge. Existing public complacency might dissolve, as it did after the early Watergate revelations, if—as would certainly happen if full C.I.A. appropriations were disclosed—a demand for itemization were made and met. Among the best-informed people here, the general impression is that the



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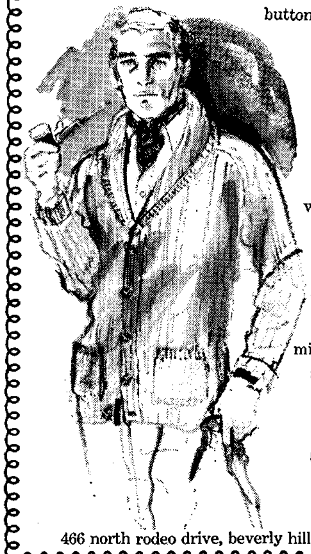

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C.I.A. gets and spends about three billion dollars a year, and that another four billion or so goes to other agencies engaged in the same line of work. The total is probably a bit more, since some intelligence activity is undertaken and funded by agencies as seemingly remote as the Commerce and Agriculture Departments; indeed, the Senate and House investigating committees may be paying agents who have infiltrated their own staffs. Still, the total is quite certainly less than ten per cent of all defense appropriations, and most people would probably not regard that as an excessive share of the costs of maintaining national security. But a breakdown would put matters in a very different light. How much, it might be asked, was spent on misestimating the strength of the Vietcong before the Tet offensive of 1968? How much money could we save, or use to meet pressing social needs, if we stopped bribing foreign politicians and subsidizing pro-American newspapers and political parties? What was the cost per taxpayer of "destabilizing" the Allende regime in Chile? Assuming that C.I.A. officials are telling the truth when they say that the mail of private citizens is no longer being read, what was the cost of the twenty-year program in which almost three million items of correspondence were examined by C.I.A. operatives? What was set aside this year for paying off informers in Portugal, and how does that figure compare with, say, what the Washington police are paid? To be sure, not much reliance could be placed on any figures the agency people gave out, for their bookkeeping methods, to the extent that there are any, are deliberately misleading, and lying is an acknowledged and—when the agency's secrets are in danger of being revealed—dutiful aspect of an agent's conduct. (An American intelligence veteran was asked recently by Saul Pett, of the Associated Press, if the C.I.A. had, as some foreign agencies are reputed to have, a section detailed to kill defectors from the ranks. The man said he knew of none. Would he admit it if he did know of one? Pett asked. "No," the man said.) But with any sort of reasonable figures, the public might gain a clearer and more alarming comprehension of what services the intelligence community is rendering and of how, in terms of cost and value, they compare with services performed by other agencies.

The President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and the Attorney General have pleaded, on the whole successfully, with House and Senate investigators to hold down on public revelations. If their pleas should be ignored or—not very likely—overriden by the courts, the ensuing revelations might produce a national outrage exceeding the one that followed the Watergate revelations. For what Watergate amounted to, really, was a series of aberrations—of felonious acts by individual public servants, of flagrant abuses of the public trust, of specific violations of specific laws. The Watergate culprits conducted no secret experiments that cost human lives. They are not known to have made feasibility studies of assassination or to have actually attempted murder. Their miscalculations were mostly of the sort that led to their own undoing, rather than to needless deaths on the battlefields of Vietnam. Their misdeeds were not of an institutionalized nature, and could in no way be defended as having any relation to national survival. (A few such claims were made for certain wiretappings and in the dispute over publication of the Pentagon Papers, but their spurious nature was speedily exposed.) The intelligence agencies, though, were not acting in defiance of established mandates. Their misdeeds, such as they were, were clearly institutionalized. This was not quite the intent of the statute that established the C.I.A. The National Security Act of 1947, which was the brainchild of President Truman and Clark Clifford, set up a mechanism to gather and coordinate the kind of information—military capacities, movements, and intentions—that might help avert the possibility of another Pearl Harbor. This would naturally involve espionage, but not intervention in the internal affairs of other countries, and certainly not spying on private American citizens and organizations. Yet the establishing law contained a provision that the C.I.A. could "perform such other functions and duties related to intelligence . . . as the National Security Council may from time to time direct." This language was urged upon the President and Congress by Allen Dulles, who would become the C.I.A.'s director six years later, and by other veterans of the predecessor agency, the Office of Strategic Services, who in the recent war had developed a taste for and considerable skill at clandestine activities other than mere intelligence gathering. Their goal had been victory n war, not the preservation of peace, and in the late forties they saw this country engaged in a global conflict that would almost certainly develop into armed hostilities.

The investigations to date have raised several questions about the intelligence community's effectiveness and, more important, its integrity in performing its primary function. Apparently to satisfy President Johnson's hunger for favorable military news, C.I.A. operatives in Vietnam deliberately falsified reports of Vietcong strength late in 1967. Failures in communicating intelligence estimates caught officials here by surprise at the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974. Disclosures of such shortcomings led Representative Pike to say that "if an attack were to be launched on America in the very near future, it is my belief that America would not know that the attack was about to be launched." Pike and others have hazarded the guess that such disastrous ignorance might flow not from the fact that we have been getting too little intelligence, or that what we get is often inaccurate, but, rather, from the fact that "we're drowning . . . in intelligence which we are not absorbing." Or, as it was put in a recent speech by Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, perhaps the most aggressive member of the Church committee, "The great bulk of our intelligence budget is spent on collection, a much smaller amount . . . on information processing, and a relatively infinitesimal, and inadequate, amount . . . on the crucial task of analyzing the information so we know what it means."

Most people here feel that, despite a series of almost unforgiveable errors in forecasting, the intelligence community can continue to serve useful—indeed, invaluable—ends, and that simple abolition of any of the agencies would be a poor way of dealing with their many offenses against civil liberties and democratic procedures. Without the C.I.A. and the National Security Agency and their various mechanisms, particularly the electronic ones, the prospects for arms limitation and eventual steps toward disarmament, not very bright now, would be nonexistent, as would be the outlook for continued détente. (Obviously, such prospects as there are, particularly in our dealings with the Soviet Union, depend as much on Moscow's sophisticated intelligence operations as on our own.) Even in our relations with governments that can be classified as friendly or neutral, it is

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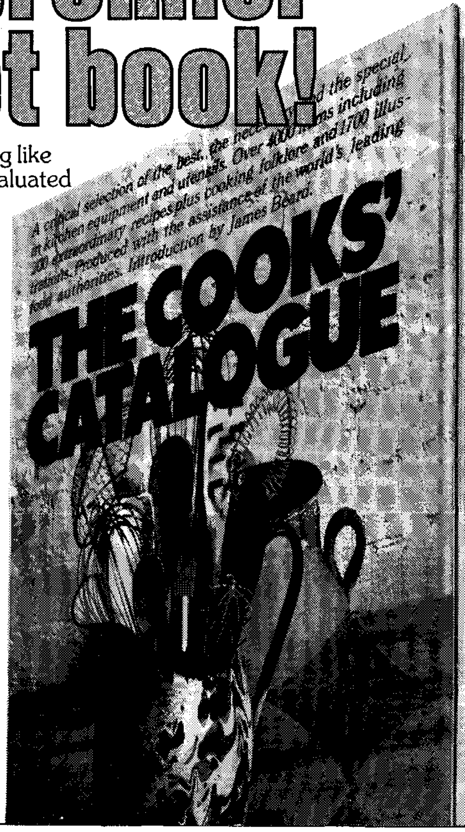
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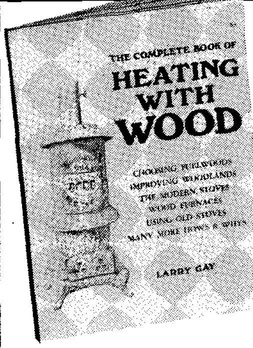

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necessary to have about them the kind of information that only the intelligence community can provide, for friends can easily become enemies, as neutrals can become partisans. If we are to engage in such activities as, say, trying to keep the peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors by maintaining some kind of balance of military strength between them, we cannot leave to them alone the task of estimating their needs or defining a proper balance. In large part, this can be done by methods long accepted as proper and conventional—observation by ambassadors and their qualified military, economic, and political aides; careful, critical reading of official and unofficial journals and reports; and research of an essentially academic nature. By far the most productive means—electronic surveillance, or espionage—is also now considered as essential as it is conventional. But there are, of course, circumstances in which these methods, however efficiently applied, do not provide all the information a government feels it needs. The technology that makes electronic spying possible also provides means for rendering it inoperable. There is still no sure way, for example, of determining by technical means whether the Soviet Union is stockpiling nerve gas, and it becomes necessary to infiltrate trained agents or employ foreign informers.

The failures of the intelligence community in its field of primary responsibility—the amassing and appraisal of information deemed vital to national security—are probably beyond legislative remedy. It may be that fewer agents and a recruiting system that would screen out adventurers like E. Howard Hunt and James McCord would produce a body of information at once more assimilable and more reliable, but the mistakes, according to the Senate and House investigators, are made mainly at the stage of final analysis and appraisal, which are, presumably, the work of the highest and best-qualified officials, so that without knowledge of who these people are and what is budgeted for their work there is little reason to believe that legislative action could bring about much qualitative improvement. Nor is there widespread hope that Congress alone can do a great deal about curbing those clandestine operations that have little or nothing to do with the gathering of intelligence. A comprehensive series of proposals to reform the C.I.A. was set forth early in October by Senator Mondale. It calls for getting the C.I.A. out of all covert activities and putting these under the control of a "politically responsible official of the

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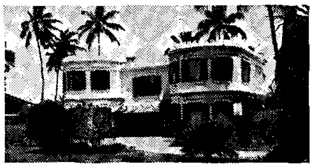

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executive branch, such as the Secretary of State." But most of them are already under the Secretary's control in his function as the leading member of the National Security Council, and some would maintain that Henry Kissinger, who once authorized a bit of wiretapping of his own, and who has had nothing critical to say about the agency's interventions in Chile, has yet to demonstrate that he is a more "responsible" official than William E. Colby or Colby's predecessor, Richard Helms, Kissinger's choice for Ambassador to Iran. Mondale's plan would make funds for clandestine activities "come out of State and Defense Department budgets, in order to insure that intelligence operations are truly essential to defense and diplomacy." Some of what Senator Church described as the "rogue elephant" proclivities of the C.I.A. might be curbed if a few of the cooler heads in State and Defense had to decide on the relevance to national security of the agency's activities, but neither Kissinger nor any of his predecessors has been known to be critical of specific C.I.A. undertakings, and James Schlesinger was himself a Director of the Central Intelligence Agency before assuming his present office, in which he has been one of the staunchest defenders of the agency as it has recently been functioning. (The F.B.I. is, after all, technically a part of the Department of Justice and shares its budget, but Attorneys General have been conspicuously unable to control the bureau or its agents.) Another Mondale proposal is to "make American ambassadors fully responsible for all intelligence operations going on in those countries where they serve." But this rule was invoked—not by statute but by Presidential directive—during the Kennedy Administration and proved unworkable. The policy, as it was then described, made an ambassador captain of the "country team," and it might have had some effect if the captain could have always been sure of who his C.I.A. subordinates were, and if all ambassadors were able and dedicated career diplomats rather than wealthy men or women being rewarded for their political services, mainly financial. Another safeguard proposed by Mondale, among others, is to "spell out clearly rules for the intelligence community by passing stiff laws that will attach tough criminal penalties to violations of their charter or of other laws of the United States." But C.I.A. members who are American citizens are already subject to the same penalties as others who violate laws, and the difficulty, as a score of witnesses has al-

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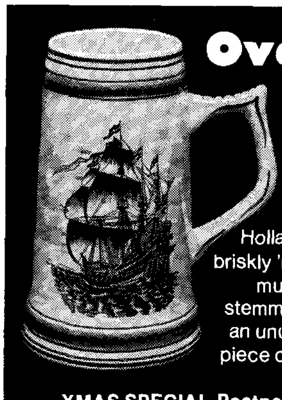

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ready shown, is in inducing them to identify their fellow-perpetrators in acts that are in contravention either of the law or of agency regulations—particularly the latter, which are mostly in the minds of the leaders rather than in a written code.

Publicity and new legislation may lead to some restraint, but the general feeling here is that the real answer lies in new formulations of foreign policy and national security. If the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Defense are persuaded that a left-wing regime in Chile or Guatemala threatens the vital interests of the United States, they will conceive it part of their duty to do what they can to replace that regime. And even if they think otherwise and instruct the C.I.A. to have no part in the engineering of a coup, C.I.A. agents may take the directive as simply a formal instrument of "plausible deniability"—the term used for orders that are intended not as absolute injunctions but as documents appearing to absolve the policymaking officials of personal responsibility and liability. In such cases, the agents may feel empowered to carry out what they assume is the order of their superiors, denied for the record but in fact an expression of their will. There is probably nowhere in this city a document ordering the carrying out of Operation Phoenix, in Vietnam, but carried out it was, perhaps solely on the authority of William Colby, perhaps on oral instructions from the National Security Council or the 40 Committee.

Historically, the pursuit of "national interest" is understood to be the pursuit of objectives essential to national survival and sovereignty. These need not be construed so narrowly as to include only the threat of armed attack on the national territory. The survival of Western Europe has always seemed essential to our survival not only as a national entity but as a democratic society not under constant siege. To most Americans, the extinction of Israel would threaten not only democracy but the kind of culture that democracy needs in order to survive. But none of this could be threatened by a Marxist Chile or a Marxist South Vietnam; we are not endangered by the continued existence of Fidel Castro. If our high elective and appointed officials saw things in this light, "intelligence" would have a far more limited meaning, and our clandestine agencies would be run by men who accepted more limited aims and more morally acceptable means.

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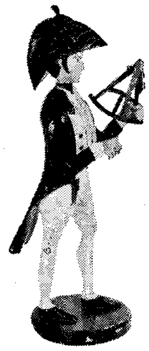

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BOOKS

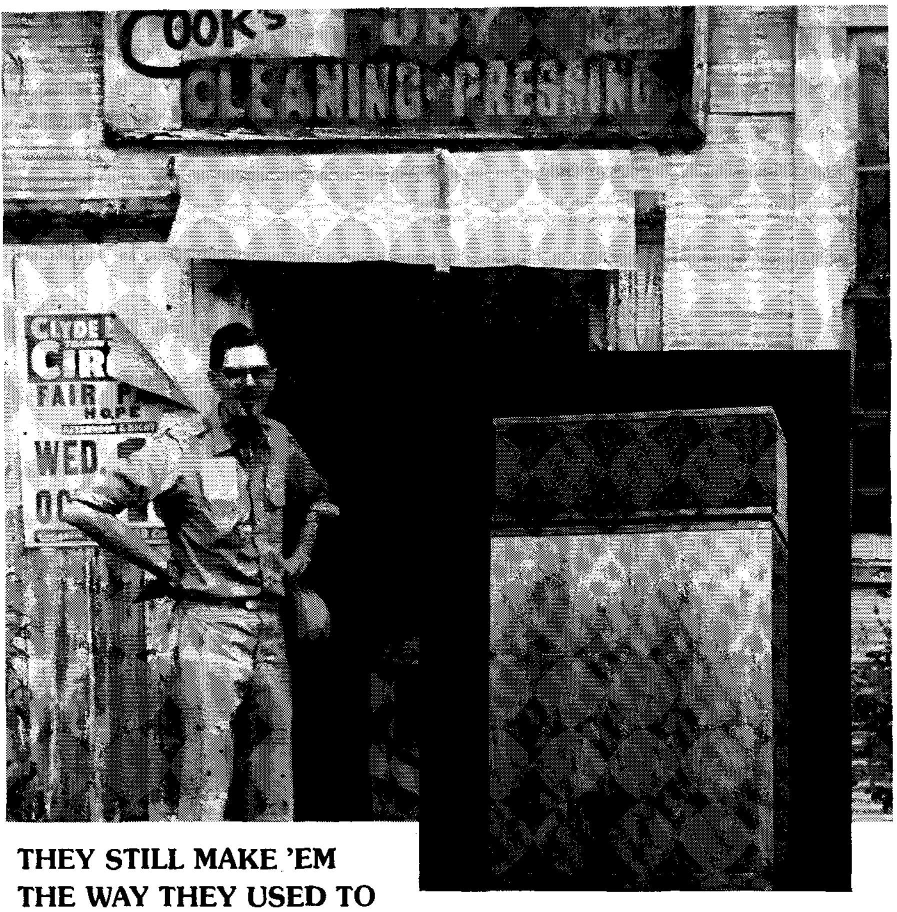
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GOOD LISTENER, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners). A moderately entertaining, if irritatingly long-winded, book about a young English social climber who is unable to have much feeling about anyone or anything. Miss Johnson has a particular flair for this sort of person (her last book was about a similar character)—the man or woman who is likable in every way but is nonetheless emotionally vacant—so Toby Roberts' casual passage from dull Cambridge student to indifferent historian to merchant banker, and from one nice girl who loves him to another, less nice but richer, who doesn't, is fairly amusing to follow. As is frequently the case in Miss Johnson's books, there are lots of delicious picnics and dinners, lots of thick English atmosphere (here, of Cambridge and London), and many savory, eccentric characters, such as Toby's taciturn, stubborn mother, a naïve painter who is suddenly "discovered" by the art world. As is also frequently the case in her work, however, there are a few too many addenda about secondary, or even tertiary, characters and, throughout, an air of strained gentility that is sometimes suffocating.

GENERAL

AGAINST OUR WILL: MEN, WOMEN, AND RAPE, by Susan Brownmiller (Simon & Schuster). A historical analysis of how, from prehistoric times to the present, rape has been, as the author puts it, "nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which all men keep all women in a state of fear." At the outset, she examines the language that societies have employed to describe the act of rape, the laws connected with it, and the testimony of its victims throughout history. Rape has always been most prevalent, of course, in times of war. But the evidence shows that generals, diplomats, soldiers, most historians, and, in modern times, reporters (almost all of them men) have always considered rape a peripheral event—an "inevitable" byproduct of conflict. The author argues convincingly to the contrary: acts of violation and sexual mutilation, she says—whether they oc-



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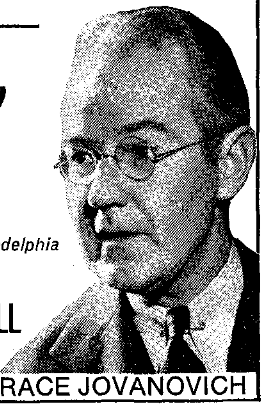

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curred during the American Revolution or in Germany during the Second World War or in Bangladesh or in Vietnam, whether they were acts of white mob violence against Southern black women or black mob violence against white women in the Congo—were not only purposeful but revelatory of a basically dehumanized masculine concept of women. The testimony of scores of rape victims—mothers, children, grandmothers—that the author has unearthed is impressive and troubling, especially so because so many of the women were later ostracized (as was the case in Bangladesh) by their own societies. Many readers will find the author's didactic, repetitive, sometimes irritatingly superficial rat-a-tat-tat analyses of her material trying. But, for all its faults, an unignorable and illuminating book. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MUD SHOW: A CIRCUS SEASON, by Fred Powledge (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A mud show is a truck-and-trailer circus that plays under canvas, and it is our great good fortune that Mr. Powledge was inspired to spend the 1974 season (March through October) travelling—from Florida up the Atlantic coast, out through the upper Midwest, back through Pennsylvania, all around circus-crazy New Jersey, and then down South again—with the Hoxie Bros. Circus, one of the largest (three rings and a sideshow) still in operation. Mr. Powledge is a fine writer and a listening and feeling reporter, and in showing us the almost timeless circus world, with its hierarchy of wino (and pill-popping) workmen, its dedicated performers and their families, its harried, fatalistic bosses, its hard times and minimal comforts, its conformities and compulsions, he also obliquely gives us an evocative look at the enormous and (to city people) unknown small-town America where the mud shows play and from which they recruit their people.

NOTE: Harold Rosenberg's "Art on the Edge: Creators and Situations" has been published by Macmillan. Most of the contents originally appeared in this magazine.

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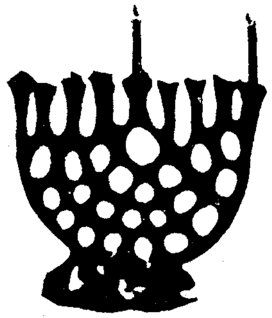

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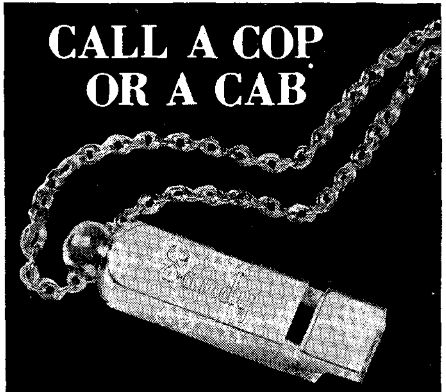

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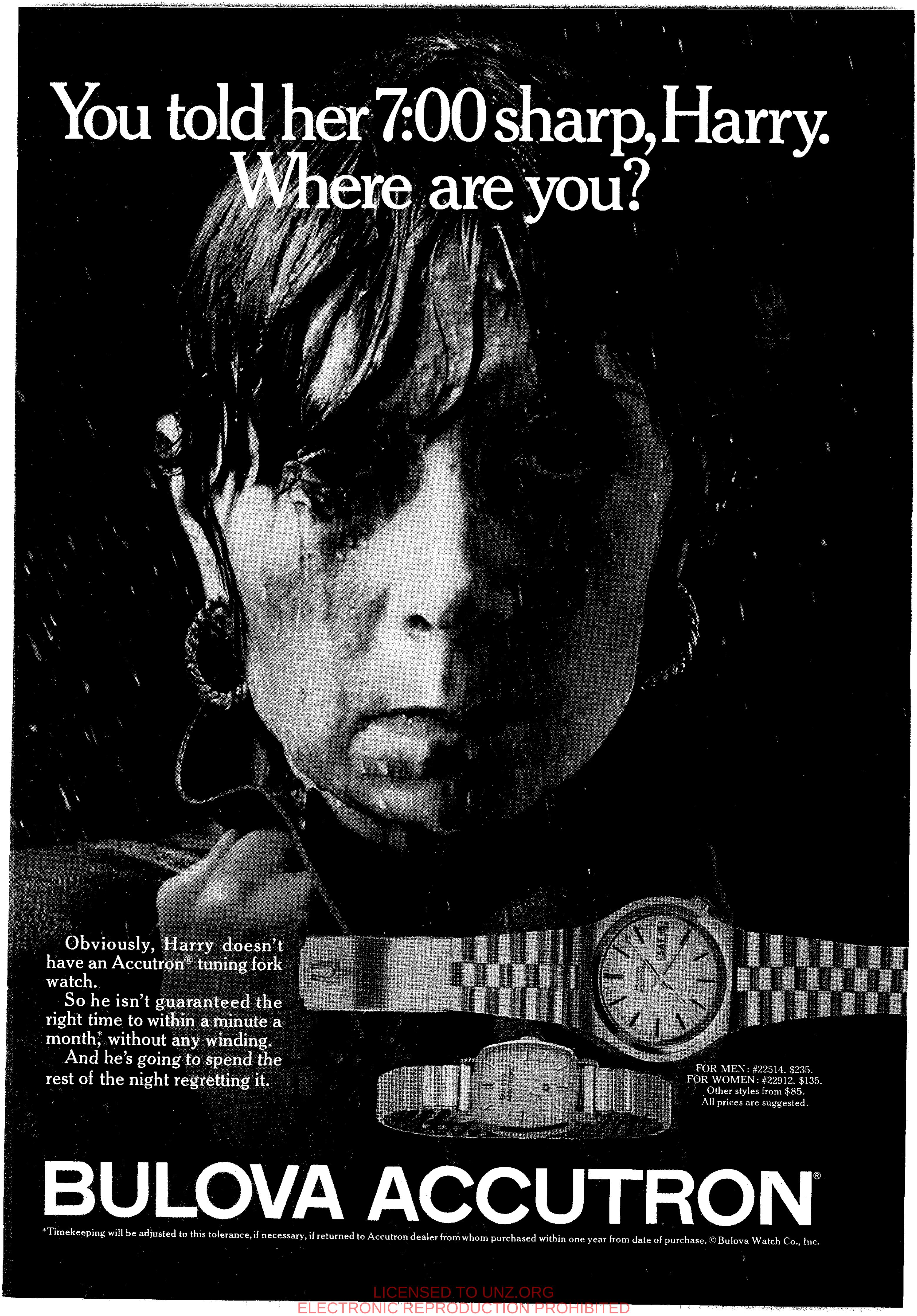

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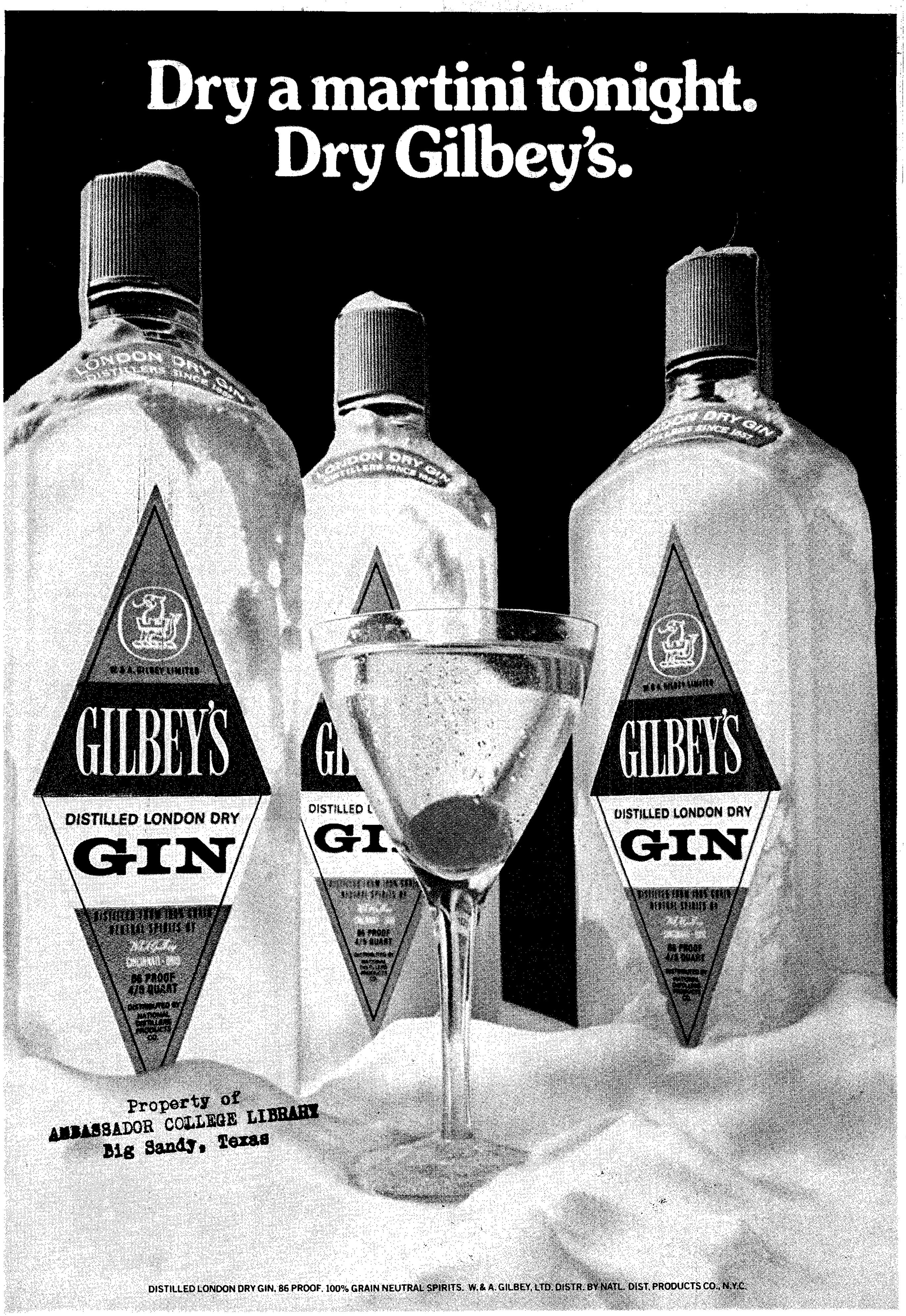
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